ASSEMBLY SONGS AND CHORUSES

CONDON · LEAVITT · NEWTON

C. R. Bracken -

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ASSEMBLY SONGS AND CHORUSES

A STANDARD COLLECTION
COMPLETE WITH PIANO ACCOMPANIMENTS

BY

RANDALL J. CONDON

HELEN S. LEAVITT

ELBRIDGE W. NEWTON

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FOREWORD

Singing is the universal medium of musical expression, and assembly or group singing contributes vitally to the artistic and spiritual nature as well as to the growth of individuality and character.

"Assembly Songs and Choruses" is more than a collection. It presents songs that make a strong appeal to the interest and normal moods of young people. The aim has been to "re-create the moods of life." So there are songs of joy, reflection, courage, hope, and heroism; songs of fun, sport, and adventure; songs of sentiment, contemplation, and devotion; songs of beauty, aspiration, and achievement. All emphasize the keynote of this book, which is loyalty, optimism, and joy. Here indeed is an opportunity for expressing those finer emotions which make us human.

The topical index lists the songs as to origin and subject. Many nationalities are represented in the folk songs, and memories and traditions of other lands are perpetuated through simple, charming melodies. The "well-known songs" are really the home songs, and here are ballads, lullabies, songs of the sea, and even those stirring yet plaintive Southern tunes which have swayed hearts for many years. Then there are the hymns, the carols, the student songs, and the patriotic songs, where brotherhood and peace, goodness and freedom, loyalty and service, find worthy expression in music that is stirring and dignified.

The large number of master composers, whose compositions appear under "art songs" and "operatic and oratorio excerpts," include such names as Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Handel, Haydn, Schubert, Schumann, Verdi, Gounod, Wagner, Sullivan, Brahms, Mendelssohn, Mascagni, Grieg, Bizet, Rubinstein, Franz, and Dvořák. And with these great musicians appear the names of such poets as Whittier, Longfellow, Tennyson, Burns, Moore, Stanton, Heine, Goethe, Gould, Lowell, Stowe, Hemans, Brooks, Scollard, Elson, Hay, Bates, McCarthy, and Waterman. The texts have been selected not only because they are lyrical and adequately meet the demands of the music, but also because in range of thought and emotional content they are an important part of the singing experience and because they express joy and idealism.

With arrangements which are artistic and suitable to average vocal conditions, the material on these pages cannot fail to cultivate a love for wholesome, vigorous, and imaginative music, a more intimate acquaintance with the great melodies of the masters, and a capacity for enjoying the moods out of which good music springs.

Therefore it is evident that the aim of this book is to make music the greatest possible force not only in the school but also in the home and community, to stimulate an appreciation of American ideals and American institutions. Through its pages may we hear "the true heart of our country singing as never before, with a harmony rich and deep as human brotherhood itself."

RANDALL J. CONDON
HELEN S. LEAVITT
ELBRIDGE W. NEWTON

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

In the selection and preparation of the material for "Assembly Songs and Choruses" the editors have derived much benefit from the coöperation of a large number of educators and musicians. Many directors of music have carefully examined each selection for the beauty of the music, the literary merit of the text, the artistic quality of the arrangement, contrast in mood, the appeal to young people, and the value in a general musical program.

It is not possible to present all the names of those who have contributed definite and constructive suggestions that have made the book more valuable and effective.

Acknowledgment is due to Houghton Mifflin Company for permission to use "Sail On, O Ship of State," "Stars of the Summer Night," and "I Heard the Bells," by Henry W. Longfellow, "Immortal Love" and "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind," by John Greenleaf Whittier, "Once to Every Man and Nation," by James Russell Lowell, "Lord of All Being," by Oliver Wendell Holmes; to G. Schirmer for permission to use "The Home Road," by John Alden Carpenter, "The Owl and the Pussy Cat," by George Ingraham; to Theodore Presser Company for permission to use "Sweet Miss Mary," by W. H. Neidlinger; and to Henry Turner Bailey for permission to quote in the Foreword the closing lines from "I Heard America Singing."

ASSEMBLY SONGS AND CHORUSES

PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING

ANONYMOUS — NETHERLANDS FOLK SONG

Largo con espressione — UNISON

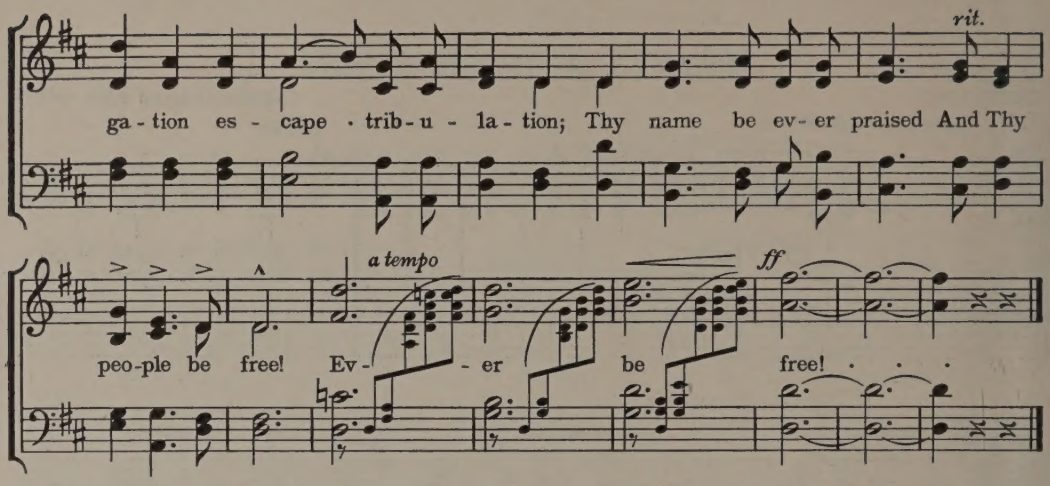
p — *sempre legato* — *f* *p*

1. We gath-er to-geth-er to ask the Lord's bless-ing; He chas-tens and has-tens His will to make known; The wick-ed op-press-ing cease them from dis-tress-ing; Sing prais-es to His name, He for-gets not His own.

2. Be-side us to guide us, our God with us join-ing, Or-dain-ing, main-tain-ing His king-dom di-vine; So from the be-gin-ning the fight we were win-ning; Thou, Lord, wast at our side, Let the glo-ry be Thine!

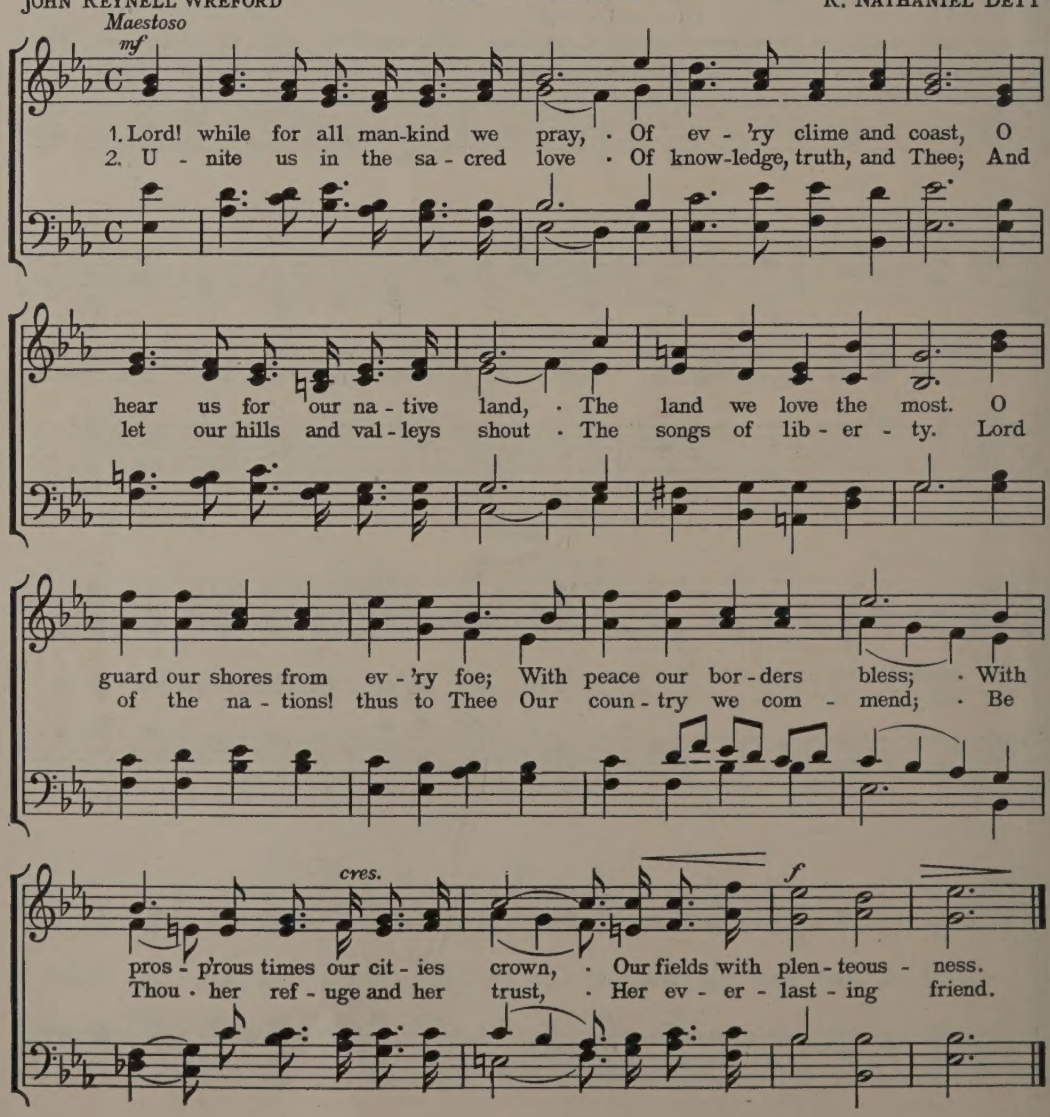
poco rit. — D.S. — *f a tempo* — PARTS

3. We all do ex-tol Thee, Thou lead-er in bat-tle, And pray that Thou still our De-fend-er wilt be. Let Thy con-gre-



OUR COUNTRY

JOHN REYNELL WREFORD — R. NATHANIEL DETT



THE RISING OF THE LARK

Adapted from the Welsh by
M. Louise Baum

Welsh Folk Song

Vivace

Soprano and Alto — *mf* — *cres. poco a poco*

1. Who wakes the la - zy morn, Who winds a ma - zy elf - in horn In
2. Who calls the land to wake, Who bids us rise and mu - sic make In

f — Parts *mf*

mer-ry re - veil - le? Hark! 'tis the ear-ly lark! A - bove the cloud his
grat-i - tude for life? Rise! For the morn-ing skies A - flood with day their

f — Sop. and Alto *mp*

lay is loud, Our mat-in song to be. Hear him sing up -
prais - es pay With tune-ful beau - ty rife. Lark is there, of

Parts *mf*

on the wing; His car - ols ring a - long the sky. Far and near the
day a-ware With song to dare the deeps of light. Hear him trill, the

mes - sage hear! The free from fear may ven - ture high, And
air a - thrill All earth to fill with mu - sic bright! And

accelerando — *f*

they who hark dis - pel the dark By sing-ing like the lark.
they who feel that kind-ling spark Go sing-ing like the lark.

OCTOBER

DENIS A. MCCARTHY

STUDENT COLLECTION

Alla marcia

mf UNISON

1. Oh, some may sing of the month of · May Or June or dark De - cem - ber, And some may fa - vor the bright blue day That is part of sweet Sep - tem - ber. But I have my choice, I lift my · voice In · praise of a month of glo - ry When clear is the sky and the hours go · by Like the knights in an old - en sto - ry. Oc - to - ber, Oc - to - ber! She scorns a rai - ment
2. For maid - ens fair is the month of · May And June for brides of beau - ty; Each month has claim, and a right to · fame For de - light in play or du - ty. But here is a joy for man and · boy; Va - ca - tion · days are end - ed, And o - ver the hill with a roy - al · will Comes the queen of the sea - sons splen - did. Oc - to - ber, Oc - to - ber! The bright - est hues en -

PARTS

f

cres. poco a poco

so - ber; She strides in - stead in the gold and · red, The
robe her. Her praise we'll · sing till the red woods · ring, The

ff

Queen of the Year, Oc - to - ber! Oc - to - ber, Oc - to - ber!
Queen of the Year, Oc - to - ber! Oc - to - ber, Oc - to - ber!

DEEP IN THE ROSE

DENIS A. MCCARTHY — NEVIN-LEAVITT

Andantino

p

1. Deep in the rose a dew - drop lies As though it
2. Sweet though the rose, the dew - drop there But makes it

hid · from pry - ing eyes; · · So in the heart a
glow · more fresh - ly fair; · · So with the heart, some

rit. *a tempo*

dream may bide Deep hid from all · the world be - side.
no - ble dream More love - ly still · will make it seem.

SONG AT EVENING

NIXON WATERMAN

GEORGES BIZET
Arranged from "Carmen"

BASSES

Andante espressivo

p

1. Day is done; shad-ows dark-en; Hill and vale hush and heark-en. 'Neath the

p *mp*

SOPRANOS

sky's star-ry eyes. Flow-ers nod. and dream, While the

mf PARTS *p* *p*

world lies pearled In the moon's soft beams. 2. Faint and far, bells are

chim-ing, All their tones sweet-ly rim-ing. God its guide, earth shall glide Through the

mf *p*

tran-quil night To a morn, new born, In a ho-ly light.

SONG OF LA PALISSE

From the French
Translated by LOUISE STICKNEY

FRENCH FOLK SONG

Leggiero
mp

1. List our lay of La Pa - lisse, For its puz - zles will em - ploy you;
2. La Pa - lisse was gen - tly bred, And he looked a dain - ty dan - dy,
3. La Pa - lisse went off to war And he then grew high and haugh - ty;

p

We shall sing un - til we cease, And a - muse or else an - noy you.
Kept his hat up - on his head And his col - lar spick and spand - y.
Lost his life at Pa - vi - a, As he real - ly ought not, ought he?

mf

La Pa - lisse was poor as mice, Though his an - ces - tors were plen - ty,
La Pa - lisse was so po - lite That his smile be - came a simp - er,
Should at last our trou-bles cease, 'Twere no fault of La Pa - liss - e's,

Made his for - tune in a trice, And of francs had four and twen - ty.
Nev - er an - gry, day or night, On - ly when he lost his tem - per.
So we'll let him rest in peace With-out pick - ing up the piec - es.

PETITION

From the BIBLE

FELIX MENDELSSOHN
From the oratorio "Elijah"

Moderato
mf

Then hear from heav'n, and for - give our sin:

Help, send Thy ser - vants help, O Lord!

M. Louise Baum

English Morris Dance
Arranged by H. S. Leavitt

Moderato con moto

p *rit.* *mf* Unison

Fid-dlers are tun-ing,

Parts

tim-ing it clean Where the Mor-ris danc-ers tread the green; Step-ping to-geth-er,

Sopranos *p* *f*

maid-en and men, All a-sway dance in the May a-gain. Blos-som of the pear tree Cel-e-brate the May-time,

cres. *f* Parts

Decks a-new the bare tree, Spring is a-bring-ing leaf and flow'r. Now it's
O hur-ray, the gay time! Laugh-ter is daft-er, hour on hour. Now it's

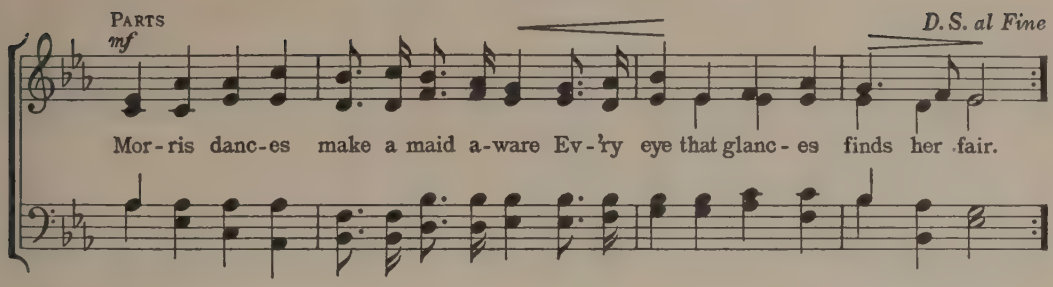
poco ritenuto *Fine*

toe, now it's heel; Now all to-geth-er wheel, While the folk at-test who danc-es best.
toe, now it's heel; Now all to-geth-er wheel, While the folk at-test who danc-es best.

Leggiero a tempo

Unison *mp*

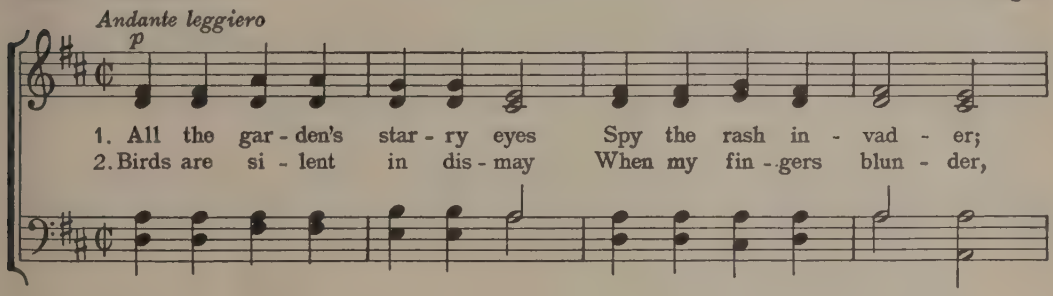
Mor-ris danc-es make a maid a-ware Ev-'ry eye that glanc-es finds her fair;

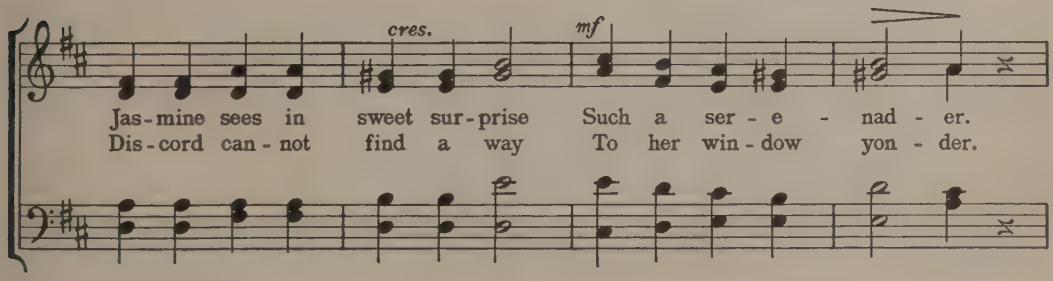


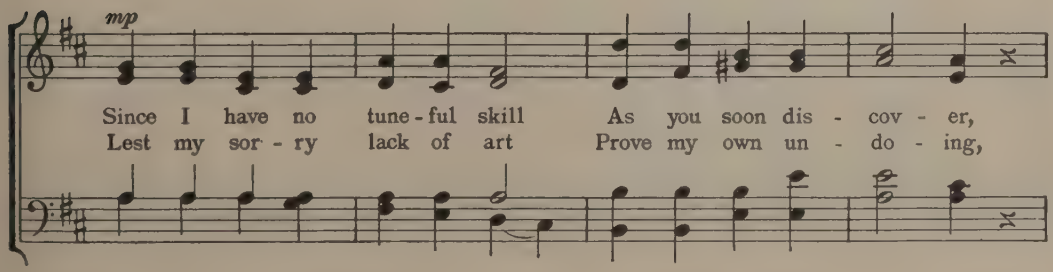
THE SERENADER

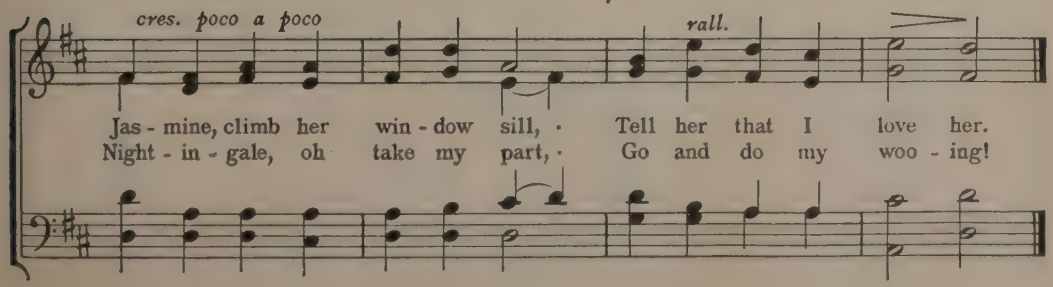
English version by
MARY STANHOPE

F. JOSEF HAYDN
Arranged









NIGHT

LOUIS C. ELSON

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN
Arranged

Adagio
p

1. Now the sun is in the west de - scend - ing; Twi - light is
2. Work may bring its praise for la - bors end - ing; Sor - row may

cres.

poured o'er the eyes of wea - ry day; Sweet fra-grance of the rose, With
sing, while it waits the end of wrong. Till day's long strife has won The

pur - ple shad-ows blend - ing, Breathe peace and pure re - pose (re - pose) Be -
prize that hope is send - ing, And with the set - ting sun (the sun) The

ray.
throng.

rall.

a tempo

neath the sun - set, sun - set ray. See the sun is in the west de -
peo - ple home-ward, home-ward throng. Work is done, and all are home-ward

ray.
throng.

scend - ing; Twi - light dims the eye of wea - ry day.
wend - ing; Work is done! Let rest be sweet and long.

FRANK L. STANTON

W. H. NEIDLINGER
Arranged

Andante

p UNISON

1. You des take a li'l' of de blu - est of de skies, A cloud for de lash-es and you
2. De rose in de gar-den des waits for her to pass, An' hopes dat its col - or des will

mp

got Miss Ma - ry's eyes; Dat's de way you feel - in' w'en dey look-in' sweet at you, Dey
match her cheeks at last! Thrush-es in de hedg-es stop der mer-ry morn-in' song W'en-

rit. *e* *dim.*

PARTS

p

twin-kle in de sun-shine, An' it's rain - in' round 'em too.
ev - er sweet Miss Ma-ry Comes a - swing-in' down a - long.

Sweet Miss Ma - ry,

mp

Sweet-er dan you know, Is de mock - in' bird you' sweet-heart, Why he

Sweet Miss Ma - ry!

sing - in' to yer so? . . My sweet Miss Ma - ry, Sweet-er dan you

mf

rit.

know, Is de mock-in' bird you' sweet-heart, Why he sing - in' to yer so?

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CHING-A-RING-A-RING

F. E. WEATHERLY

J. L. MOLLOY
Arranged by H. S. LEAVITT

Allegro

1. 'Twas a lit - tle maid of Chi - na, And a gal-lant tar was he,
2. So this gay and gal - lant sail - or Bought him-self a yel - low gown,

p

1. 'Twas a lit - tle maid of Chi-na, And a gal-lant tar was he,
2. So this gay and gal - lant sail-or Bought him - self a yel-low gown,

But he could-n't tell her how he loved her, Just be-cause the lan-guage, it was
Bought him-self a pair of gold-en slip - pers, And a long and love - ly pig - tail

Could - n't tell he loved her, Just be-cause the lan-guage, it was
Bought him yel - low slip - pers, And a long and love-ly pig - tail

p accel.

woo'd her, ...
maid - en, ...

all Chi - nee! Mean-while the Man-da-rins they woo'd, they woo'd her,
to hang down. Went to that lit - tle Chi-nese maid, that maid - en,

cres.

f

"Now if I'd on - ly been but a
"O I'm a Man-da - rin, with a

Poor Jack, dis-con - so - late was he, "O ching, ching, ching, ching,
Grave - ly he sank up - on his knee, "O ching, ching, ching, ching,

no - ble Man-da - rin,
pal - ace in Pe - kin,

ching - a - ring, O ching-a-ring-a-ring, you pret - ty lit - tle thing, Per -
ching - a - ring, O ching-a-ring-a-ring, you pret - ty lit - tle thing, O

Più lento

f D.C. 3. Stared that lit - tle maid of Chi - na,

haps you would have mar - ried me!"

say that you will mar - ry me!" 3. Stared that lit - tle maid of Chi - na,

Won-d'ring what he meant to say; Till he kissed her hand so gen - tly And

p

Won - d'ring what he meant to say; Till he kissed her gen - tly And

Tempo primo

Then when she saw he was a sail - or,

flung dis-guise and all a - way. Then when she saw he was, he was a sail - or,

She gave her lit - tle hand, and she

Shone both her bright eyes like a star, O ching, ching, ching, ching,

made him un - der-stand That the rich - est Man - da - rin in Can - ton or Pe - kin Is

ching - a - ring! That the rich-est Man-da-rin in Can-ton or Pe-kin Is

f

noth-ing to a brave young tar; Ching-a-ring-a-ring, ching, ching!

HENRY VAUGHAN

OTTO ROEDER
Arranged

Andantino

p

1. 'Tis
2. Far

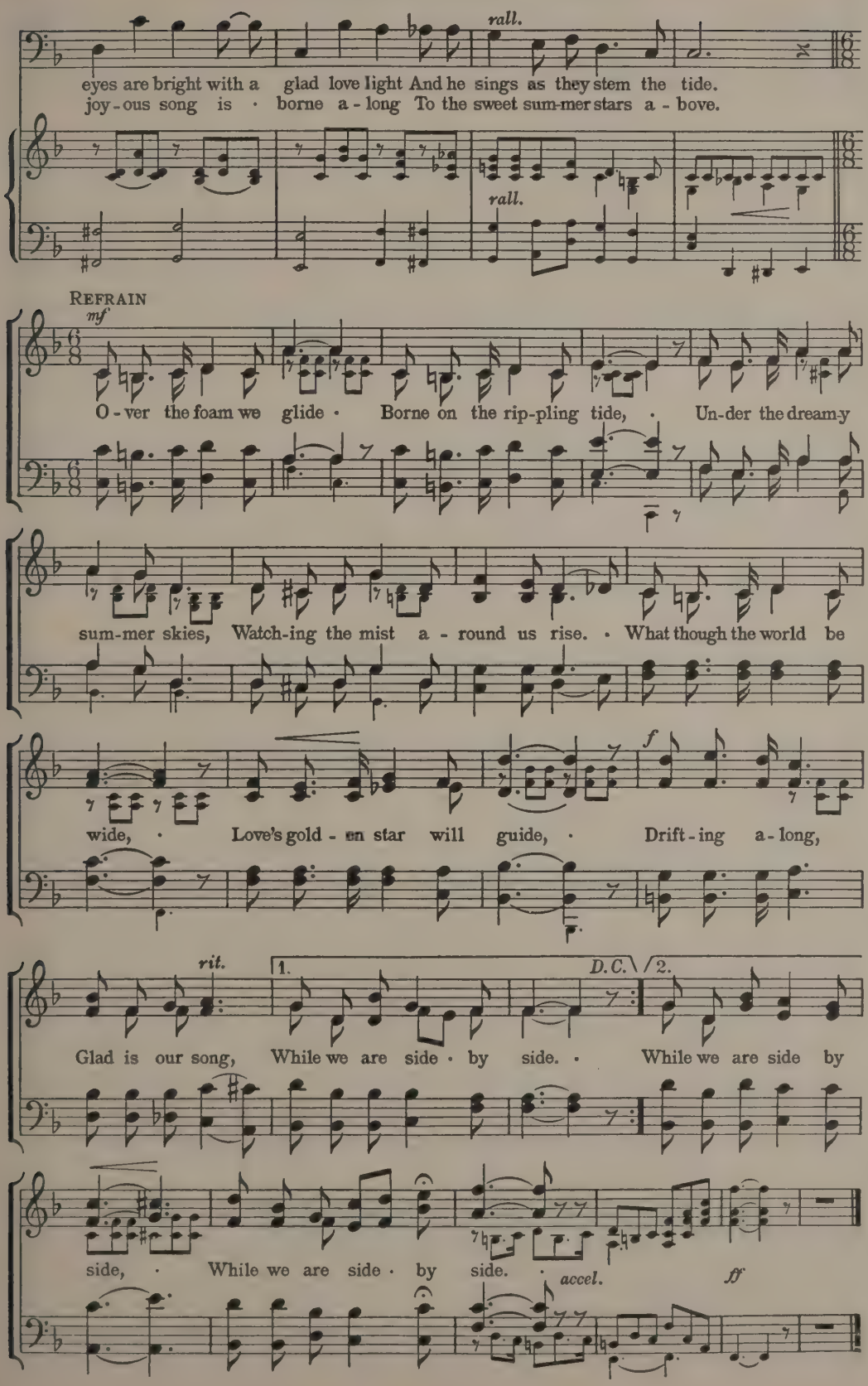
mf

night on Ven - ice wa - ters, And o'er the calm la - goon A
off in crim-son splen-dor The sun goes down to rest, The

cres.

gon - do-la is glid - ing Be - neath the mel-low moon. The
lights of dis-tant Ven - ice Shine o'er · the wa-ter's breast. O

gon - do-lier is row-ing, His love is by his side, His ·
gold - en hour of twi-light, O hap-py time of love, When the


rall.
eyes are bright with a glad love light And he sings as they stem the tide.
joy-ous song is borne a-long To the sweet sum-mer stars a-bove.
rall.
REFRAIN
mf
O-ver the foam we glide · Borne on the rip-pling tide, · Un-der the dream-y
sum-mer skies, Watch-ing the mist a-round us rise. · What though the world be
wide, · Love's gold-en star will guide, · Drift-ing a-long,
f
rit.
1.
D.C.
2.
Glad is our song, While we are side · by side. · While we are side by
side, · While we are side · by side. ·
accel.
ff

WHEN MY MOTHER SINGS

LOUISE STICKNEY

ANTONIN DVOŘÁK
Arranged

Andante con moto

p

1. When my · moth - er · sings · I know · Qui - et ·
2. While her · voice thus · soars · and sings, · Far we ·

tears a - rise · and flow, Dreams of some · sweet ·
float on · fan - cy's wings, O'er our hearts · the ·

mf *p* *dim.* *rit.*

long a - go Sigh through - out the · sto - - ry.
mu - sic · flings All its ten - der · glo - - ry.

THE HERRING BOATS

After the Norwegian by
MORRIS CARTER

NORWEGIAN FOLK TUNE
Arranged by IDA M. BUNTING

Andante
mp

1. The her - ring boats at morn - ing Sailed out with wind and tide; Now

clouds are black with warn - ing To those at home that bide. Oh,

mf

can the fish - ing fleet safe - ly ride? · · 2. With fear the wives and

daugh-ters Be - hold the blind - ing spray; But see a - cross the wa - ter The

cres. *f*

bea-con's friend - ly ray! · · Oh, can my fish - er's boat find the way?

GOOD NIGHT

From the German by
MARY STANHOPE

JOHANNES BRAHMS
Arranged

Vivace e grazioso

mf *p*

1. When twi - light is near and the west · is a - glow,
2. When eve - ning has come to the slow · pal - ing skies,

SOP. AND ALTO PARTS

Then the folk · home-ward go, Soft through the
Then the bird · voic - es rise, Just with u

cres. *dim.*

ro - sy · air Ech - o - ing here and · there, Hap - py voic - es
note or · two Fresh as the ten - der · dew, Sud - den, sweet and

Call - ing light "So good night,
So they call o - ver all

pp

blend, Call - ing "Good-night, So good-night, my friend."
light, Call - ing, Call - ing "Now good-night, good - night."

MARIANNI

English version by
LOUISE STICKNEY

ITALIAN FOLK SONG
Arranged by HENRY CLOUGH-LEIGHTER

Leggiero SOP. AND ALTO

p

1. Ma - ri - an - ni, waves are flow - ing; Ma - ri - an - ni, stars are glow - ing; Ma - ri - an - ni, winds are blow - ing,
2. Ma - ri - an - ni, I must leave · · thee. Ma - ri - an - ni, will it grieve · thee? Ma - ri - an - ni, dost be - lieve · · me,

PARTS

mp *non legato*

While I touch my light gui - tar. Now the moon is ris - ing fair, Fill - ing all the sum - mer air. Lov - er's songs are soft and clear, Meant but for a maid - en's ear. Shin - ing sea, her an - swer be, Ma - ri - an - ni dreams of me!
I can love but thee a - lone? Hear the waves flow soft a - long, An - swer - ing your lov - er's song! Love's own ear must play its part; It can hear the si - lent heart. Shin - ing sea, the se - cret tell, Ma - ri - an - ni loves me well!

mf

O VERMELAND

A. FRYXELL
Translated

SWEDISH FOLK SONG

Andantino
p UNISON

1. O Ver - me - land, thou dear - est, thou fair - est of lands, Bright
2. The Verm'-land youth is haugh - ty, yet hap - py is he, No

dim. *p* *cres.*

jewel in the glo-rious crown of Swe - den; · If e'er I gain the
ter - ror nor fear he un - der - stand - eth; · 'Mid flash-ing swords and

joy of the bless - ed prom-ised land, To Verm'-land I'll turn a - gain from
bul - lets, 'tis there · he will be, When - e'er to the front his king com-

PARTS
mf poco più mosso

E - den. · · 'Tis there . rocked my cra - dle, 'tis
mand - eth. · · Though thou - sands of foes as - sail, and

poco rit. *mf* *a tempo*

there shall be my grave; The sweet - est maid of Verm' - land to
dan - ger hov - ers near, His cour - age strong and daunt - less will

me her love once gave. What great - er joy could be my por - tion? · ·
van-quish ev - 'ry fear, To con-quer or die is all he car - eth. · ·

NOBODY KNOWS THE TROUBLE I'VE SEEN

TRADITIONAL — NEGRO SPIRITUAL

Con espressione

mf

No-bod-y knows the trou-ble I see, No-bod-y knows my sor-row;

H'm, ... H'm, ...

No-bod-y knows the trou-ble I see, Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah!

Fine

H'm, ... Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah!

p poco più moto — *mf* — *p*

1. Some-times I'm up, some-times I'm down; Oh, yes, Lord! Some-
2. Al-though you see me goin' long so; Oh, yes, Lord! I
3. What makes old Sa-tan hate me so? Oh, yes, Lord! 'Cause he

times I'm al-most to the groun'; Oh, yes, Lord!
have my trou-bles here be-low; Oh, yes, Lord!
got me once an' let me go; Oh, yes, Lord!

rit. — *D. C. al Fine*

THE FOREST RANGER

JOHN REED — ENGLISH FOLK TUNE

Allegretto

mp

1. When I was bound-ap-pren-tice Off yon-der in the
2. I lie in wait-for poach-ers Who set an ug-ly
3. Nor leaf nor twig-be-trays-me, I trail them to the

Solo

town, · I knew not what con - tent · is Till I was tall - er
snare, · I ques - tion all en - croach - ers For rab - bit or · for
trap, · And ere a one gain - says · me They feel the hand - cuff

Parts

grown; · For then I turned a rang - er; To keep the for - est
hare; · Though you can wres - tle strong, · lads, You've met your match, I
snap; · The jus - tice fines them du - ly, Their fun is far · too

dim.

clear, Oh, 'tis my de-light on a shin-ing night In the sea-son of the year. ·
fear. Oh, 'tis my de-light on a shin-ing night In the sea-son of the year! ·
dear. Oh, 'tis my de-light on a shin-ing night In the sea-son of the year! ·

THE SENTRY

Margaret Connolly

Slovak Folk Tune
Arranged by Ida M. Bunting

Tranquillo

Bass Solo *p*

Parts

Bass Solo *mf*

1. Now the moon is rid - ing low, Night is · deep, And the sen - try
2. From his na - tive land a - part Doomed to · stay, Wea - ry is the

Parts *mf*

to and fro Guard must keep. Hark! A mid-night mes-sage falls
sen - try's heart Night and · day; Yet, when mid-night's voice is heard

dim. *p*

From the bell; Now the sen-try an-sw'ring calls, "All is · well!"
From the bell, He must an-swer with the word, "All is · well!"

THE FAIRIES' MOONLIGHT DANCE

M. B. WILLIS — LOUIS GREGH

Allegretto

p

p UNISON

1. Na-ture is qui-et-ly sleep-ing,
2. Grace-ful-ly bend-ing and sway-ing,

Soft sings the mur-mur-ing breeze, · Stars in the heav-ens of az-ure
Cir-cles of mys-ter-y make! · Gay are the meas-ures of mu-sic;

dim. *mp*

Shine from a-far through the trees; · Bright-ly the moon-beams are gleam-ing,
Light-ly the ech-oes a-wake. · Wear-ing bright dew-drops for dia-monds,

espressivo

Shed-ding their sil-ver-y light, · Sweet is the night-in-gale's sing-ing
Pearls that are made of the mist, · Dance till the rose of the dawn-ing

poco rall

Heard on the calm of the night.
Light-ly the heav-ens has kissed.

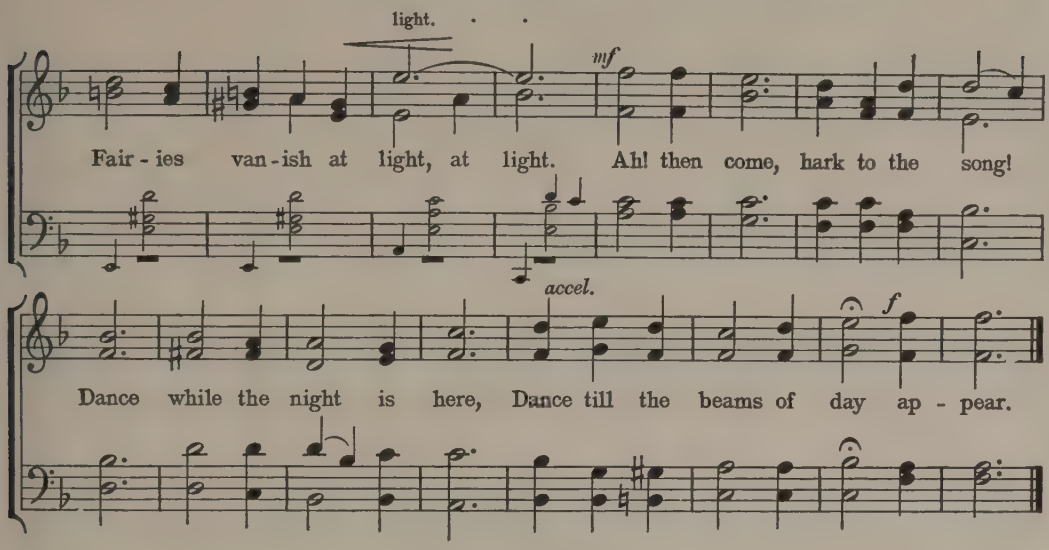
PARTS *Tempo di Valse*

mf

1&2. Come, ah come, moon-beams to fair-ies be-long;

night

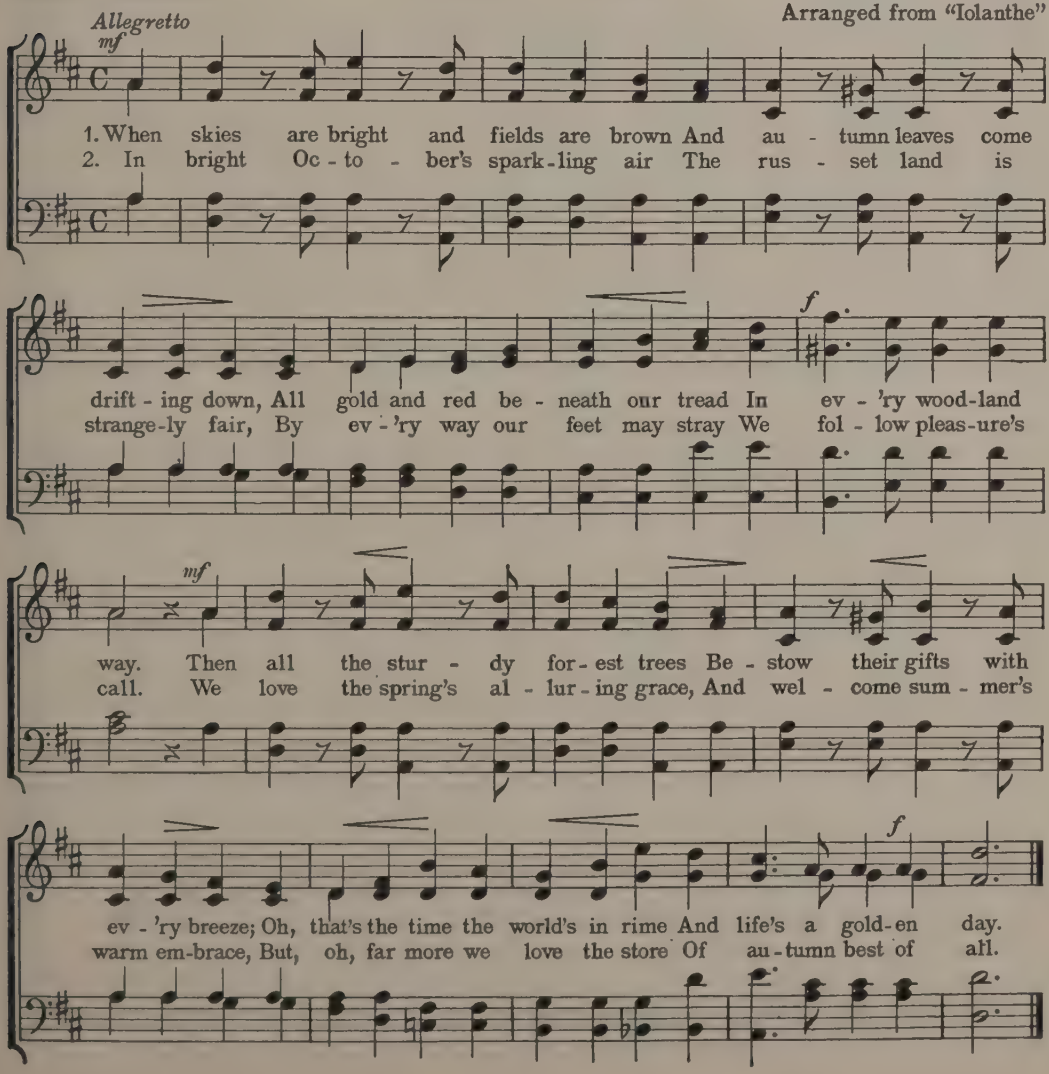
Light is the song, Trip-ping a-long; Mor-tals sleep through the night, the night,



AUTUMN WOODS

NIXON WATERMAN

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN
Arranged from "Iolanthe"



THE DREAM OF THE BIRDS' RETURN

DENIS A. MCCARTHY — IRISH FOLK TUNE

Semplice
mp

1. As I sit by the fire in De - cem - ber, When win - ter is crowned as
2. As I sit by the fire in De - cem - ber, And gaze at the flames that

king, · · Ah, · why am I moved to re - mem - ber The
play, · · Ah, · why am I moved to re - mem - ber The

mf *poco accel.*

woods and the ways of spring? · By snow - drifts be - lea-guered and
light of an A - pril day? · The win - ter a - round me is

p dolce

bound - ed, For sun - shine and song · I yearn, · And
reign - ing, And cold is his glance, · and stern, · But a

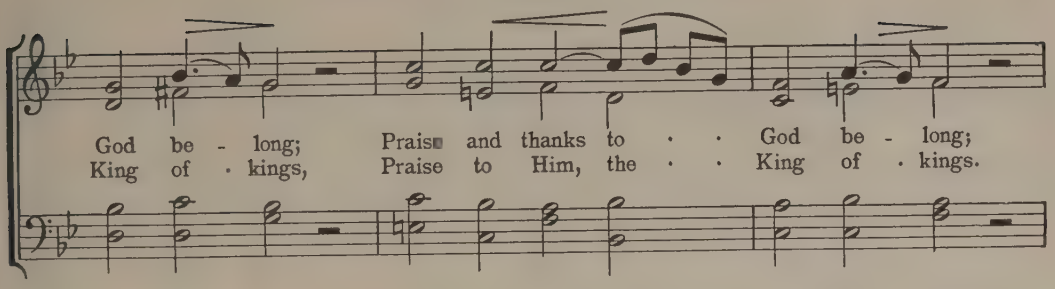
here by the si - lence sur - round - ed I long for the birds' re - turn. ·
dream in my heart is re - main - ing, The dream of the birds' re - turn. ·

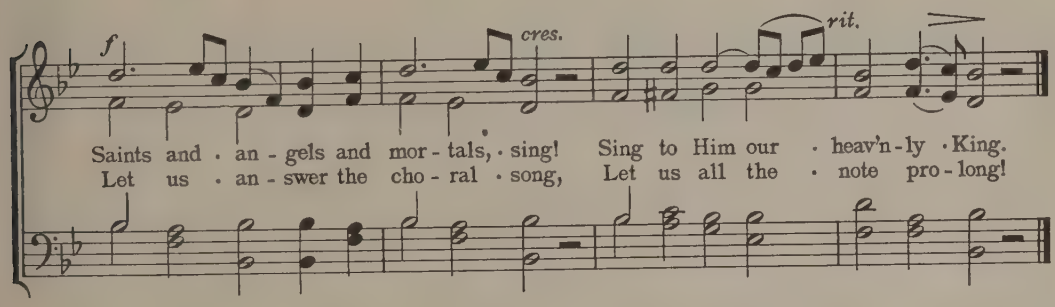
SONG OF PRAISE

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART
from "First Mass"

Risoluto
mf

1. Swell the · an - them and raise the · song, Praise and thanks to · ·
2. Hark! all · na - ture its an - them · sings, Praise to Him, the · ·

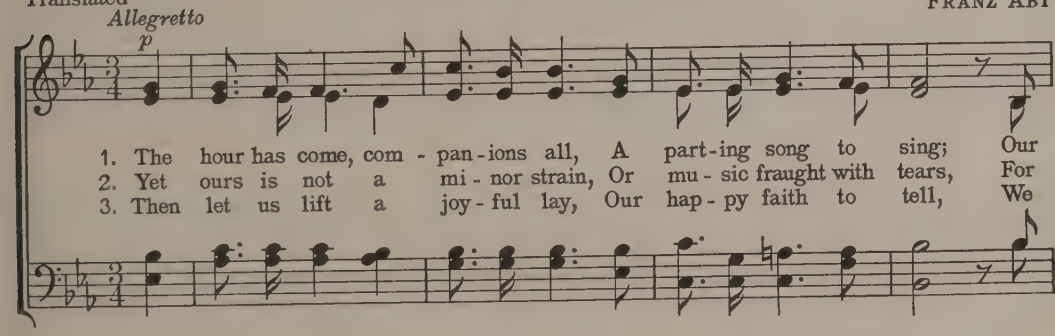


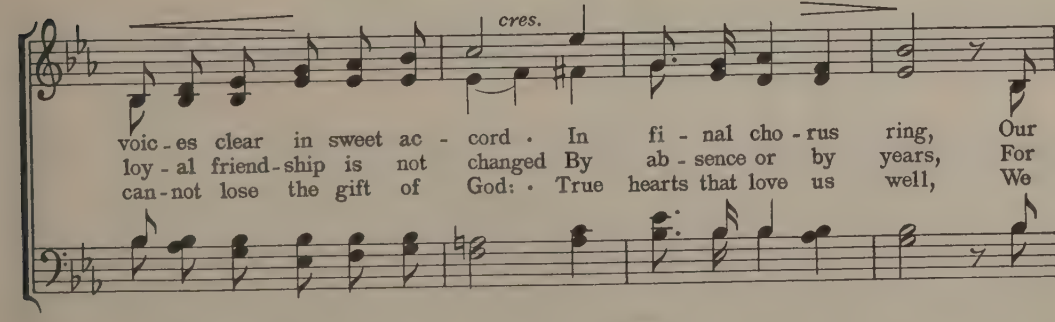


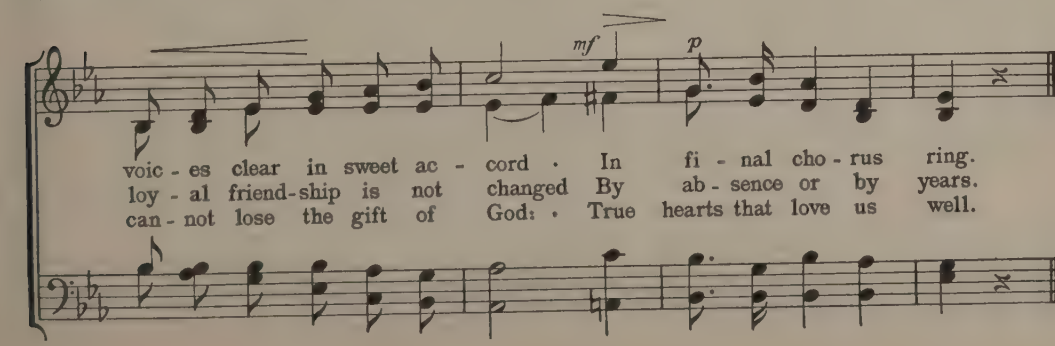
CLASS SONG AT PARTING

Translated

FRANZ ABT



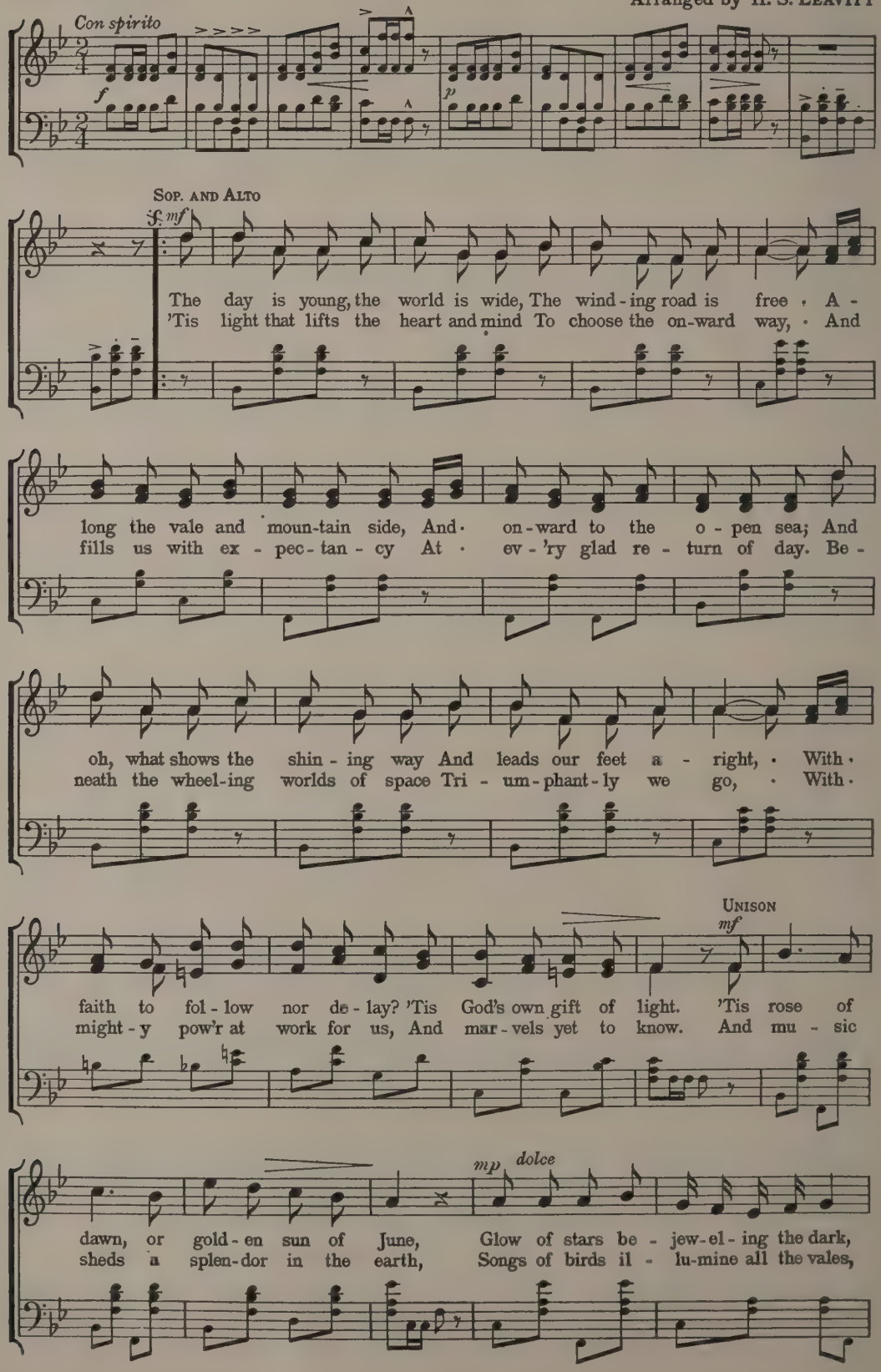




LIGHT TRIUMPHANT

M. Louise Baum

Louis Ganne
Arranged by H. S. Leavitt



cres.

Lamps of earth that lift a bea-con mark; No day is long, no morn-ing comes too
Po-ets kin-dle fire that nev-er fails; And hearts are brave with ju-bi-lee and

Parts *f* — *poco rit.* — *Fine* — Unison *Meno mosso* *mp*

soon, While light, se-rene and bright, Leads on to man-hood's high noon.
mirth, As light, se-rene and bright, Leads on to man-hood's high worth. Light

flows on meadows green, And where blue wa-ters dream and smile; Moon-

Parts *mf*

-light pours a sil-ver sheen On the white road, mile on mile. The cit-y

streets o-ver-flow with light And song and laugh-ter ev-'ry-where;

f — *D. S. al Fine*

Light, re-veal-ing beau-ty, All the joys of earth and sea and air.

THOU ART NEAR ME, MARGARITA

ERIK MEYER-HELMUND
Arranged

Adagio — *Andante* — TENORS AND BASSES — *p*

1. When the waves are gen-tly flow-ing, In the eve-ning red-all glow-ing, When the day is slow-ly dy-ing, When a-far sweet bells are sigh-ing; Thou-art near-me, Mar-ga-ri-ta! Thou-art near me, Mar-ga-ri-ta! Thou-art near me, Mar-ga-ri-ta! Thou-art near me, Mar-ga-ri-ta! Thou-art near me, Mar-ga-ri-ta! Thou-art near me, Mar-ga-ri-ta! Thou-art near me, Mar-ga-ri-ta! Thou-art near me, Mar-ga-ri-ta!

2. When the rug-ged cliff de-scend-ing, To strange lands my way-I'm bend-ing, White the sea-foam plays be-fore me, While a-hap-py dream comes o'er me; Thou-art near-me, Mar-ga-ri-ta! Thou-art near me, Mar-ga-ri-ta! Thou-art near me, Mar-ga-ri-ta! Thou-art near me, Mar-ga-ri-ta! Thou-art near me, Mar-ga-ri-ta! Thou-art near me, Mar-ga-ri-ta! Thou-art near me, Mar-ga-ri-ta! Thou-art near me, Mar-ga-ri-ta!

Ped. — *mf* — *rit.* — PARTS *a tempo* — *mf* — UNISON — PARTS — *mf* — *p* — *rallentando*

TRADITIONAL SOUTHERN SONG

Allegretto

mp *p*

1. The moon is beam-ing o'er the spark-ling rill; Who's that a - call-ing?
The birds are rest-ing till the gold - en dawn, Who's that a - call-ing?
2. The leaves are rust-ling with the star - lit sky, Who's that a - call-ing?
Is this a mes-sage from a - cross the sea, Who's that a - call-ing?

mf *p* 1.

The flow'rs are sleep-ing on the plain and hill, Who's that call-ing so sweet?
A sound like sing-ing of the one now gone, Who's that call-ing so
The stream-let mur-murs as it pass - es by; Who's that call-ing so sweet?
Is this my dar-ling one who speaks to me, Who's that call-ing so

2. *mf*

sweet? Who's that a - call-ing, Who's that a - call-ing? Is it one we
sweet?

p *mf*

long to greet, one we long to greet? Who's that a - call-ing,

dim. e rit. *p*

Who's that a - call-ing, Who's that a - call-ing so sweet? (call-ing sweet?)

CIRIBIRIBIN

From the Italian
Paraphrased and adapted

A. PESTALOZZA
Arranged

Scherzando

SOP. AND ALTO

p

1. When the joy - ful spring is near - ing, · · A - pril sun and A - pril
2. So when joy - ful spring is near - ing, · · A - pril sun and A - pril

show'rs, · · Then are ros - y buds ap - pear - ing · · To pre -
shade, · · Then are col - ors bright ap - pear - ing · · That be -

p

pare the sum - mer hours; · · Birds may fear an A - pril
deck an A - pril maid; · · For the A - pril maid is

cres.

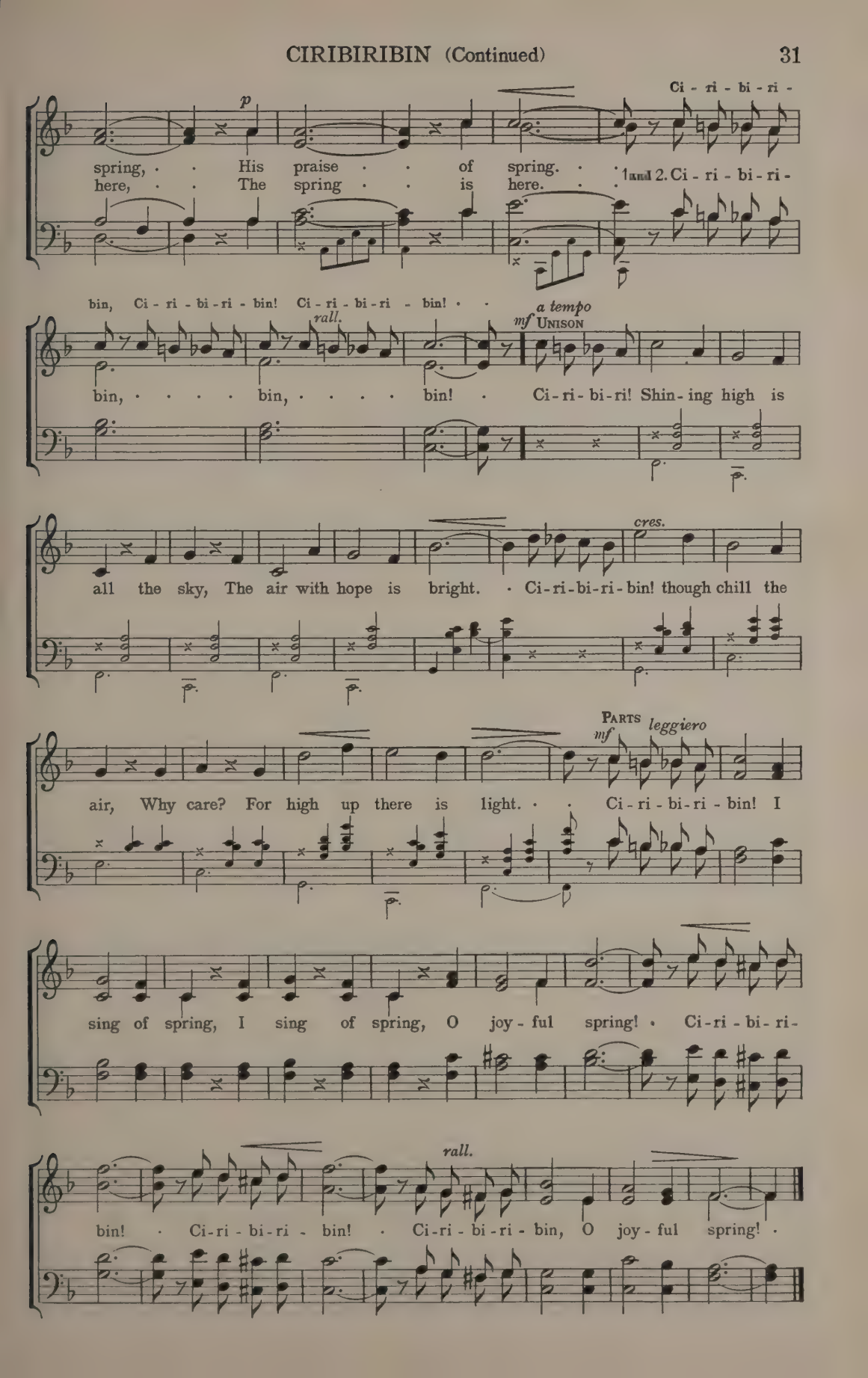
air - ing · · And the sud - den A - pril rain, · · But the
dar - ing · · An - y sud - den A - pril show'r · · In the

sing - ing spar - row's dar - ing, · For his coat · is brown and plain.
silk - en robe she's wear - ing · · Like the pet - als of a flow'r.

PARTS

mp

Marsh - es are warm, safe from all harm There he may sing his praise of
Gay - ly she goes, pink as a rose, Laughs to de - clare spring-time is


p
Ci - ri - bi - ri -
spring, · · His praise · · of spring. ·
here, · · The spring · · is here. ·
1 and 2. Ci - ri - bi - ri -
bin, Ci - ri - bi - ri - bin! Ci - ri - bi - ri - bin! · ·
rall.
mf
a tempo
UNISON
bin, · · · · bin, · · · · bin! · Ci - ri - bi - ri! Shin - ing high is
all the sky, The air with hope is bright. · Ci - ri - bi - ri - bin! though chill the
cres.
PARTS
mf
leggiero
air, Why care? For high up there is light. · · Ci - ri - bi - ri - bin! I
sing of spring, I sing of spring, O joy - ful spring! · Ci - ri - bi - ri -
rall.
bin! · Ci - ri - bi - ri - bin! · Ci - ri - bi - ri - bin, O joy - ful spring! ·

O MONTH OF MAY

DENIS A. MCCARTHY

IRISH FOLK TUNE
Arranged by HENRY CLOUGH-LEIGHTER

Dolce espressivo
mp UNISON

1. O month of May, we're glad that you are com - ing! · O month of
2. The winds of March have ceased their blus - t'ring cho - rus, · A soft - er

joy, we wel-come you a - gain! For sweet it is to hear the wild bees
blue be-hind the cloud is seen, The cloud it - self is soft - er lean - ing

SOP. AND ALTO
p

hum - ming, · And see the glow - worm gleam in some deep glen. From win - ter
o'er · us, · And soft - er grows the moss the rocks be - tween. O month of

PARTS
mf

sleep the stream be - gins to wak - en, The vio - let
May, O month by fair - ies haunt - ed, O month of

f

shy - ly shows her face to - day, · · The birds re - turn to woods so long for -
joy, we wel-come you a - gain, · · For then we dwell with - in a world en -

dim. e rit.
p

sak - en · And join their mu - sic to thy song, sweet · May.
chant - ed, · Too fair, too fra - grant for the world of · men!

ANONYMOUS E. HERMES

Andante
mp

1. Be - side my path a rose - bud grew, Its blos - soms wet with morn - ing
2. "Dear rose - bud, wilt thou go with me?" I said with long - ing ec - sta -
3. The mod - est rose - bud made re - ply, "Pray, choose some fair - er flow'r than

dew. One bud more love - ly than the rest Peeped forth in fra - grant beau - ty
sy. "I'll wear thee ev - er near my heart, And nev - er, nev - er from thee
I. My home is dear - er far to me Than all earth's splen - dor e'er could

p *rit.*

dressed; I saw, and stayed my hur - rying feet; No rose was ev - er half so sweet.
part. How few be - hold thy beau - ty here; Be mine, be mine, thou rose - bud dear!"
be. Go, leave me in my shad - y dell! 'Tis here a - lone I choose to dwell."

a tempo *mf*

O rose-bud red! O rose-bud fair! Oh, had I nev - er seen thee there!

O rose - bud

cres. *f*

Rose-bud red! Rose-bud fair! O rose-bud, had I nev - er seen thee there!

red! O rose-bud fair!

OUR FLAG

GEORGE STERLING

RALPH L. BALDWIN

Con spirito

f UNISON

1. Flag of hon - or, flag of dar - ing, Flag of le - gions on - ward far - ing,
2. By the stand-ards that have shown thee, By the bat - tles that have known thee,

Flag our hearts and hands are bear - ing On to vic - to - ry.
By the he - roes that have flown thee, Guide us in the fight!

ff *mp* PARTS

From the dyes of bat - tle gor - y, Foam and waves of o - cean's glo - ry,
Bless the sol - dier in his sleep - ing, Hush the moth - er in her weep - ing,

CHORUS We, thy sons, shall fail thee nev - er, Time nor tide our faith shall sev - er,

1. *cres.* *ff* *D.S. for chorus*

And the stars that tell thy sto - ry Free - men fash - ioned thee.
Hold the help - less in thy keep - ing, Ward - er of the right.

2. *ben marcato*

All for thee and thou for - ev - er, Flag of vic - to - ry!

SONG OF THE VOLGA BOATMEN

After the Russian by
MORRIS CARTER

RUSSIAN FOLK SONG
Arranged

Maestoso
mf

1. Pull a - way now, pull a - way now, let your shoul - ders bend and bow!
2. Pull a - way now, pull a - way now, break - ing heart and ach - ing brow!

mf

On - ward strive, on - ward strain, though your steps · be steps. of pain.
Wea - ry hand, wea - ry brain, toil we must · though toil · is vain.

mp poco più moto

Slow - ly, slow - ly · moves the load; wea - ry, wea - ry · grows the road,
Dai - ly, dai - ly, · rain or sun, slow - ly, slow - ly · plod - ding on,

mf *cres.* *a tempo*

Pull all to-geth - er, pull now to-geth - er; hun-ger's pang · is still · the goad.
Pull we to-geth - er, pull all to-geth - er, till our youth · and strength are gone.

English version by
DENIS A. MCCARTHY

ONCE LONG AGO
Christmas Carol

OLD BOHEMIAN CAROL

Espressivo

p

1. Late in · the · night with · the · wind blow - ing · cold, Out in · the ·
2. Night of · a · bliss that · had · nev - er · be - fore Broke on · a ·
3. Lord of · the · earth and · the · stars and · the · suns, Come then · a -

hills shep-herds watched o'er the fold; When from on high where stars shone in splen-dor
world that was wea - ry · and sore. Night when the Christ to us came a stran-ger,
gain to · Thy low - li - est ones! Come to our hearts, Oh show us Thy glo - ry,

mf

Brought there an an - gel tid - ings of won-der: Je - sus · is · born!
Housed in a sta - ble, laid in a man-ger, Je - sus · was · born.
So may we sing with an - gels the sto - ry: Je - sus · is · born!

T. H. MacCrady — Stephen C. Foster

Con spirito

mf Unison — Parts — Unison

1. There was a man in days of yore, doo-dah, doo-dah, Who
2. One day he plant-ed him some seeds, doo-dah, doo-dah, He
3. He said, "I'd like a tempt-ing dish, doo-dah, doo-dah, I
4. He went to hunt, but out of luck, doo-dah, doo-dah, He
5. At last he tried to end it all, doo-dah, doo-dah, By

Parts — Unison

found this life a dread-ful bore, Oh, doo-dah-da! For
might as well have plant-ed weeds, Oh, doo-dah-da! And
guess I'll go and catch some fish, Oh, doo-dah-da! He
on-ly shot his neigh-bor's duck, Oh, doo-dah-da! And
jump-ing from the high sea-wall, Oh, doo-dah-da! He

Parts — Unison

ev-'ry-thing he tried, a-las, doo-dah, doo-dah, Some-how he could not
though he worked with spade and hoe, doo-dah, doo-dah, He could not make the
failed to catch the fish he thought, doo-dah, doo-dah, An aw-ful cold was
when he set a trap for game, doo-dah, doo-dah, His neigh-bor's cat was
thought he'd strike the flow-ing flood, doo-dah, doo-dah, But on-ly land-ed

Parts — Chorus

bring to pass, Oh, doo-dah-da!
gar-den grow, Oh, doo-dah-da!
all he caught, Oh, doo-dah-da! Sing hil-lo, hi-o! I wish it were not
all that came, Oh, doo-dah-da!
in the mud, Oh, doo-dah-da!

so, But the tale I tell as it all be-fell Man-y a year a-go.

JOHN WILSON — SCOTCH FOLK SONG

Con moto

mf UNISON

1. The stars are shin - ing cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly, Ho - ro
2. The waves are danc - ing mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, Ho - ro

rit. *p* *a tempo*

Mhai - ri dhu, turn ye · · to me. The sea - mew is moan - ing
Mhai - ri dhu, turn ye · · to me. The sea - birds are wail - ing

rit.

drear - i - ly, drear - i - ly, Ho - ro Mhai - ri dhu, turn ye · · to
wea - ri - ly, wea - ri - ly, Ho - ro Mhai - ri dhu, turn ye · · to

PARTS *mf* *p*

me. Cold is the storm-wind that ruf-fles his breast, But warm are the
me. Hush'd by thy moan - ing, lone bird of the sea, Thy home on the

espress. *pp*

down - y plumes lin - ing his nest. · Cold blows the storm · there, soft falls the
rocks is a shel-ter to thee. Thy home is the an - gry wave, mine but the

rit. *a tempo* *rit.*

snow · there, Ho - ro Mhai - ri dhu, turn ye · · to me.
lone - ly grave, Ho - ro Mhai - ri dhu, turn ye · · to me.

BENDEMEER'S STREAM

THOMAS MOORE — IRISH FOLK SONG

Dolce espressivo

p UNISON

1. There's a bow - er of ros - es by Ben - de-meer's stream, And the night - in - gale sings round it all the day long; In the time of my child-hood 'twas like a sweet dream To · sit in the ros - es and hear the birds' song. That bow'r and its mu - sic I'll nev - er for - get, But oft when a - lone, in the bloom of the year, I think: Is the night-in-gale sing - ing there yet? Are the ros - es still bright by the calm Ben-de - meer?

2. No, the ros - es soon with-ered that hung o'er the wave, But some blos - soms were gath - ered while fresh - ly they shone, And a dew was dis - tilled from their flow - ers, that gave All the fra-grance of sum-mer, when sum-mer was gone. Thus mem - o - ry draws from de - light, ere it dies, An es - sence that breathes of it man - y a year; Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes, Is that bow'r on the banks of the calm Ben-de - meer.

poco più mosso

SOP. AND ALTO

PARTS

rit.

p

a tempo

THE PEDLER

From the Russian
Translated by JOHN REED

RUSSIAN FOLK SONG

Con moto

mf UNISON

1. I'm the ped - ler, lone - ly as I wan - der To stack my pack with
2. When I've shown them silk - en wear and lac - es, I pour my store of
3. But when sun - set o'er the wheat is flow - ing Un - rolled in gold for

mf PARTS

maid - ens' gear, 'Broid - ered scarfs all of fade - less col - or, Bright bro -
trump - er - y; Maid - ens all are a - maze at jew - els, Pearls and
mile on mile, Maid - en eyes I sur - prise a - dream - ing Turn on

SOPRANO SOLO

p

PARTS

cade from Khar-kov Fair. 'Neath the pack my back is bend - ing, But
sil - ver fil - i - gree. Vain - ly I may try for glance-es, They
me their dark-ling smile. Heav - y toil and moil for - got - ten, New

mf SOLO

maids are gay with gifts I bear. Oh, hai - da, hai - da,
nev - er spare a look for me. Oh, hai - da, hai - da,
hopes my heart a - gain be - guile. Oh, hai - da, hai - da,

hai - da - da, The lone - ly steppes lie far and wide;
hai - da - da, The lone - ly steppes lie far and wide;
hai - da - da, The lone - ly steppes lie far and wide;

PARTS

Hai - da, hai - da, hai - da - da, No - one wan - ders by my side.
Hai - da, hai - da, hai - da - da, Joys of home I am de - nied.
Hai - da, hai - da, hai - da - da, Shall I some day woo my bride?

THE MAGIC FLUTE

English version by
LOUISE STICKNEY

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART
Arranged from the "Magic Flute"

Leggiero
mp

1. The · com-ing and go-ing Of · mu-sic is fleet, Low · laugh-ter or ec-sta-cy Of flutes, pierc-ing sweet. Now plain-tive now dul-cet! Now joy-ous and clear, Till the rap-ture of night-in-gales Is si-lent to hear! O · mar-vel of mu-sic! O song, pass-ing sweet! What is love-ly e-ludes · us, For beau-ty is fleet.
2. The · breez-es that lis-ten Breathe soft-er and sigh To · ech-o the mir-a-cle Of flute mel-o-dy. 'Tis mys-t'ry, 'tis mag-ic In-vad-ing the heart, Till eyes a-lien to weep-ing Feel tears slow-ly start. Then charm us, O flute voice! Dis-pel pain and wrong! 'Tis an an-gel that melts in you The pearl of pure song.

p — *cres.* — *p* — *accel.* — *p*

THE HOME ROAD

JOHN ALDEN CARPENTER

JOHN ALDEN CARPENTER

Moderato
f UNISON

1. Sing a Hymn of Free-dom, Fling the ban-ner high! Sing the songs of
2. In the qui-et hours · Of the star-ry night Dream the dreams of

Lib - er - ty, Songs that shall not die.
far - a - way Home-fires burn - ing bright. 1 and 2. For the long, long road to Tip - pe -

PARTS

ra - ry Is the Road that leads me Home, O'er hill and plain, by

f *maestoso*

lake and lane, My Wood-lands! My Corn - fields! My Coun - try! My Home!

GOOD MORROW, GOSSIP JOAN

TRADITIONAL ENGLISH FOLK SONG

Allegro
mf

1. Good mor - row, Gos - sip Joan! Where have you been a - walk-ing? I
2. My spar - row's flown a - way, How could he thus be - reave me? I
3. Let's home to - geth - er go And set the tea a - brew-ing; It's

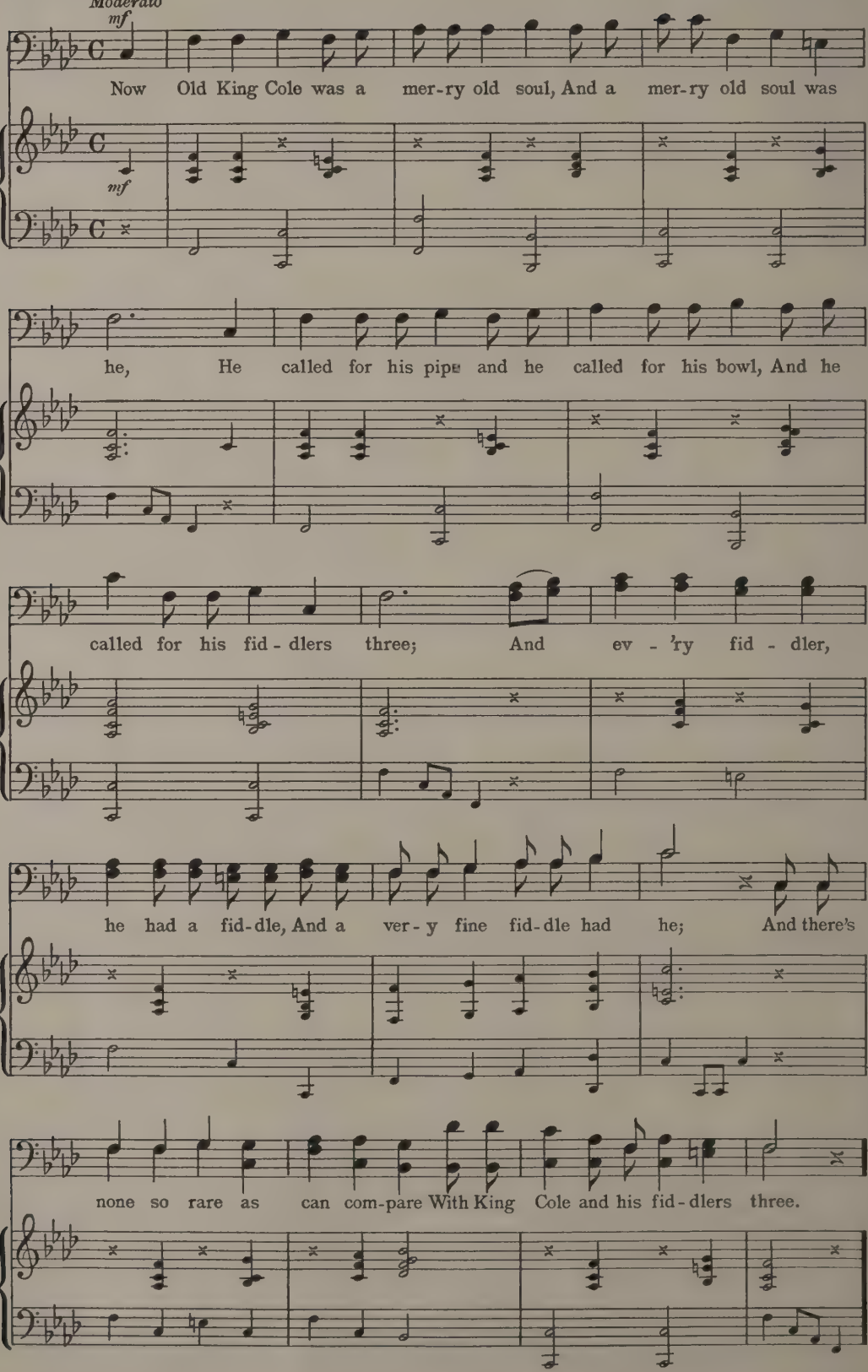
have for you at · home, · · · I · have for you at ·
broke a glass to - day, · · · I · broke a glass to -
soon I'll let you · know, · · · It's · soon I'll let you ·

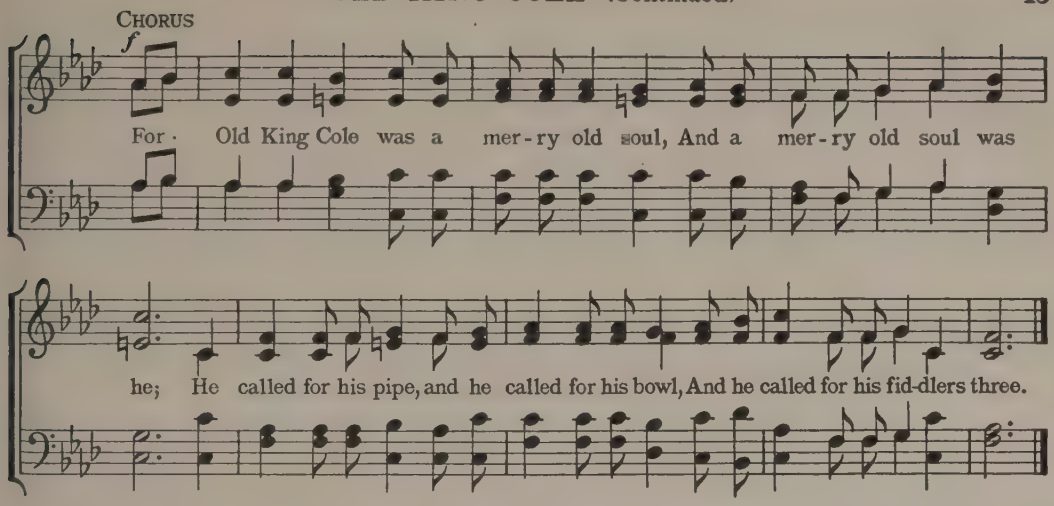
home, · · A bud - get full of talk - - ing, Gos - sip · Joan!
day, · · The price will sure - ly grieve · · me, Gos - sip · Joan!
know · · What ev - 'ry - one is do - - ing, Gos - sip · Joan!

OLD KING COLE

TRADITIONAL

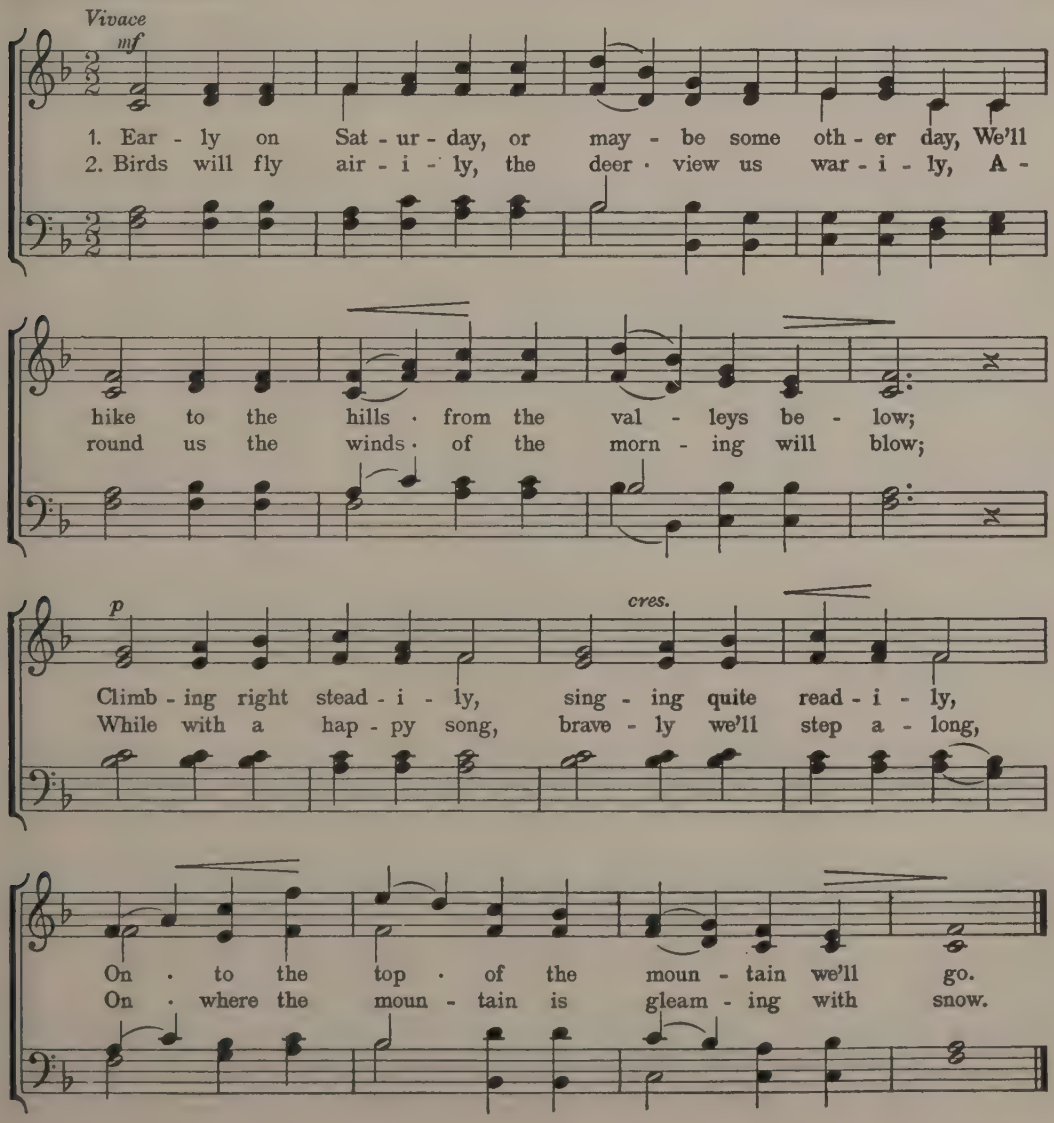
STUDENT COLLECTION





ON TO THE MOUNTAIN

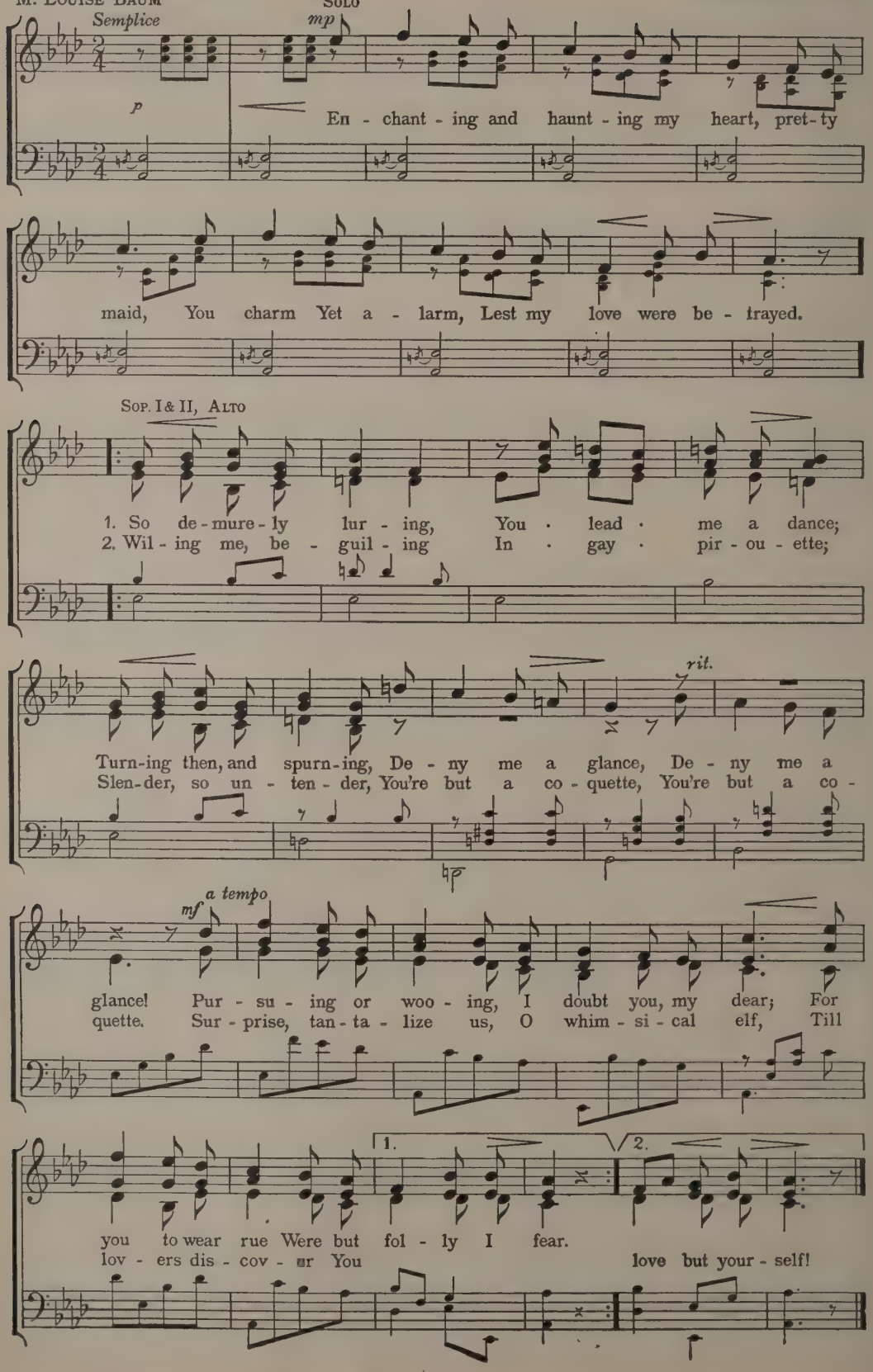
MARGARET CONNOLLY — ENGLISH FOLK TUNE



COQUETTE

Translated from the French by
M. Louise Baum

French Folk Song



MORRIS CARTER — STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Moderato

SOP. AND ALTO

p

1. Out where the moon-light sil-vers the bay, · Out where the stars all their won-ders dis-
2. Moon-light has mag-ic; star-light, a spell; · O-ver the world they have wo-ven it

mp

play, · · Come, let us sail, oh, come let us go ·
well. · · Night of en-chant-ment, glam-or-ous night! ·

PARTS

O-ver the deep where the sum-mer winds blow. · · Dear to our hearts though
Sure-ly the mer-maids are sing-ing to-night. · · Come, let us sail, then,

Dear though the
Come, sail then,

rall.

moun-tains may be, Here is a night for the wave and the sea;
out where the breeze Stirs in-to splen-dor the crest of the seas.

mf a tempo

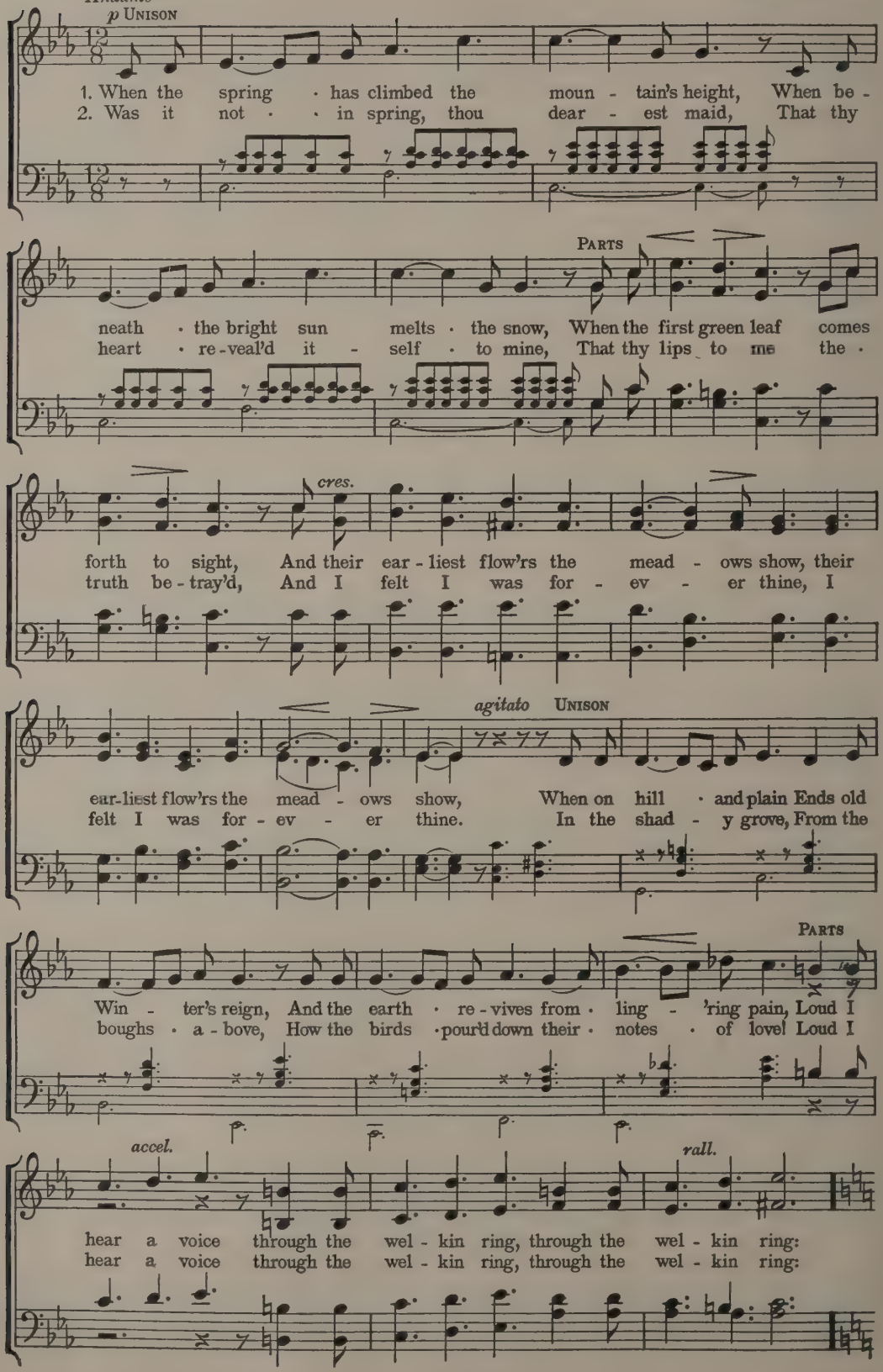
Nev-er be-fore was o-cean so fair, Moon-light and star-light are call-ing us
Nev-er a-gain may scene be so fair, Moon-light and star-light are call-ing us

dim. e rit.

p

there, · · Moon-light and star-light are call-ing us there.
there, · · Moon-light and star-light are call-ing us there.

WILLEM COENEN



Andante con moto ed energico

ff

Oh, mor-tals, all · re-joice! Wel - come, love - ly Spring! Oh, · mor - tals,

mf

all · re-joice! Wel - come, love - ly Spring, wel - come, love - ly Spring!

1.

2.

cres.

f

Spring! Mor - tals all · re - joice! Wel-come love - ly Spring!

BY THE FIRELIGHT

M. B. WILLIS

GIUSEPPE VERDI
Arranged from "Il Trovatore"

Andantino

p

1. Slow - ly the day is go - ing, Deep - er the dusk is grow - ing,
2. Mur-murs of o - cean sing - ing, Mem-'ries of sum-mer bring - ing,

Twi-light is peace be - stow - ing O'er ev - 'ry field and stream.
Ech - oes from wood-lands ring - ing, Dreams of the spring-time bright,

mp

dim. e rit.

Here by the em - bers glow - ing, Come, let us sit and dream.
Thoughts of the flow'rs up - spring - ing Soothe us with calm de - light.

THEY ALL LOVE JACK

F. E. WEATHERLY — STEPHEN ADAMS

Spiritoso

mf TENORS AND BASSES

1. When the ship is trim and read-y, And the jol-ly days are done, When the last good-byes are whis-pered, And Jack a-board is gone; The lass-es fall a-weep-ing as they watch his ves-sel's track, For all the lands-men lov-ers are noth-ing aft-er Jack, For all the lands-men lov-ers are noth-ing aft-er Jack.

2. Where he goes their hearts go with him, E'en his ship, he calls her "she;" Up a-loft that "lit-tle cher-ub," Sure, a maid-en she must be. And as o'er the sea he trav-els, the mer-maids down be-low Would give their crys-tal king-doms for the love of Jack, I trow, Would give their crys-tal king-doms for the love of Jack, I trow.

3. When he's sailed the world all o-ver And a-gain he steps a-shore, There are scores of lass-es wait-ing To love him all the more; He may lose his gold-en guin-eas but a wife he'll nev-er lack; If he'd wed them all, they'd take him, for they all love Jack! If he'd wed them all, they'd take him, for they all, they all love Jack.

cres.

a tempo

PARTS

For his heart is like the sea, Ev-er o-pen, brave, and

free, And the girls must lone - ly be, · Till his ship comes

back; But if love's the best of all That · can a man be -

cres.

ad lib.

f

fall, · Why, Jack's the king of all, · For they all love Jack! ·

LULLABY

KARL SIMROCK
Translated

JOHANNES BRAHMS

Legato

p

1. Lull-a - by and good - night! To · cheeks ros - y bright, To · fin-gers safe
2. Lull-a - by and good - night! Till glad morn-ing light, While fair-est of ·

p

mf

hid 'Neath cov - er - let white; And a - gain, if God will, Shalt thou
forms In · dreams fill the sight; And a - gain, if God will, Shalt thou

p

dim. e rit.

wake with the morn, And a - gain, if God will, Shalt thou wake with the morn.
wake with the morn, And a - gain, if God will, Shalt thou wake with the morn.

LOVELY APPEAR

From THE BIBLE

CHARLES GOUNOD
Arranged from "The Redemption"

Andante

p

mp SOPRANOS

Love - ly ap - pear, o - ver the

moun - tains The feet of them that preach, and bring good news of

peace, The feet of them that preach, and bring good news of

p ALTOS

peace, Love - ly ap - pear o - ver the

moun - tains The feet of them that preach and bring good news of

peace, The feet of them that preach and bring good news of

p UNISON

peace. Love - ly ap - pear o - ver the

PARTS *cres.*

moun - tains The feet of them that preach and bring good news of

UNISON *p*

peace. Love - ly ap - pear o - ver the

PARTS *dim. e rit.*

moun - tains The feet of them that preach and bring good news of peace.

O GOD, BENEATH THY GUIDING HAND

LEONARD BACON — Duke Street — JOHN HATTON

Maestoso
mf

1. O God, be - neath Thy guid - ing hand Our ex - iled fa - thers crossed the sea;
2. Thou heard'st, well-pleased, the song, the pray'r; Thy bless - ing came, and still its pow'r
3. And here Thy name, O God of love, Their chil - dren's chil - dren shall a - dore,

And when they trod the win - t'ry strand, With pray'r and psalm they wor - shipped Thee.
Shall on - ward through all a - ges bear The mem - 'ry of that ho - ly hour.
Till these e - ter - nal hills re - move, And spring a - dorns the earth no more.

THE FOGGY DEW

T. H. MacCrady — Irish Folk Tune

Ben marcato — *mf*

1. The morn was fair, and the moun-tain air Was sweet with the scent of flow'rs, When
2. The sky - lark soared, and a song was poured As gay as in days of old, . In

mf — *p*

forth he roved on the path he loved In child-hood's care-less hours. . 'Twas
dis - tant climes he had longed be-times To hear that voice of gold. . 'Twas

espressivo — *cres.*

man-y a year since he wan-dered here, And his heart was filled with joy. . To
good to see ev - 'ry friend-ly tree And to muse on dreams come true, . But

see a - gain ev - 'ry mount and glen That he knew as a fair-haired boy. .
bet - ter still that his eyes could fill At the dreams that his boy-hood knew. .

WATCHMAN'S SONG

Herbert Miles — Edvard Grieg, Arranged

Andante e semplice — *p* — *mf*

1. The night is dark and drear - y, Watch-man, on thy guard! Though
2. The sol-diers all are sleep - ing, Watch-man, on thy guard! Their

p

hard thy lot and wea - ry, Watch-man, on thy guard! Be -
safe - ty thou art keep - ing, Watch-man, on thy guard! The

pp

hold · the stars keep guard on high, And share thy · watch from the
foe · now o'er the hill ap - pears. See! his · proud ban - ner on

mp

kind - ly sky. The night is dark and · drear - y, Watch-man, on thy guard!
high he rears! The sol - diers all are · sleep - ing, Watch-man, on thy guard!

GO DOWN, MOSES

TRADITIONAL — NEGRO SPIRITUAL

Andante
mf

1. When Is - rael was in E - gypt's land; Let my peo - ple
2. Thus saith the Lord, bold Mos - es said; Let my peo - ple
3. No more shall they in bond - age toil; Let my peo - ple

go, · Op - pressed so hard they could not stand, Let my peo - ple go.
go, · If not, I'll smite your first-born dead, Let my peo - ple go.
go, · Let them come out with E - gypt's spoil, Let my peo - ple go.

f *ff*

Go down, Mos - es, 'Way down in E - gypt's land. ·

Tell · old Pha - raoh, · Let my peo - ple go!

MARGARET CONNOLLY

GABRIEL—MARIE
Arranged by H. S. LEAVITT

Andante

mp UNISON

1. Oh, come while shines the gold-en · sun Where the rip-pling wa-ters run.
2. Then come, ye peo-ple ev-'ry · one! Come, while shines the gold-en · sun,

sf *p*

Hark! the · birds from branch and · bough are call - ing now! The
Out where bend-ing branch-es · dream by field · and stream! The

sum-mer day for us is · made, Woods are filled with shine and · shade,
sum-mer day for us is · made, Woods are filled with shine and · shade,

sf

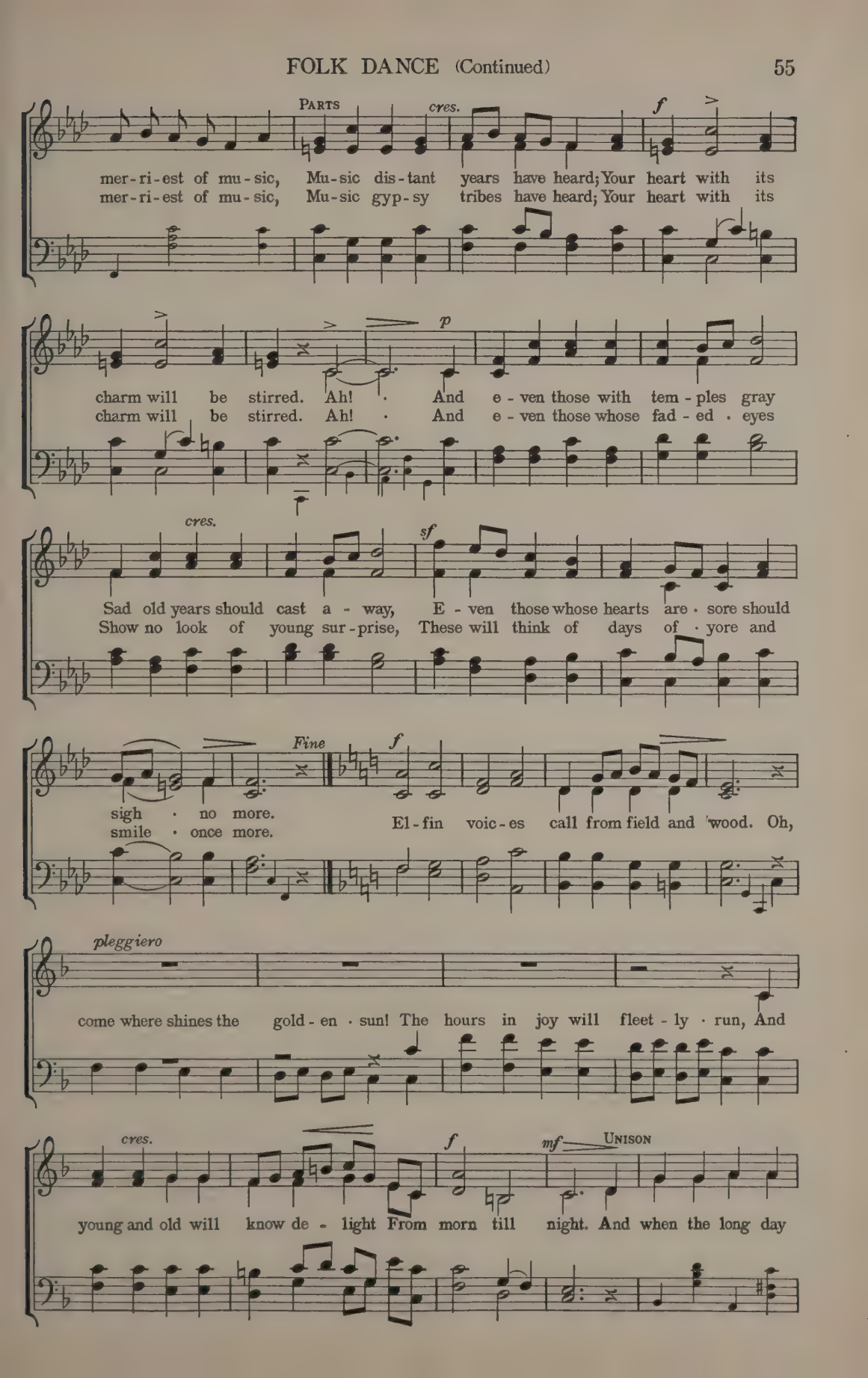
Come where the sun-beams gleam and · glance and join · our dance.
Come where the sun-beams gleam and · glance and join · our dance.

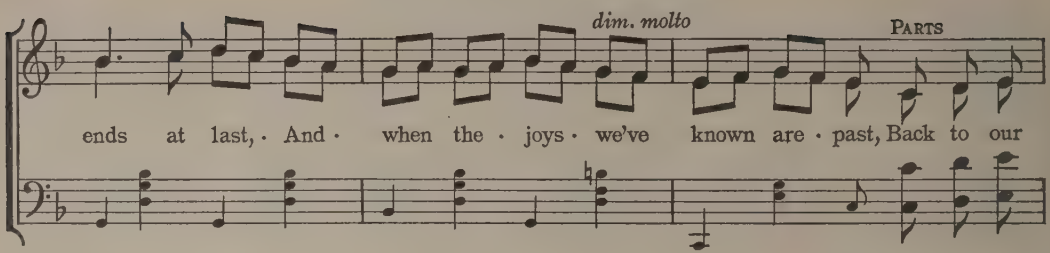
mf SOPRANO AND ALTO

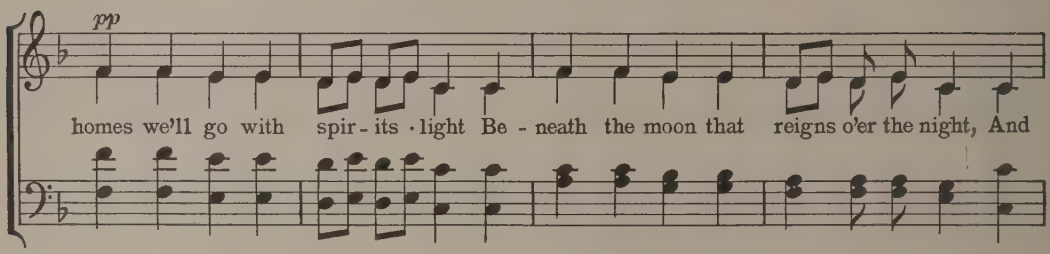
No one should re-main in · slum-ber When we wind the · horn;
There we'll tread the old-en · meas-ures 'Neath the sky · so · blue;

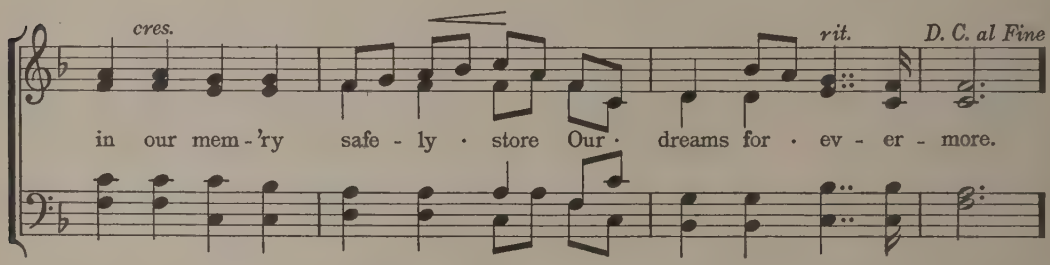
p UNISON

Young and old should join our num-ber On this fes-tive morn. Come! We'll play you
There we'll taste the old-en pleas-ures That our fa-thers knew. Come! We'll dance to


PARTS
cres.
f
mer-ri-est of mu-sic, Mu-sic dis-tant years have heard; Your heart with its
mer-ri-est of mu-sic, Mu-sic gyp-sy tribes have heard; Your heart with its
p
charm will be stirred. Ah! · And e-ven those with tem-ples gray
charm will be stirred. Ah! · And e-ven those whose fad-ed · eyes
cres.
sf
Sad old years should cast a-way, E-ven those whose hearts are · sore should
Show no look of young sur-prise, These will think of days of · yore and
Fine
f
sigh · no more.
smile · once more.
El-fin voic-es call from field and wood. Oh,
pleggiero
come where shines the gold-en · sun! The hours in joy will fleet-ly · run, And
cres.
f
mf
UNISON
young and old will know de-light From morn till night. And when the long day

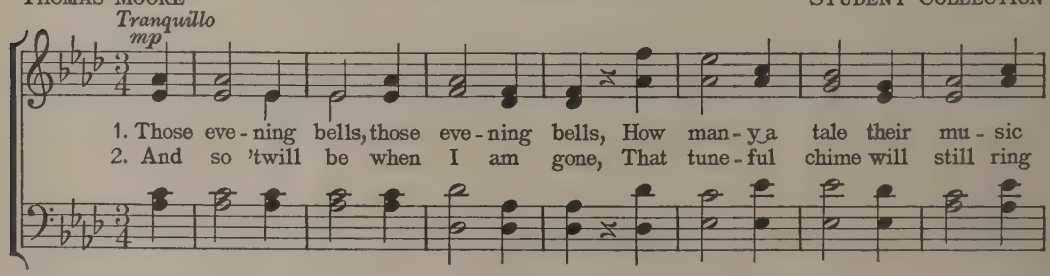


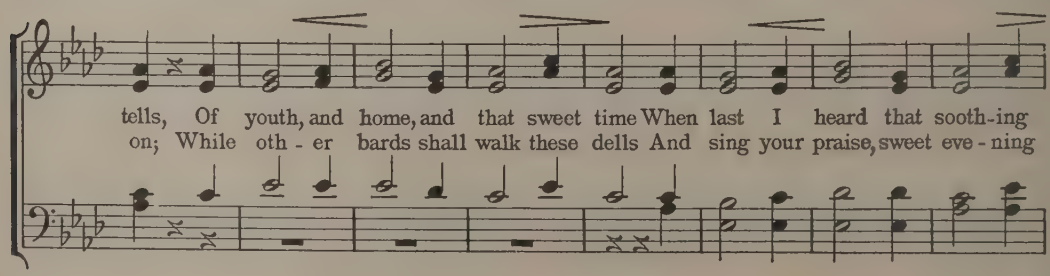


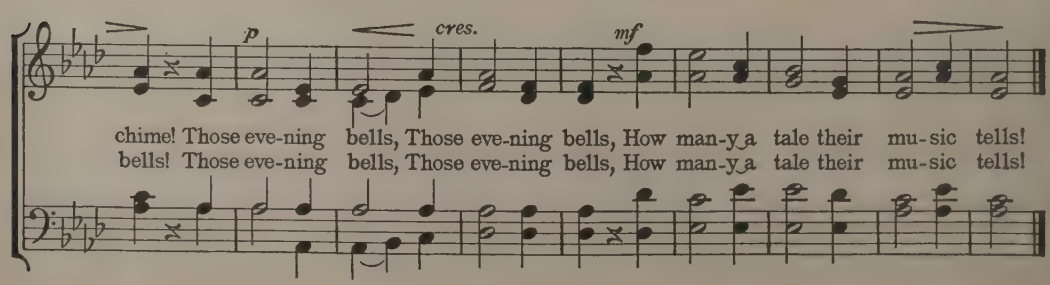


THOSE EVENING BELLS

THOMAS MOORE — STUDENT COLLECTION







DENIS A. MCCARTHY — SCOTCH FOLK TUNE

Spiritoso

mf

1. Oh, were I · back be - side the stream, The · laugh - ing stream, the ·
2. When sum - mer decks the · va - ried scene With light of gold and ·
3. And when the · win - ter · winds blow shrill O'er · i - cy brook and ·

mf

love - ly · stream By · which in · youth I · used to dream, Ah 'tis glad my heart would
leaves of · green, I · fain would be where oft I've been, By the wa - ters of the ·
snow - clad hill, Be - side the · fire I'm · dream-ing still Of the wa - ters of the ·

be! I've roamed by Tweed, I've roamed by Tay, By Bord - er Nith and
Dee. I've roamed by riv - ers great - er far, By streams re - flect - ing
Dee. I've roamed by riv - ers east and west, The Tweed, the Tay, and

High-land Spey, But dear - er far to me than they Are the wa - ters of the Dee.
Spire and spar, But I have seen a lone - ly star In the wa - ters of the Dee.
all · the rest, But one there is I love the best: 'Tis the riv - er called the Dee.

MARY STANHOPE

FRIEDRICH VON FLOTOW
Arranged from "Martha"

Con spirito
mf

1. 'Tis the brave, in truth con - fid - ing, Who de-clare that war shall cease; Peace at
2. Long the lands in night went grop-ing, Know-ing not that dawn was near; Strove in

SOP. AND ALTO
p

last shall find a - bid-ing In · the peo-ple's heart of peace, shall find peace. Men and
dark-ness, hard-ly hop-ing Light could melt the clouds of fear, clouds of fear. Now the

cres.

na - tions rise to great - ness · Who for - give · an - oth - er's
na - tions find true free - dom · In · fra - ter - nal bonds of

mf

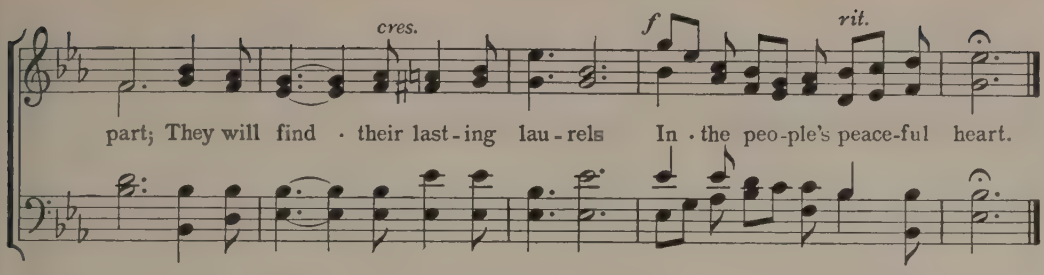
wrong; · Know them - selves · in truth and mer - cy strong, Who for
love; · Look for peace · and jus - tice from · a - bove; Laws of

poco rit.

hate · choose peace of mind, · Choose for pride · a pur-pose kind. · ·
right · at · last ful - fill; · Dare to show · to all good will. · ·

PARTS
p a tempo

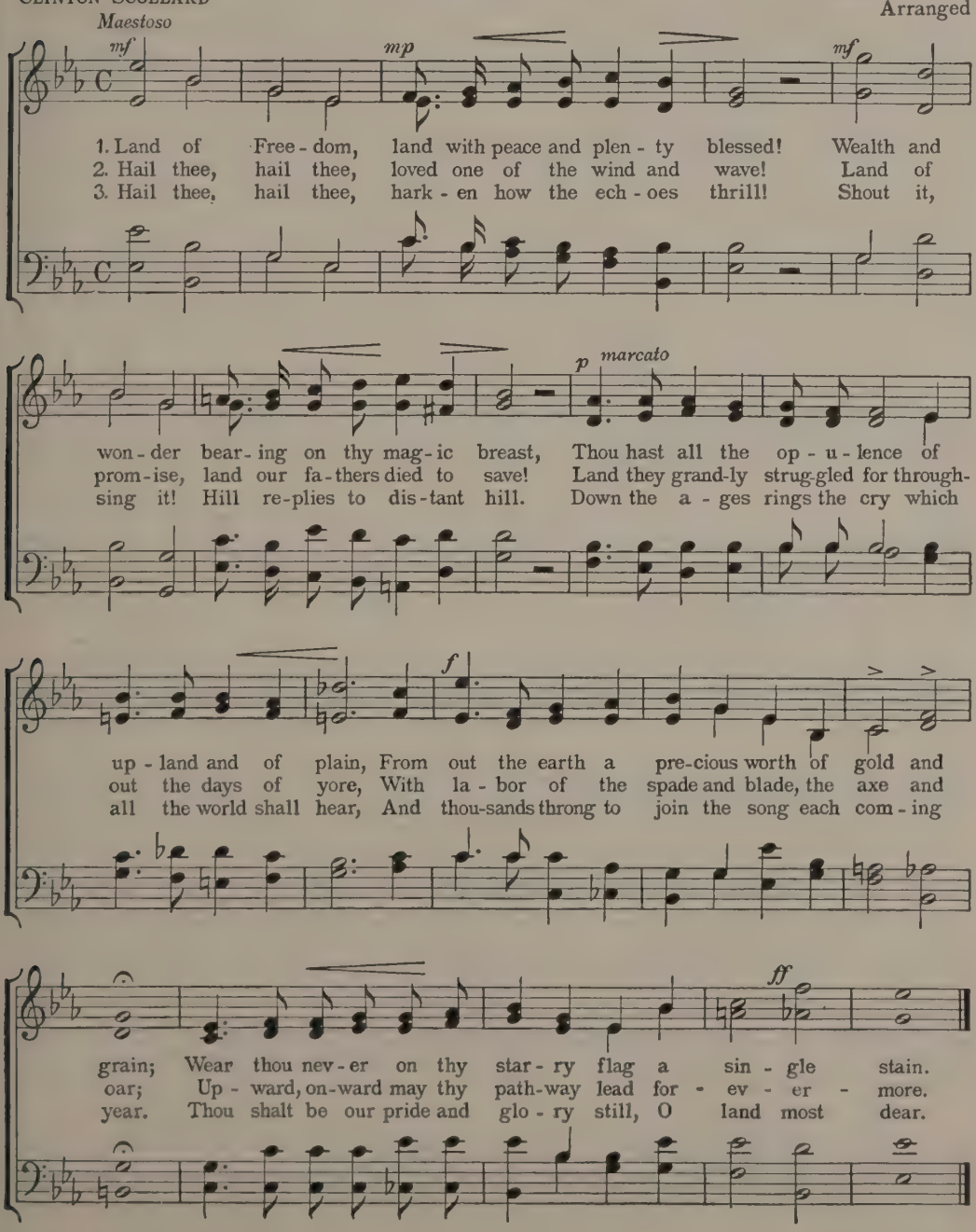
1 and 2. Ah, 'Tis the brave, · who seek no quar-rels, Who in ven-geance have no



NATIONAL SONG

CLINTON SCOLLARD

EDVARD GRIEG
Arranged



English version by
M. Louise Baum

F. Paolo Tosti
Arranged by H. S. Leavitt

Andante

p

1. Flow then, O voice of mu - sic, The twi-light hours a - wait thee; The
2. Flow then, O voice of mu - sic, The lone-ly stars will hear thee; The

eve - ning air to rap - ture shall e - late thee, Hearts all in joy will
sing - ing stream will make an ech - o near thee, Now plain - tive, now to

cres.

mate thee; Flow on, O voice of mu - sic, Flow on, O voice of mu - sic!
cheer thee; Flow on, thou voice of mu - sic, Flow on, thou voice of mu - sic!

dim.

p

Soon the moon-light in splen - dor Wings of the dark will sil - ver;
Lulled by breez - es that love them, Waves are a - sleep out yon - der;

cres.

Sweet - ly thy ves - per hymn with sleep will dim All eyes to dream-ing ten - der,
All things are still, in - deed, thy song to heed, That charms the night a - bove them,

p

Dim all to dream-ing ten - der, Dim all to dream-ing ten - der.
Ah! charm the night a - bove them, Ah! charm the night a - bove them.

Flow, thou voice of mu - sic, · Flow, thou voice of mu - sic,
Flow, thou voice of mu - sic, · Flow, thou voice of mu - sic,

p *pp*

Flow · on! Ah! · la, · · Ah! · la. · · ·

THE LOST PRINCESS

From the Italian
Translated by JOHN REED

G. F. HANDEL
Arranged from "Rinaldo"

Andante

p

1. Leave me to sor - row, Hope - less to bor - row Faith that to -
2. Lov - ers be - fore me Bowed to a - dore me; Now they de -

mf *p*

mor - row May lib - er - ty re - store. Faith, un - a - vail - ing,
plore me, A pris - 'ner here a - lone. Here, worn with weep - ing,

mf *poco rit.* *p a tempo*

Leaves me be - wail - ing The joys that are no · more. Leave me to sor - row,
Watch I am keep - ing O'er hap - pi - ness fore - gone. Leave me to sor - row,

Hope - less to bor - row Faith that to - mor - row May lib - er - ty re - store.
Hope - less to bor - row Faith that to - mor - row Brings joys that are no · more.

DENIS A. MCCARTHY — OLD IRISH MELODY

Moderato

mf

1. Let the mi - ser keep his gold, And the king his cas - tle hold, Let the
2. Oh, the mi - ser's gold may fly, And the pride of kings go by, And the

mf

trav-'ler far in for - eign re - gions roam; But I, more blest than they,
trav-'ler may be lost a - cross the foam, But what can me be - fall?

Want to come at close of day To the lit - tle place I love called
I am hap - pier than them all In the lit - tle place I love called

home, home, home, To the lit - tle place I love called home.
home, home, home, In the lit - tle place I love called home.

espressivo
mp

Dear - est of all plac - es, dear its friend - ly fac - es, Dear - er far than
Dear to me to be there, dear the smiles I see there, Dear - er far than

an - y lord - ly dome, dome, dome, The lit - tle place I love called home.
an - y lord - ly dome, dome, dome, The lit - tle place I love called home.

CHORALE

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH
from "St. Matthew Passion"

Maestoso
mp

Com - mit thy ways, O pil - grim On time's dark storm - y

seas, To Him who or - ders all things Through sweet e - ter - ni -

rit.

ties; Who meas - ures out their cours - es To clouds, winds, waves be -

low, He too will find a path - way Where - in thy feet may go.

JOHN PEEL

JOHN GRAVES — ENGLISH FOLK SONG

Allegro
mf UNISON

1. Do you know John Peel with his coat so gay, Do you
2. Do you know John Peel with his coat so gay? He

know John Peel at the break of the day, Do you know John · Peel when he's
lived at Trout-beck · once on a day; But · now he has gone far a-

far, far a-way · With his hounds and his horn in the morn - ing?
way, far a-way, We shall ne'er hear his voice in the morn - ing.

dim.

f PARTS

For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed, And the

cry of the hounds which he oft-times led, Peel's "view, hal-loo!" would a-

wak - en the dead, Or the fox from his lair in the morn - ing.

O MORNING LIGHT

ROBERT REINICK
Paraphrased by M. LOUISE BAUM

ROBERT SCHUMANN
Arranged by HENRY CLOUGH-LEIGHTER

Semplice
mf

1. O morn-ing light, O morn-ing light, You make this love-ly world so bright,
2. O morn-ing light, O morn-ing light, You turn the cloud to sil-ver white,

You shine so clear in ev-'ry part, O morn-ing sun-shine, fill my heart.
You melt the dark and sul-len gloom; May ev-'ry heart for you find room!

p

mf You wake to bloom the gar-den bow'rs,
You bless with life re-newed and sweet *f*

p *mf*

O sun-shine, wake my heart to flow'rs. O morn-ing light, O
The grass-y lane or cit-y street. O morn-ing light, O

morn-ing light, You make this love-ly world so bright, O morn-ing light, O
morn-ing light, You turn the cloud to sil-ver white, O morn-ing light, O

f rit. *p* SOLO

morn-ing light! You wake to bloom the
morn-ing light! You bless with life re-

PARTS SOLO

gar - den bow'rs, O · sun-shine, fill my · heart with flow'rs. You flood with joy the
newed and sweet The grass-y lane or · cit - y street. You rouse the land to

PARTS

blue a-bove, O · sun-shine, fill my · heart with love. O morn - ing light, O
hap - py toil; No · hate nor harm your beau - ty spoil. O morn - ing light, O

morn - ing light, You · make this love - ly world so bright, You
morn - ing light, You · turn the cloud to sil - ver white, You

p

shine so clear in ev - 'ry part, O morn - ing sun-shine, fill my heart.
shine so clear in ev - 'ry part, O morn - ing sun-shine, fill my heart.

THE SPINNING MAIDEN

HUGO JÜNGST

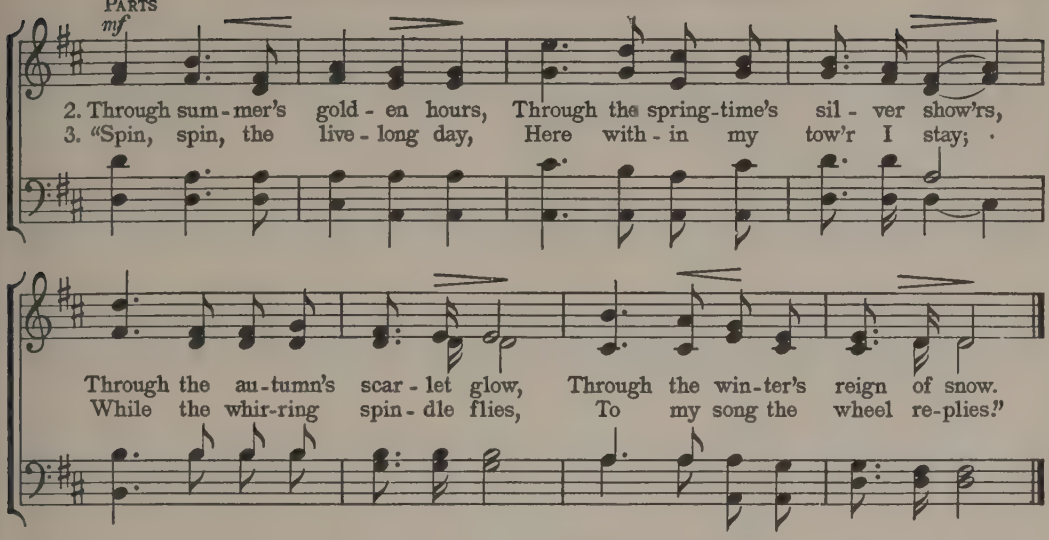
Moderato

SOP. AND ALTO

mp *mf*

1. Gray stands the tow - er tall, Gird - ed round by moat and wall, ·

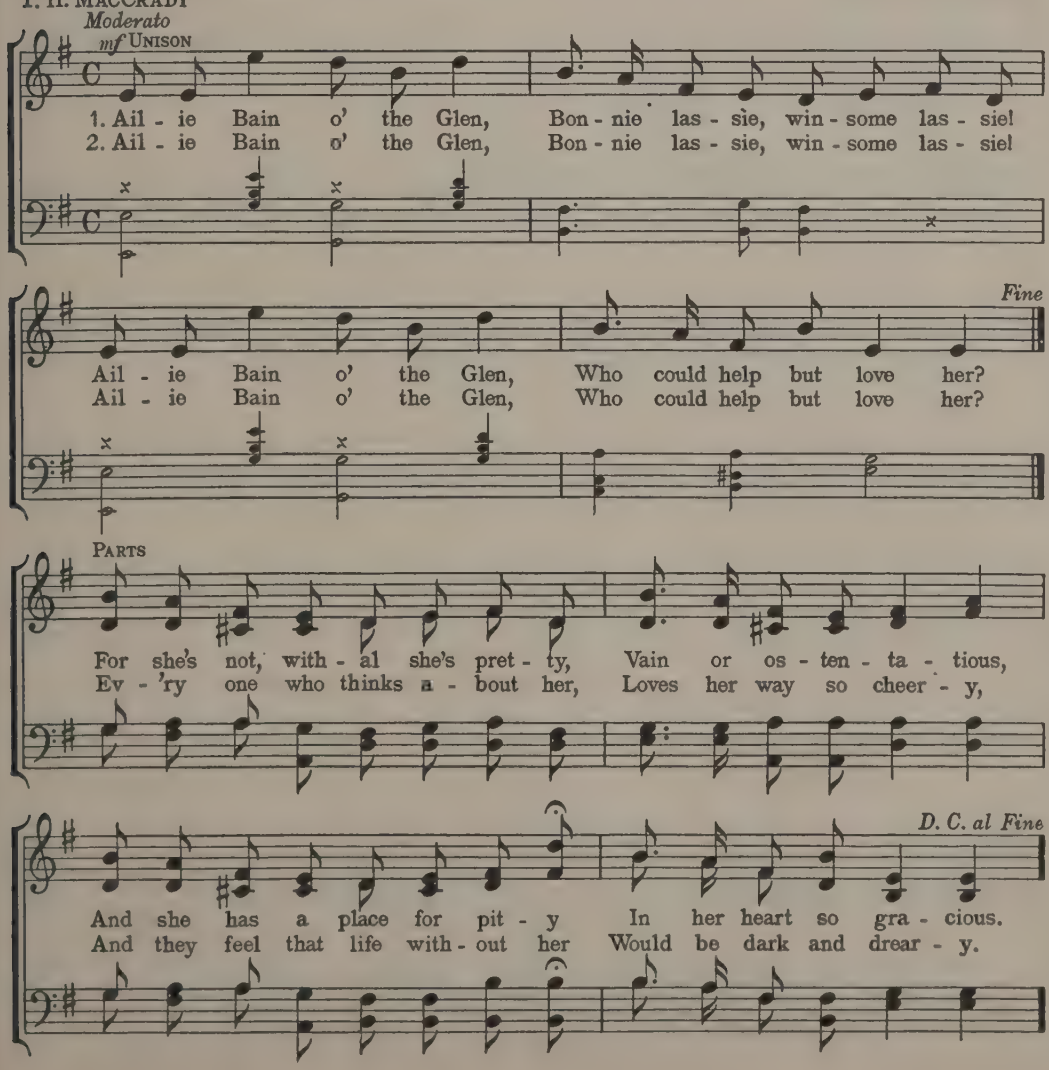
There a maid - en, all the day, Sings to while the hours a - way.



AILIE BAIN O' THE GLEN

Paraphrase from the Gaelic by
T. H. MacCrady

Scotch Folk Song



DEEP RIVER

NEGRO SPIRITUAL
Arranged by HENRY CLOUGH-LEIGHTER

Lento
SOLO
p
Deep · · riv - er, my home is o - ver Jor - dan, · Deep · ·

CHORUS
riv - er, Lord, I want to cross o - ver in - to camp-ground. Deep · · ·

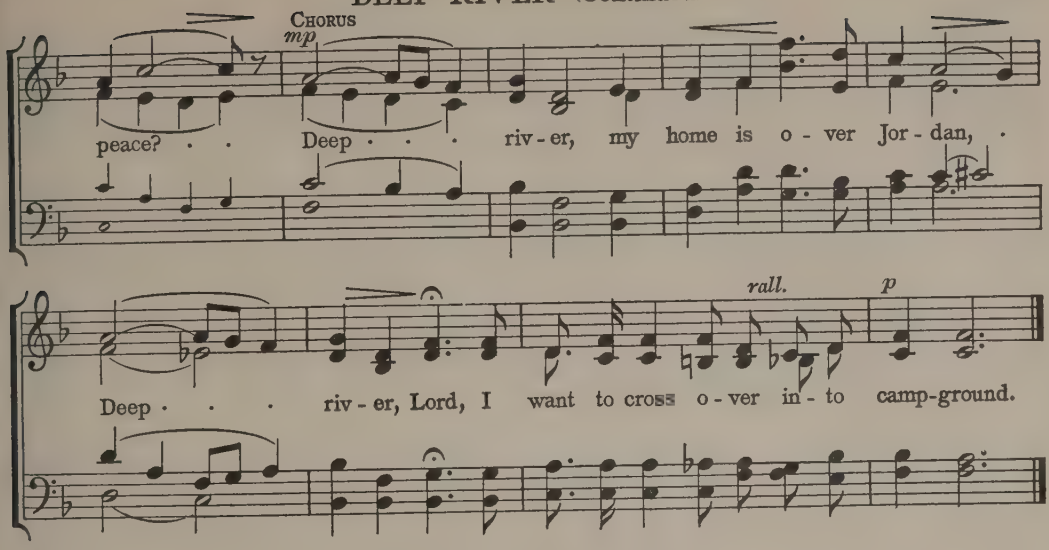
riv - er, my home is o - ver Jor - dan, · Deep · · riv - er, Lord, I

rit.
want to cross o - ver in - to camp-ground.

poco più moto
SOP. AND ALTO
mf
Oh, don't you want to go · to the

p *espress.*
gos - pel · feast, · That prom - ised land · where all · is peace. Oh,

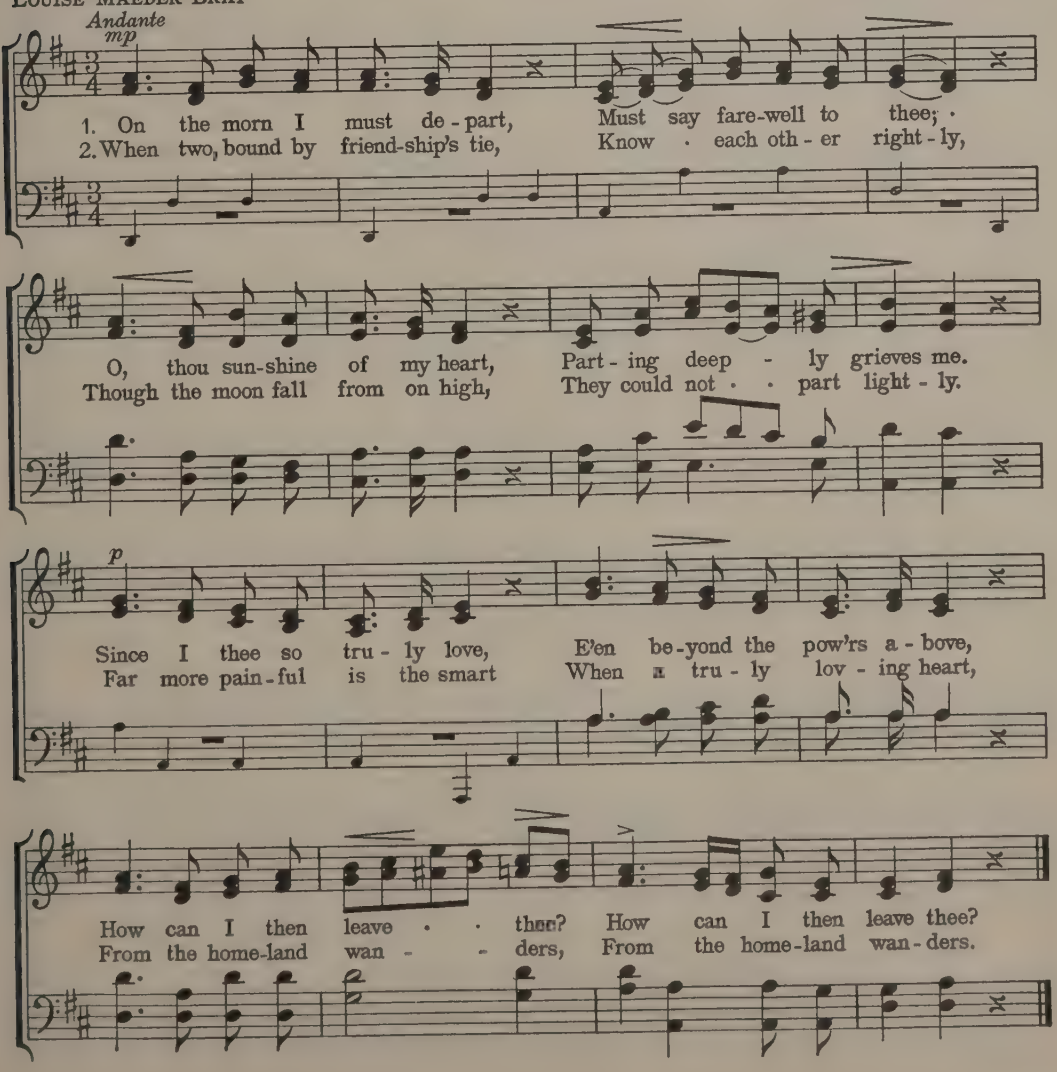
accel. *dim. e rit.*
don't you want to go · to that prom - ised land, that land · where all is



FARE THEE WELL

Translated by
Louise Maeder Bray

Friedrich Silcher



THE OCEAN KING

DENIS A. MCCARTHY — SWEDISH FOLK TUNE

Moderato *p* — *dim.*

1. 'Neath the waves the O - cean King re - clin - ing Is at rest in his gloom - y cave, While the mer - maids all a - round are twin - ing Wreaths of green for their he - ro brave. He can ride the wave and sport a - mid - the - spray. He can raise the storms that sweep the spar - a - way, Till the ships on the rocks are cast. He is the rul - er of the o - cean vast! He is the rul - er of the o - cean vast!

2. When the winds of all the world as - sem - ble, When he calls from his cloud - y throne, Then the toil - ers of the sea may trem - ble For the seed of the storm is sown. But when peace-ful mood up - on the King de - scends, Then the sail - ors find the wind and waves are - friends, And, re - joiced at the dan - gers o'er, They fear the rul - er of the sea no more, They fear the rul - er of the sea no more.

mf — *poco accel.* — *mf* — *f* — *piu lento*

OVER THE STARS

FRANZ ABT

Arranged by HENRY CLOUGH-LEIGHTER

Andante

p

1. O-ver the stars there is rest, · O-ver the stars there is rest! ·
2. O-ver the stars there is rest, · O-ver the stars there is rest! ·

SOP. AND ALTO

Suf-fer in pa-tience con-fid-ing; Life, with its
Calm-ly to life's ills re-sign-ing; There, where the

PARTS

tri-al and chid-ing; There peace e-ter-nal, a-bid-
sun is still shin-ing; Comes neith-er grief nor re-pin-

cres.

SOP. AND ALTO

mp *a tempo*

ing Makes the de-light of the blest. · Dark though to-day be with
ing, There are re-lieved the op-prest. · On-ward with cour-age re-

PARTS

sor-row, Hope gilds the bright-er to-mor-row,
viv-ing Ev-er still pa-tient-ly striv-ing,

p

O-ver the stars there is rest, · · O-ver the stars there is rest. ·
O-ver the stars there is rest, · · O-ver the stars there is rest. ·

MY ROSE

CELIA STANDISH

TUSCAN FOLK TUNE
Arranged

Allegretto
p ALTOS

SOPRANOS

1. On Mon - day morn my rose - bush bore no flow - er; When Tues - day
2. When Fri - day came the soft, pink pet - als peep - ing; On Sat - ur -

ALTOS

came a small green bud was show - ing; On Wednes-day fell the rain, a crys-tal
day the close green ca - lyx part - ed; When Sun - day's dawn a - cross the hill was

SOP. AND ALTO

show - er; Then Thurs-day brought the sun-beams bright - ly glow - ing.
creep - ing It o - pened to the light all gold - en heart - ed.

PARTS

mf *p*

South winds were blow - ing, Sun-beams were glow - ing, Tra la la la la la
Gold - en and gleam-ing, In beau - ty beam-ing, Tra la la la la la

D.C. al Fine

p

la, la la la la la la la la la.
la, la la la la la la la la la. Oh, love - ly

Fine

rose, My love - ly rose! Oh, love - ly rose, My love - ly rose!

M. Louise Baum

Arthur S. Sullivan
Arranged from "The Mikado"

Alla marcia
mf Unison

Parts

1. Be - hold him stand with bland be - nig - ni - ty, 'Mid
2. You can - not pass his brass chro - no - me - ter; It
3. He scorns your horn's loud per - ti - nac - i - ty, He

Unison

wheels and heels in end - less ag - i - ta - tion! He rules the road with stal - wart
tells him just how fast your car is speed-ing. It con - tra - dicts your own speed-
holds you up for la - dies slow pa - rad - ing. He's so po - lite in his ca -

Parts

f

dig - ni - ty, And reg - u - lates the traf - fic's cir - cu - la - tion.
om - e - ter, And that is when you show your per - fect breed-ing. 1, 2, and 3. De-
pac - i - ty, He looks at least a mar - quis mas - quer - a - ding.

fer, de - fer, To the lord - ly Traf - fic Of - fi - cer! De-

f

fer, de - fer To his no - ble stand And his

lift - ed hand, To the lord - ly Traf - fic Of - fi - cer!

CRADLE SONG

W. TAUBERT

Andantino
p

1. Sleep, be-lov - ed, sleep; Round thee watch we keep; Lis - ten how · the
2. Sleep till morn a - rise In yon az - ure skies; Watch-dog now · hath

rain doth fall, How the neigh-bor's dog doth call; He has bit - ten
ceas'd to bark! Beg - gar hides where all is dark; Lit - tle dove her ·

cres.

some one stray - ing, That's the cause of all this bay - ing;
young is tend - ing Where no hunt - er's foot is wend - ing;

mf *rit. e dim.*

Round thee care - ful watch we keep. Sleep, be - lov - ed, sleep.
Hare is hid in ver - dure deep. Sleep, my dar - ling, sleep.

THE THREE KINGS

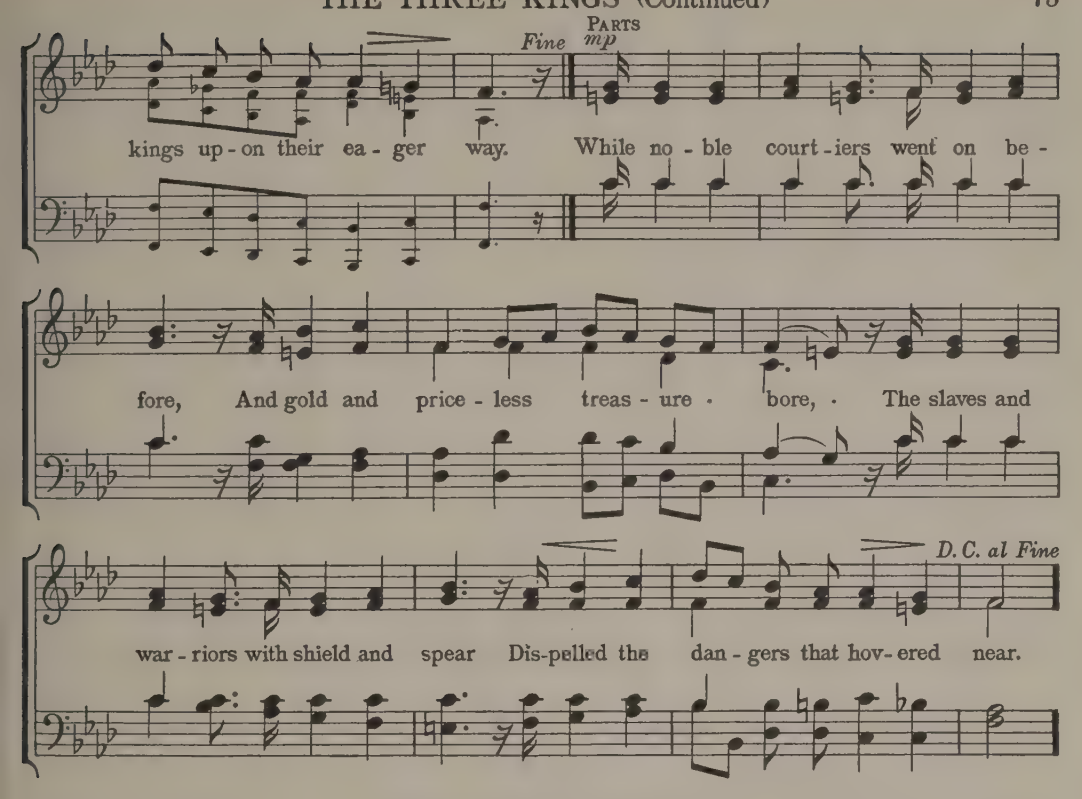
Translated

FRENCH FOLK SONG

Alla marcia
mf UNISON

Late at night, up-on the great high-way I met three kings of the O - rient

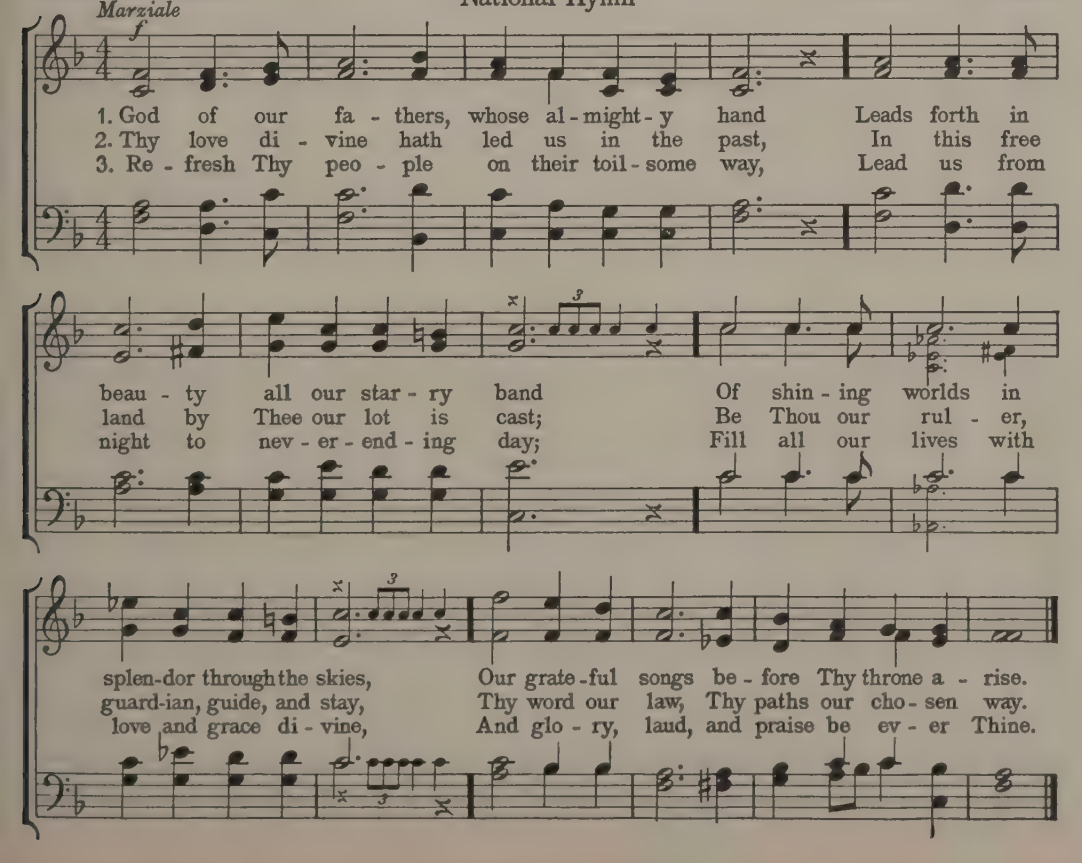
rid - ing; · In the east there shone a star - ry ray To guide these



GOD OF OUR FATHERS

National Hymn

DANIEL C. ROBERTS — GEORGE W. WARREN



IN MEMORY

DENIS A. MCCARTHY

FELIX MENDELSSOHN
Arranged

Adagio non troppo

mp *mf*

1. Come we a - gain with mu - sic, soft - ly, slow - ly; Come we with flow'rs, with
2. Come we in grief, and yet in ad - mi - ra - tion, Here to the place where

p *f* *dim.*

blooms of sweet - est breath. Come we with flags, with signs and sym - bols ho - ly,
si - lent - ly they lie. Where can we find a no - bler in - spi - ra - tion

p *mp* *f*

Griev - ing for those whose love was crown'd with death. Col - ors and flow'rs
Than by the graves of those who dared to die? Those who are ours,

mp *f* *p* *tranquillo*

Show · they are ours, Sol - diers of ours whose love was crown'd with death.
Sol - diers of ours, Who for the cause of free - dom dared to die!

THE FRIENDS WE LEFT BEHIND US

Paraphrase by
MORRIS CARTER

ENGLISH FOLK TUNE

Allegro

mf UNISON

1. In · youth I roamed from sea to sea In search of fame · and · glo - ry; By ·
2. How sad a place this world would be Were we by friends for - sak - en! If ·

PARTS

ma - ny a mount and mead - ow free, By town en - shrined in · sto - ry. But ·
we those looks could nev - er see That friend - ly words a - wak - en. 'Tis ·

north or south or east or west, Where fan - cy's whim in - clined . me, I
well to keep the heart and will From bonds that mean - ly bind . us, But

kept the mem - 'ry in my breast Of the friends I left be - hind me.
oh, we should be faith - ful still To the friends we left be - hind us.

BRING A TORCH

Translated from the French

OLD FRENCH CAROL

Semplice
mp

1. Bring a torch, . Jean - nette, Is - a - bel - la, Bring a torch on this
2. Wrong it is when the child . is sleep - ing, Wrong to talk . in
3. Soft - ly now, . good folk, . come hith - er, Soft - ly en - ter the

mf

night of joy! Lo, 'tis Je - sus, with bless - ings la - den,
voic - es shrill. Ah, 'tis si - lent we should be keep - ing,
sta - ble dim. See how gen - tly He . re - pos - es,

pp

Christ is born of Ma - ry Maid - en; Ah, ah, beau - ti - ful
Lest . He wake, and wake a - weep - ing; Hush, hush, see how in
White His brow, His cheeks like ros - es. Do, do, smil - ing in

rall.

is the Moth - er, Ah, ah, beau - ti - ful is her Boy. .
peace He slum - bers, Hush, hush, see how He slum - bers still. .
dreams so peace - ful While His Moth - er smiles down on Him. .

LOCH LOMOND

TRADITIONAL — SCOTCH FOLK SONG

Moderato
mf UNISON

1. By · yon bon - nie banks, And by yon bon - nie braes, Where the
2. 'Twas then that we part - ed In yon sha - dy glen On the
3. The · wee bird - ies sing And the wild flow - ers spring, And in

sun shines bright on Loch Lo - mond, Where me · and my true love Were
steep, steep side of Ben Lo - mond, Where in · pur - ple hue · The
sun - shine the wa - ters are sleep - ing, But the brok - en heart it kens · Nae

ev - er wont to gae On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo - mond.
High-land hills we view And the moon · com-ing out in the gloam - ing.
sec - ond Spring a - gain Though the wae - ful may cease frae their greet - ing.

PARTS

più mosso

Oh! ye'll take the high - road and I'll take the low - road, And

I'll be in Scot - land a - fore · ye; But me and my true love will

rit.

nev - er meet a - gain On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo - mond.

COSSACK'S LULLABY

Translated

N. BACHMETIEFF

Tranquillo

pp

1. Sleep, ah, sleep, my dar - ling ba - by, Su, su, lull - a -
2. O - ver fields and stones is rush - ing Wild the storm at
3. Yet a war - rior like thy fa - ther Thou shalt one day

p

by; (lull - a - by;) · See, the moon is watch - ing o'er thee
night; (lull - a - by;) · While the war - rior fierce is near - ing
be; (lull - a - by,) · Ah! could I in time of dan - ger

mp *poco accel.*

Peace - ful there · on high. · (lull - a - by.) · Thou shalt hear a
With · his weap - ons bright. (lull - a - by.) · Ah! Thy fa - ther
Ev - er be · with thee! · (lull - a - by.) · Man - y a tear shall

won - drous sto - ry, Close thy wake - ful · eye; (lull - a - by,) ·
fall'n in bat - tle Si - lent now doth · lie; (lull - a - by,) ·
I be weep - ing When to war dost · hie; (lull - a - by,) ·

p

And a song as well I'll sing thee, Su, su, lull - a - by. · (lull - a - by.)
Sleep, ah, sleep, my dar - ling ba - by, Su, su, lull - a - by. · (lull - a - by.)
Sleep, my ba - by, sleep in peace now, Su, su, lull - a - by. · (lull - a - by.)

THE CLANG OF THE FORGE

HENRY VAUGHAN

PAUL RODNEY

Allegro maestoso

ff

fz

mf UNISON

1. The fur-nace fires are shin-ing Through the dark-ness, clear and
2. The har-vest moon is ris-ing And the reap-ers pass a -

rall.

bright, For the jo - vial smith is work-ing At the vil - lage forge to -
long, As home to the peace-ful vil - lage They go with a joc-und

rall.

a tempo

night. Look up! how the sparks are fly - ing! The iron is all a -
song. But the smith must still be work-ing, The sparks are all a -

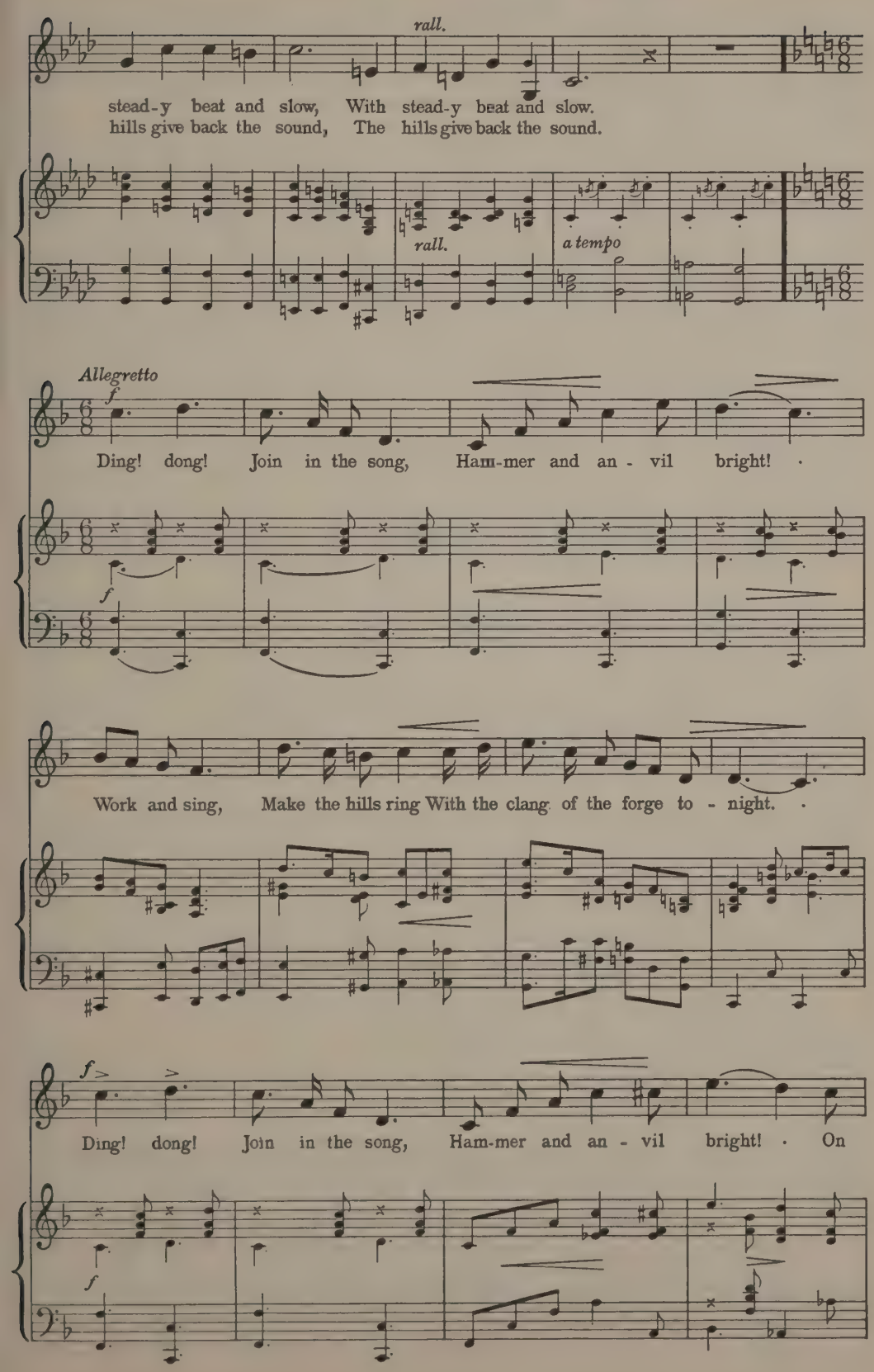
a tempo

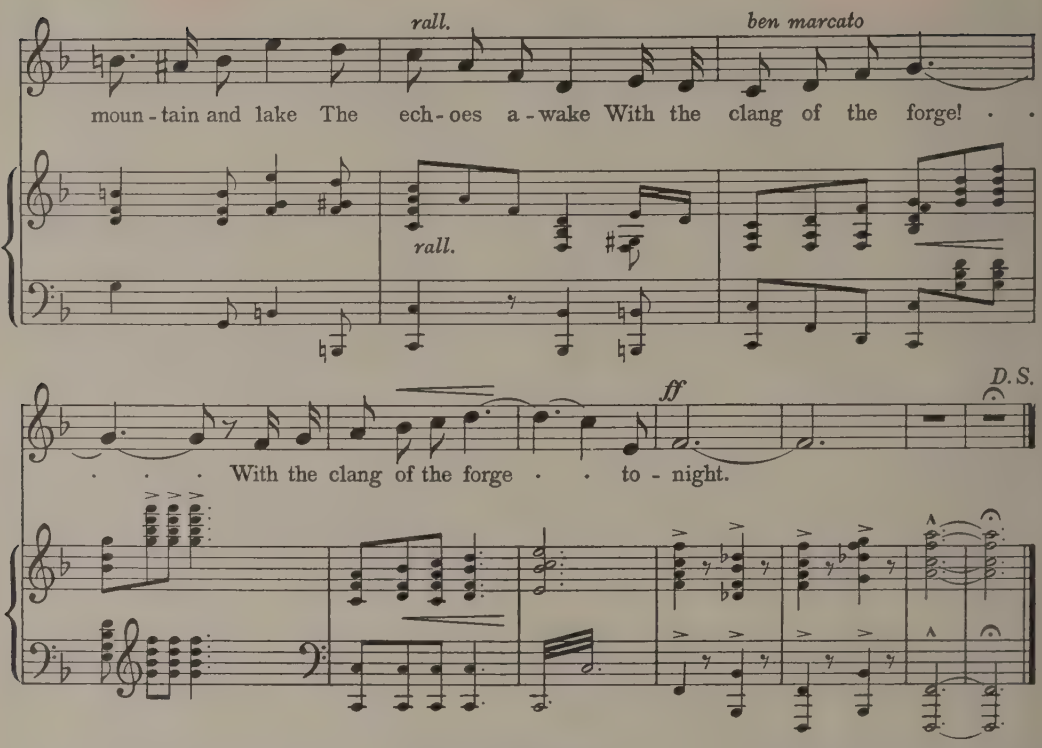
ff

glow. Clang! Clang! the an-vil rings, Clang! Clang! the ham-mer swings With
round. Clang! Clang! the hammer swings, Clang! Clang! the an-vil rings Till the

ff

simile

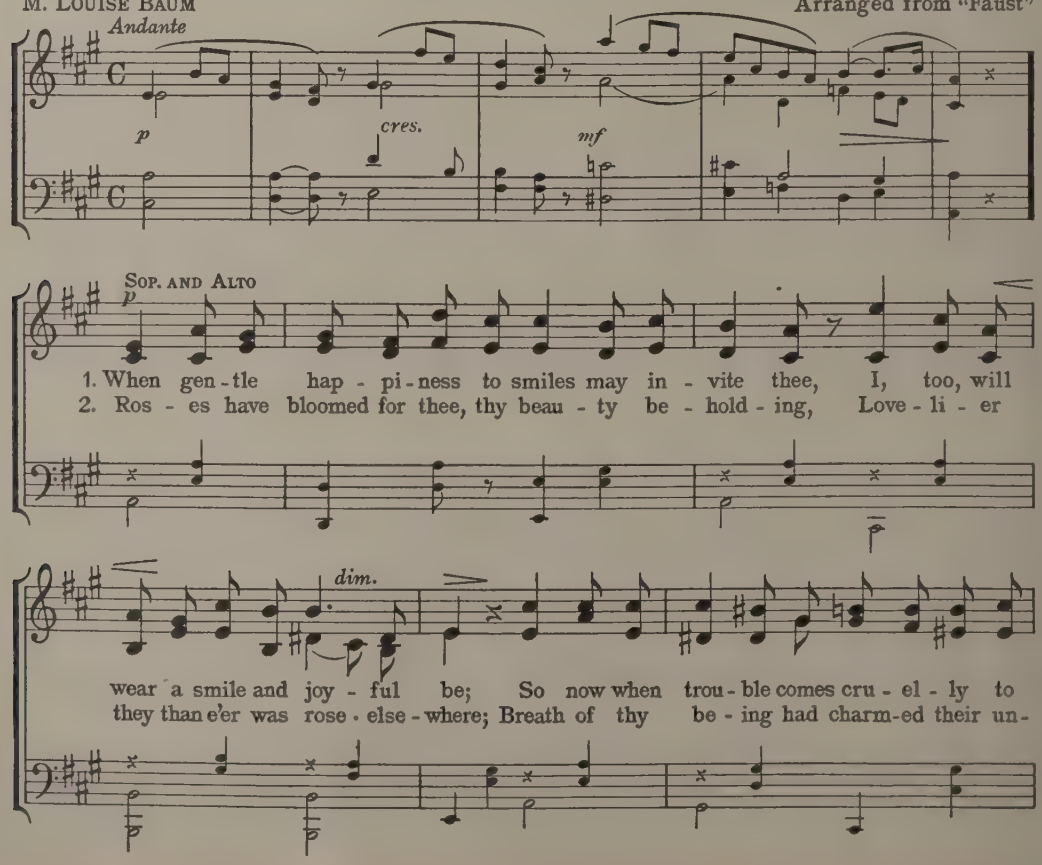

rall.
stead-y beat and slow, With stead-y beat and slow.
hills give back the sound, The hills give back the sound.
rall.
a tempo
Allegretto
f
Ding! dong! Join in the song, Ham-mer and an - vil bright!
f
Work and sing, Make the hills ring With the clang of the forge to - night.
f
Ding! dong! Join in the song, Ham-mer and an - vil bright! On
f



MARGUERITA

Translated by
M. Louise Baum

Charles François Gounod
Arranged from "Faust"



smite thee; O Mar-gue-ri-ta! O Mar-gue-ri-ta! Mine is a
fold-ing; O Mar-gue-ri-ta! O Mar-gue-ri-ta! Thou wert thy-

rall. PARTS *mp a tempo*

faith-ful heart to weep with thee. We were two blos-soms on the one spray a-
self a rose, di-vine-ly fair. Now as the ros-es by chill au-tumn are

cres.

wak-ing, Watch-ing the hours flow on the same sweet way. So now thy
riv-en, So is thy life a prey to pain and fear. As to thy

f L.H.

sor-row my broth-er love par-tak-ing, O Mar-gue-ri-ta! O Mar-gue-
gar-den my sum-mer hours were giv-en, O Mar-gue-ri-ta! O Mar-gue-

mp

L.H. *rallentando* *p* 1. 2.

ri-ta! Finds thee the sis-ter of my heart al-way.
ri-ta! So shall thy grief know all my love and care, Know

pp

all my love and care, Know all my love and care.

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY

THOMAS MOORE — WELSH FOLK TUNE

Andante
mf UNISON

1. Dear Harp of my · Coun-try, in dark-ness I · found thee; The cold chain of si-lence had hung o'er thee long, When proud-ly, my own Is-land Harp, I · un-bound thee And gave all · thy · chords to light, free-dom, and song. The · warm lay · of · love and the light note of · glad-ness Have wak-en'd · thy · fond-est, thy live-li-est thrill, But so oft hast thou ech-oed the deep sigh of · sad-ness, That e'en in · thy · mirth it will steal from thee still.

2. Dear Harp of my · Coun-try, fare-well to · thy num-bers, This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine. Go, sleep with the sun-shine of fame on · thy slum-bers, Till touched by · some hand less un-worth-y than mine. If the pulse of · the · pa-tri-ot, sol-dier or · lov-er Have throbb'd at · our · lay, 'tis thy glo-ry a-lone; It was but as the · wind pass-ing heed-less-ly · o-ver, And all the · wild sweet-ness I waked was thy own.

PARTS

cres.

mp espress.

THE HAUGHTY MAID OF AMSTERDAM

TRADITIONAL
Paraphrased by MARGARET CONNOLLY

ENGLISH FOLK SONG

Allegro

mf

1. In Am - ster - dam there dwelt a maid,– Hark well to what I say! In Am - ster - dam there dwelt a maid Of most ar - is - to - crat - ic grade, And oh, she was so haugh - ty, was this fair maid! So haugh - ty, so haugh - ty, so cold and proud and haugh - ty, And oh, she was so haugh - ty, Was this fair maid!
2. To Am - ster - dam one day there strayed A prince in gar - ments gray; And since he came in mas - quer - ade She quite mis - took his prince - ly grade, Be - cause he was not haugh - ty like this fair maid; Not haugh - ty, not haugh - ty, al - though a prince, not haugh - ty, Oh, not at all so haugh - ty, As this fair maid!
3. A - las, a great mis - take she made On that e - vent - ful day; A most dis - tress - ful part she played, She snubbed the prince,– the fool - ish maid, Be - cause she was so haugh - ty, was this fair maid; So haugh - ty, so haugh - ty, so cold and proud and haugh - ty, Be - cause she was so haugh - ty, Was this fair maid!
4. In Am - ster - dam an - oth - er maid Dwelt hum - bly by the way; The prince be - held her, and he stayed To woo and win that charm - ing maid Who was not quite so haugh - ty as this fair maid; So haugh - ty, so haugh - ty, so cold and proud and haugh - ty, Ah, not so cold and haugh - ty, As this fair maid!
5. And now while maid - en beau - ties fade, There dwells from day to day In Am - ster - dam a griev - ing maid Who quite re - grets the blun - der made Be - cause she was so haugh - ty, was this fair maid; So haugh - ty, so haugh - ty, so cold and proud and haugh - ty, Be - cause she was so haugh - ty Was this fair maid!

marcato

mp *a tempo*

mf

FRED E. WEATHERLY STEPHEN ADAMS

Con Spirito

mf BASS SOLO OR UNISON — PARTS — SOLO

1. 'Twas in fif - ty - five on a win - ter's night, Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! We'd
2. We · launched the cut - ter and shoved her out, Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! The
3. "I'm · done for now; good - bye!" says he, Stead - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! "You

OR UNISON

got the · Roosh-an · lines in sight When up comes a lit - tle · Mid - ship-mite,
lub - bers might ha' · heard us shout As the Mid - dy · cried, "Now, my lads, put a - bout;"
make for the boat, nev-er mind for me!" "We'll take 'ee · back or · die," · says we,

PARTS

Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! "Who'll go a - shore to - night," says he, "An' ·
Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! We · made for the guns an' · rammed 'em tight, But the
Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! So we hoist-ed him in in · ter - ri - ble plight, An' we

f

spike their guns a - long wi' me?" "Why, bless 'ee, · sir, come a - long," says we,
mus - ket · shots came left and right, An' down drops the poor lit - tle Mid - ship-mite,
pulled ev-'ry man with all his might, An' saved the · poor lit - tle Mid - ship-mite,

rall.

Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! · · Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! · ·
Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! · · Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! · ·
Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! · · Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! · ·

a tempo

f UNISON — PARTS

With a long, long pull, An' a strong, strong pull, Gay-ly boys, make her go! (make her go!)

And we'll drink to - night To the Mid - ship-mite, Sing-ing cheer-i - ly, lads, yo ho! . .

Drink to - night, Mid-ship-mite, Sing-ing cheer-i - ly, lads, yo ho! .

THE HEAVENS RESOUND

ANDREAS HOFER — Arr. from BEETHOVEN

Maestoso

f

1. The heav'ns re - sound with His prais - es e - ter - nal, In might and glo - ry they com - bine To tell His name through earth and the o - cean That man may hear the word di - vine. He holds the sun in the blue vault-ed heav - en, He plants His foot up-on the world; The myr - iad stars bow in will - ing sub- jec - tion; The u - ni - verse His hand un - furl'd, The u - ni - verse His hand un - furl'd.

2. The Lord is God! He is king of cre - a - tion; In His right hand He holds them all; His chil - dren, we, in love and de - vo - tion, Be - fore His might and pow - er fall. O Fa - ther, hear! We, Thy sons, bring our bless-ings; Our pray'r - ful thanks to Thee we raise. The heav'ns re - sound, break, O earth in - to glo - ry, To serve! a - dore! and sing His praise! To serve! a - dore! and sing His praise!

p *cres.* *p* *cres.* *f* *ff*

M. Louise Baum

Giuseppe Verdi
Arranged from "Il Trovatore"

Maestoso
mf Tenor and Bass

1. Oh, whose the hap - py heart and free That dares to rise o'er
2. To doubt and dark no heed they give, Se-cure and glad in

mf

strife and van-i - ty? 'Tis theirs who pledge their life to right, Who knows true free - dom's
o - pen day they live; Up-held by trust in pow'r di-vine, Be-hold the fu - ture

cres.

cres.

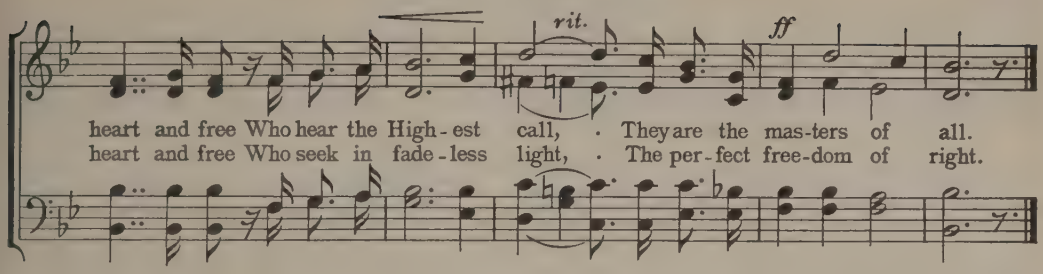
Sop. and Alto
mf

light; From this the heart Nev - er can de-part. They need not fear to
shine; Whose hands are clear Nev - er go in fear. They're not al-lured by

ben marcato

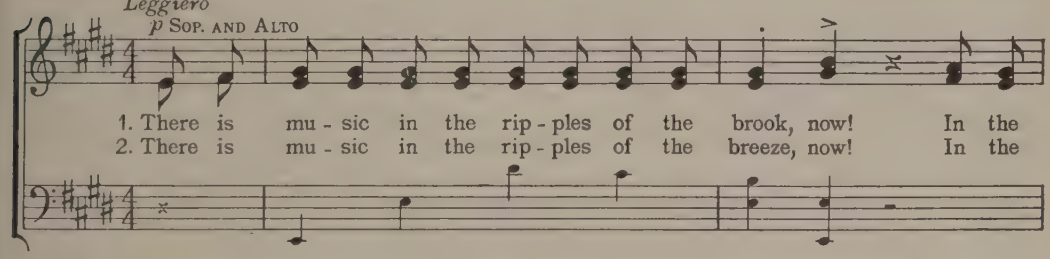
Parts *f*

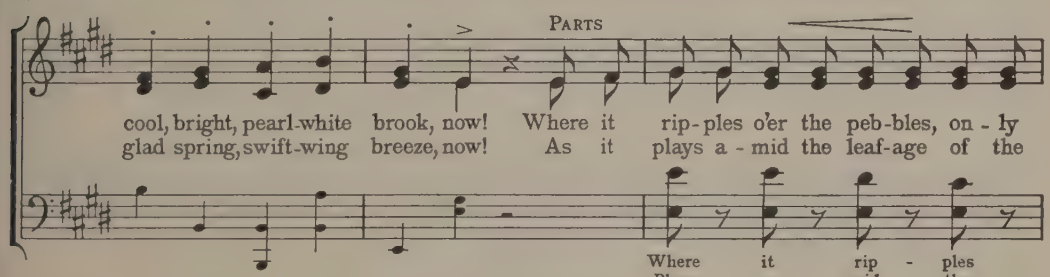
reap what they have sown, They know as they are known. Oh, theirs the hap-py
fol - lies of the throng, Self-mas - ter-y is strong! Oh, theirs the hap-py

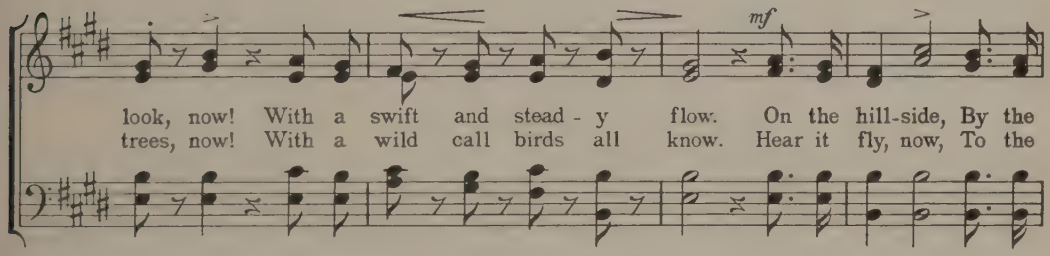


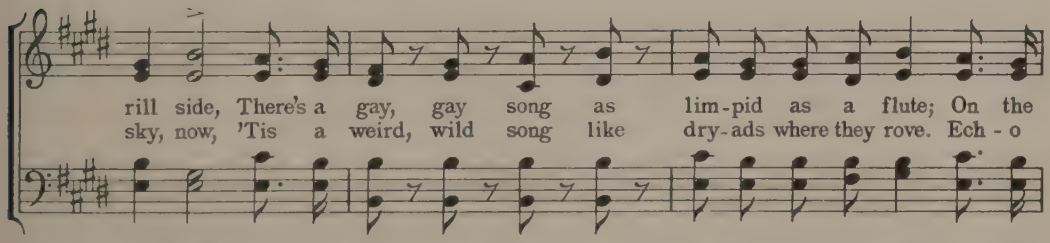
MUSIC OF THE BROOK

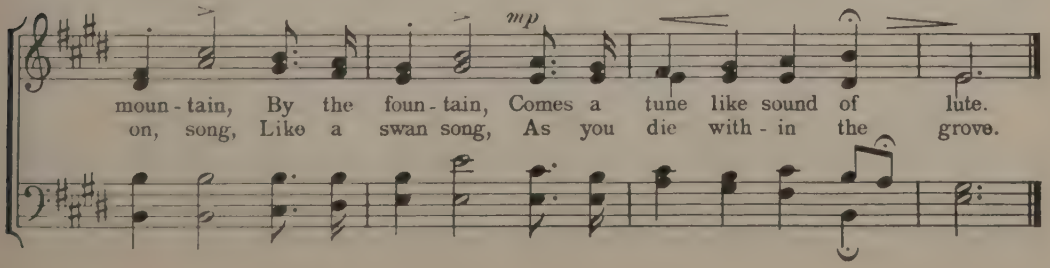
VICTOR N. PIERPONT — ITALIAN FOLK TUNE











TO THEE, O COUNTRY!

MRS. JOHN LANE — JULIUS EICHBERG

Andante

p — *marcato*

p *f*

1. To thee, O coun-try great and free, With trust-ing hearts we cling; Our
thee we dai-ly work and strive; To thee we give our love; For

Thy pow'r, Thy pow'r and prais-es sing, Thy
To Him, to Him who dwells a-bove, To

voic-es tuned by joy-ous love, Thy pow'r and prais-es sing, Thy
thee with fer-vor deep we pray To Him who dwells a-bove, Who

pow'r and prais-es sing.
Him who dwells a-bove.

f

prais-es sing. Up-on thy might-y, faith-ful heart We
dwells a-bove. O God, pro-tect our na-tive land, Let

Up-on thy might-y faith-ful
O God, pro-tect our na-tive

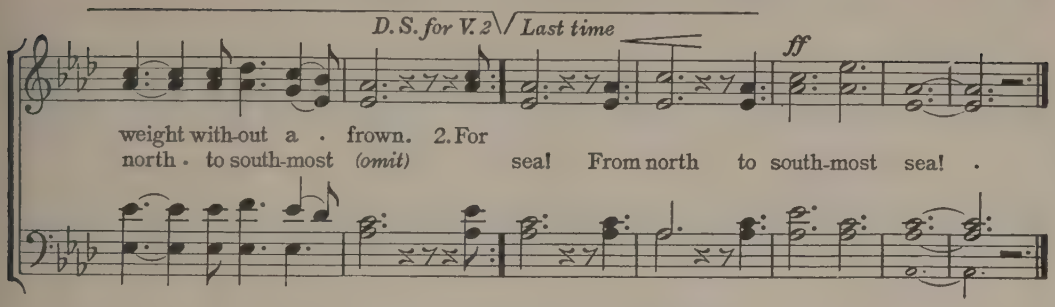
lay, we lay our bur-den down; Thou art the on-ly
Peace, let Peace its rul-er be, And let her hap-py

heart We lay our bur-dens down; Thou art the on-ly
land, Let Peace its rul-er be, And let her hap-py

1. 2.

friend who feels their weight with-out a frown. Up-
king-dom stretch from north to south-most sea. O

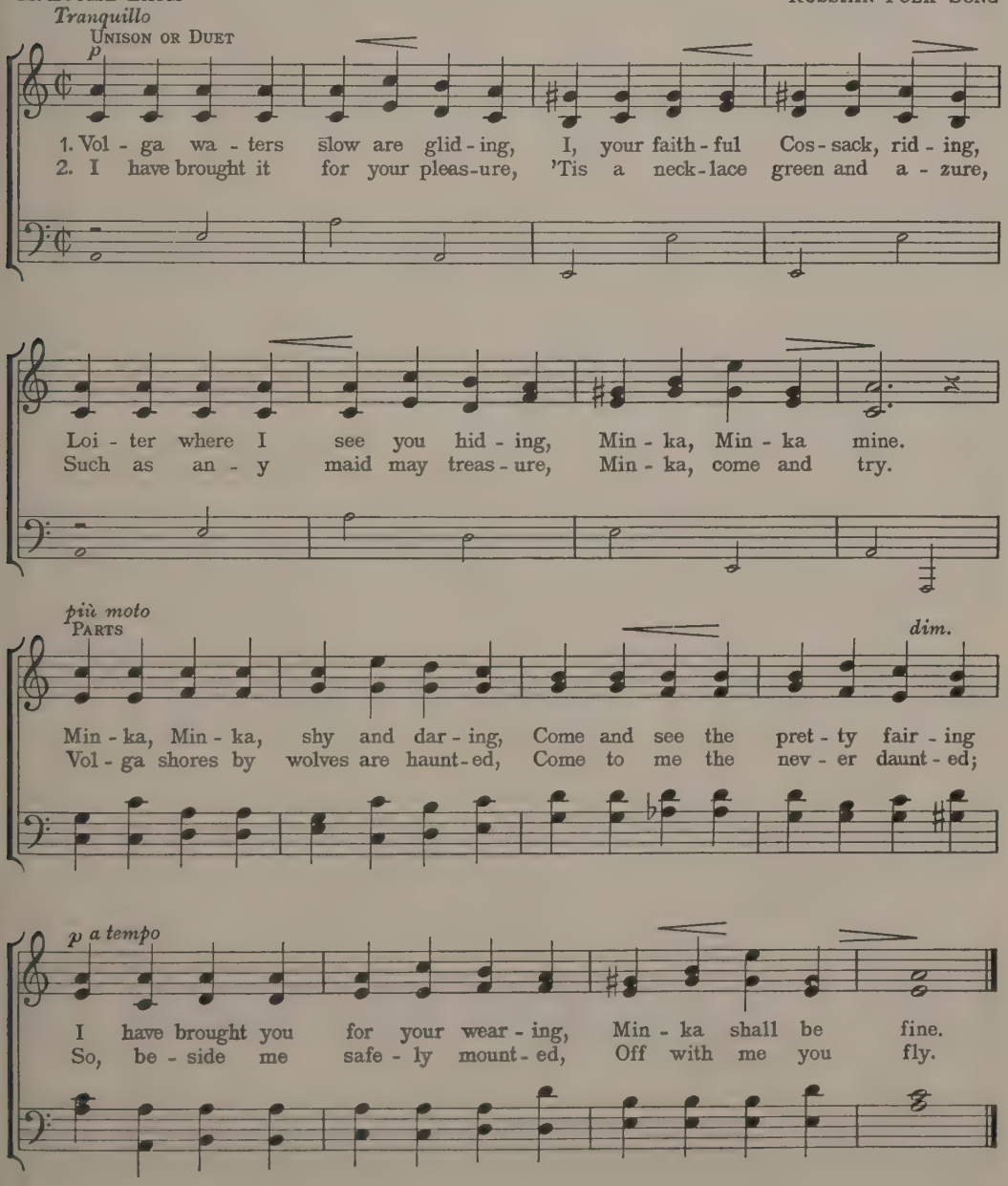
friend who feels their
king-dom stretch from



THE COSSACK RIDER

From the Russian by
M. Louise Baum

Russian Folk Song



DAYS OF LONG AGO

DENIS A. MCCARTHY

ANTONIN DVOŘÁK
Arranged by H. S. LEAVITT

Largo

pp

p SOPRANO

1. Long a - go, long a - go When I was a child
2. Toil - ing on, toil - ing on In the rain and sun,

SOP. AND ALTO *cres.*

There were eyes like the skies Looked on me and smiled. Then I heard man - y a word
Where's the gain? On - ly pain Have my la - bors won. But I hold dreams of old

mf PARTS *dim.*

Soothe with gen - tle art All the fears and the tears Of my child - ish heart.
In my soul se - cure, There to live, joy to give While my days en - dure.

pp

Years have gone, years go on Like the tides that flow, But my mind keeps en - shrined
They shall be dear to me, Dear - er still they'll grow, Days of old, days of old,

f *p* *pp*

Days of long a - go, Days of long a - go, Days of long a - go.
Days of long a - go, Days of long a - go, Days of long a - go.

BUT THE LORD IS MINDFUL

From the BIBLE

FELIX MENDELSSOHN
from the oratorio "St. Paul"

Andante

p

But the Lord is mind - ful of His own, He re - mem - bers His chil - dren.

Allegretto GEORGE INGRAHAM

mf *mf* UNISON

The Owl and the Pus-sy Cat

went to sea In a beau-ti-ful pea-green boat; They took some hon-ey, and

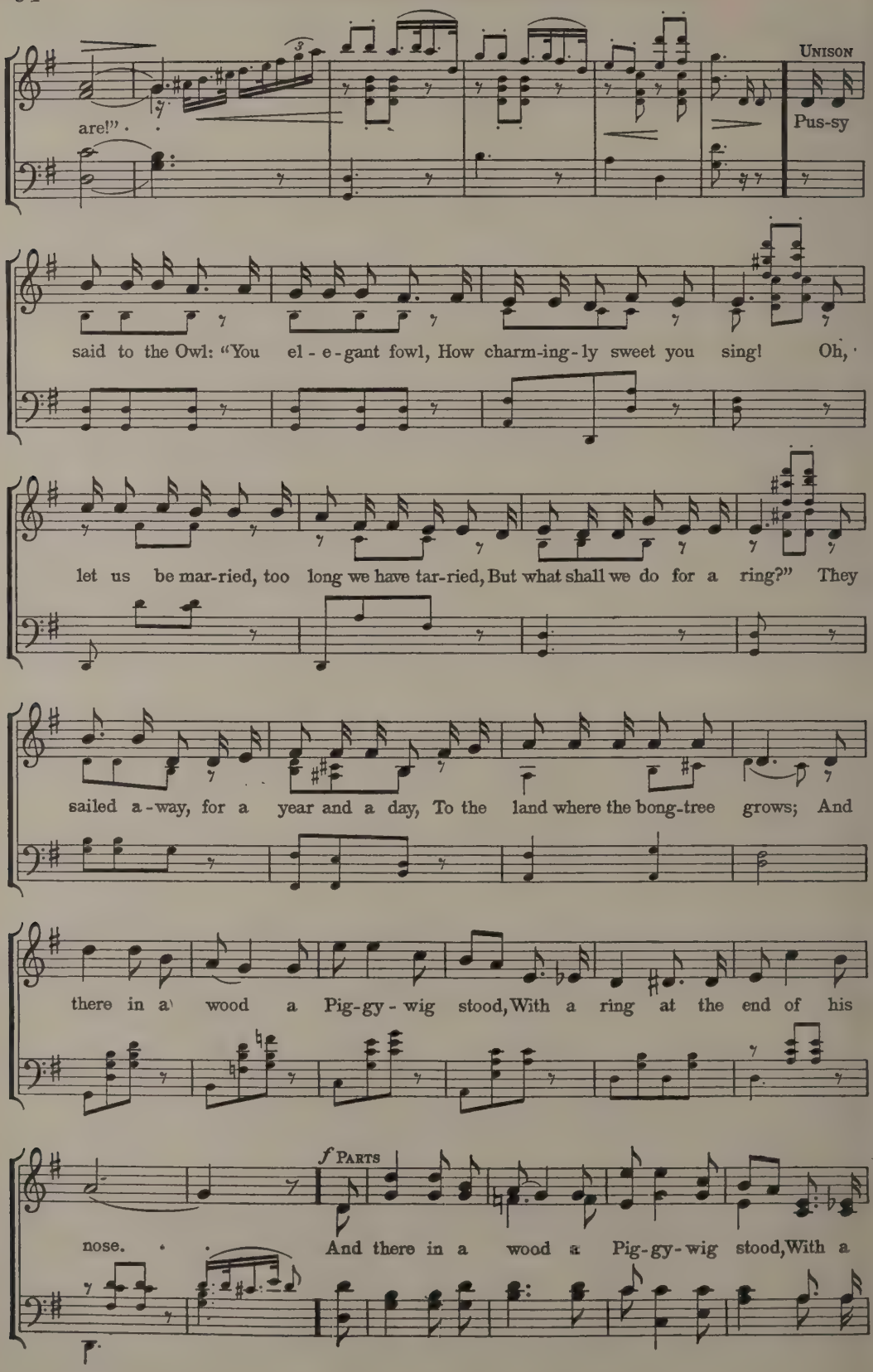
plen-ty of mon-ey Wrapp'd up in a Five-pound-note. The Owl looked up to the

stars a-bove, And sang to a small gui-tar: "O love-ly Pus-sy, O

Pus-sy, my love, What a beau-ti-ful Pus-sy you are!"

PARTS *f*

"O love-ly Pus-sy, O Pus-sy, my love, What a beau-ti-ful Pus-sy you


Unison
are!"
Pus-sy
said to the Owl: "You el - e - gant fowl, How charm-ing-ly sweet you sing! Oh,
let us be mar-ried, too long we have tar-ried, But what shall we do for a ring?" They
sailed a-way, for a year and a day, To the land where the bong-tree grows; And
there in a wood a Pig-gy-wig stood, With a ring at the end of his
f Parts
nose.
And there in a wood a Pig-gy-wig stood, With a

ring at the end of his nose.

mf Unison

"Dear Pig, are you will-ing to sell for a shill-ing your ring?" Said the Pig-gy: "I will." So they took it a-way, and were mar-ried next day By the Tur-key who lives on the hill. They dined on mince and slic-es of quince Which they ate with a run-ci-ble spoon; And hand in hand on the edge of the sand, They danced by the light of the moon.

Parts

f

And hand in hand on the edge of the sand They

f

danced by the light of the moon. . . . . .

sfz

WILT THOU SOON RETURN?

Translated

FINNISH FOLK SONG

Moderato

mf SOP. AND ALTO

1. In the green val - ley thou'rt lin - ger - ing yon - der, Still in the king's gold-en
2. Sweet - ly the songs of the birds now are ring - ing; Sweet - er and pur - er to
3. How long must I for the glad day be yearn - ing When to my side thou wilt

cres. *dim.*

pal - ace dost wan - der. Ah! thou my life, my all, Pray hear my plain-tive call!
me is thy sing - ing. Ah! thou my life, my all, Pray hear my plain-tive call!
home-ward be turn - ing? Ah! thou my life, my all, Pray hear my plain-tive call!

Parts

p *rit.* *pp* *rit.*

Wilt thou soon re-turn? Wilt thou soon re-turn?

Tempo di Valse P. LACOME

SOPRANO AND ALTO

f

We're stu - dents from Sal - a - man - ca, · · Fair · Sal - a - man - ca, the

old, · the old. · Though we poor be High of birth we, Rich in

an - ces - tors rath - er than gold. · Ca - diz to far Bar - ce - lo - na,

p

mf

Mur - cia to dis - tant Mi - ran - da, · · · When the light gui - tar,

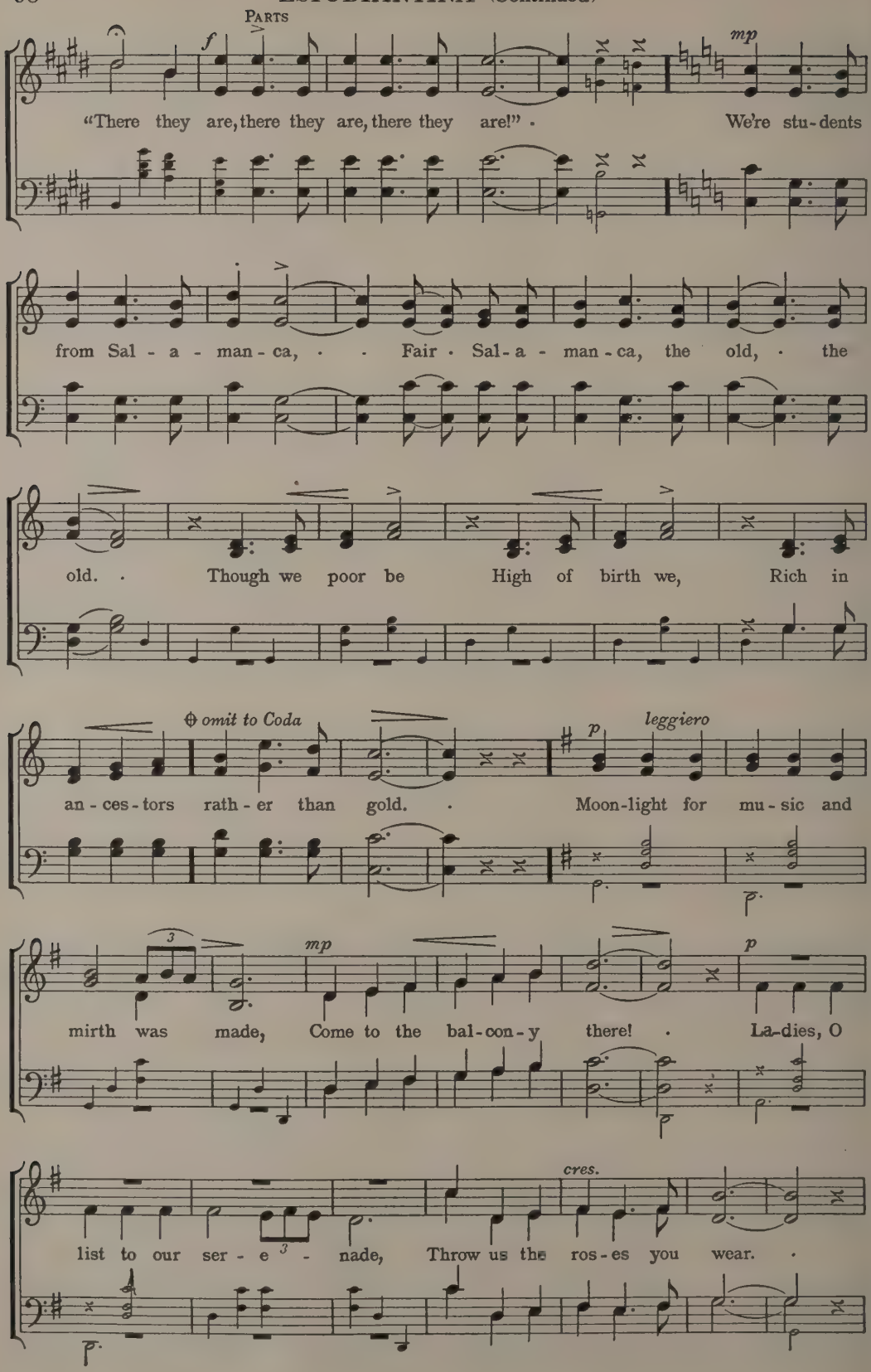
dim. pp

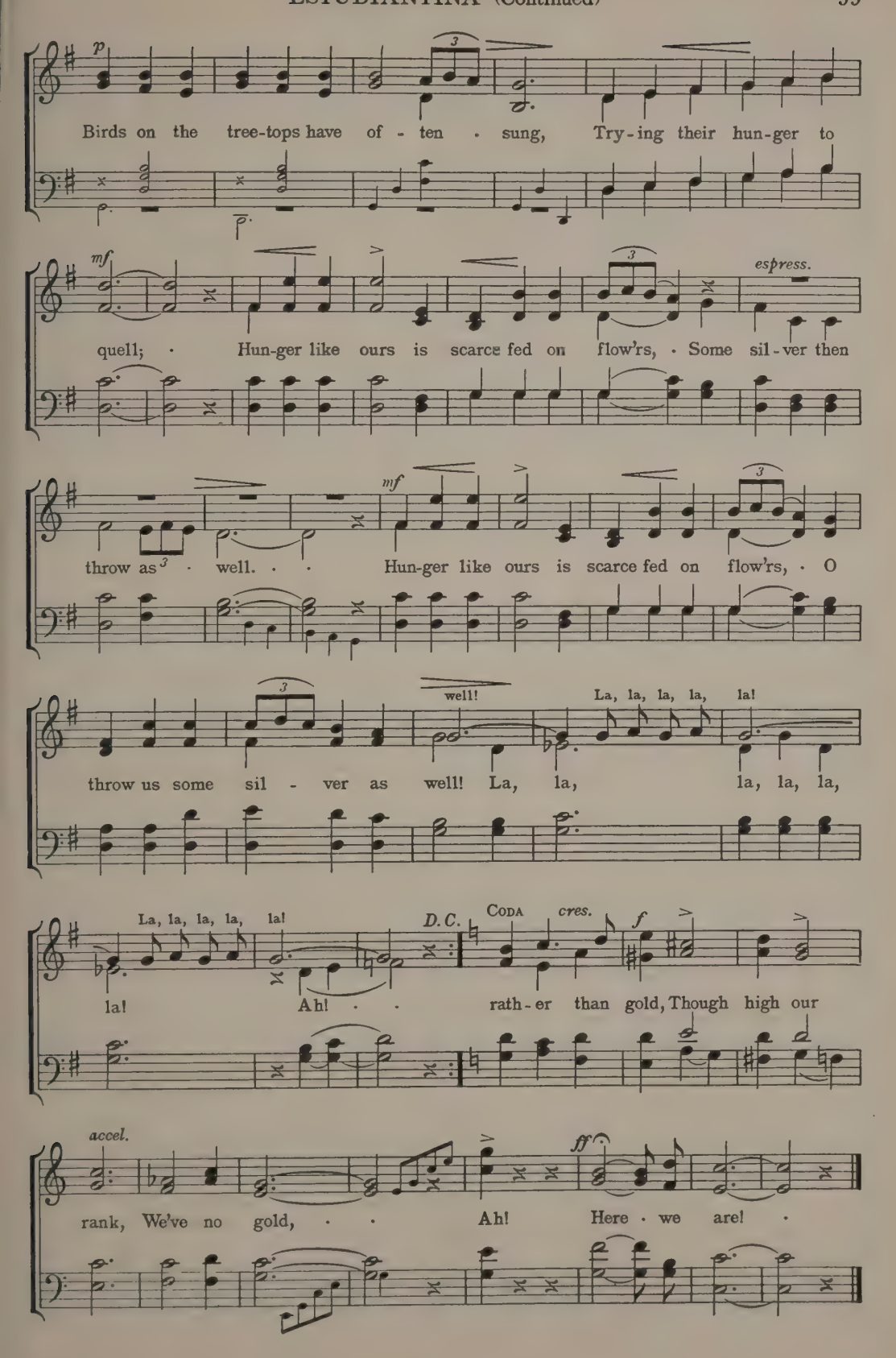
When the pan - der - o, When the tam - bou - rine is sound - ing,

sempre leggiero

p

Ev - 'ry - one ex - claims, "Lis - ten, there they are!" Ev - 'ry - one ex - claims,


Parts
f
mp
"There they are, there they are, there they are!" · We're stu-dents
from Sal - a - man - ca, · · Fair · Sal - a - man - ca, the old, · the
old. · Though we poor be High of birth we, Rich in
an - ces - tors rath - er than gold. · Moon-light for mu - sic and
omit to Coda
p
leggiero
mp
p
mirth was made, Come to the bal - con - y there! · La-dies, O
cres.
list to our ser - e - nade, Throw us the ros - es you wear. ·


p
Birds on the tree-tops have of - ten . sung, Try-ing their hun-ger to
mf
espress.
quell; . Hun-ger like ours is scarce fed on flow'rs, . Some sil-ver then
mf
throw as well. . . Hun-ger like ours is scarce fed on flow'rs, . O
well!
La, la, la, la, la!
throw us some sil - ver as well! La, la, la, la, la,
La, la, la, la, la!
D.C.
Coda
cres.
f
la! Ah! . . rath-er than gold, Though high our
accel.
ff
rank, We've no gold, . . Ah! Here . we are! .

MATHIAS KELLER MATHIAS KELLER

Maestoso

f

1. Speed our Re - pub-lic, O Fa - ther on high! Lead us in path - ways of jus - tice and right; Rul - ers as well as the ruled, "One and all;"
2. Fore-most in bat-tle, for Free-dom we stand, We rush to arms when a - roused by its call; Still as of yore, when George Wash - ing-ton led,
3. Rise up, proud ea-gle, rise up to the clouds, Spread thy broad wings o'er this fair west-ern world; Fling from thy beak our dear ban - ner of old—

Gir - dle with vir - tue the ar - mor of might! Hail! three times hail · to our coun-try and flag! Rul - ers as well as the ruled, "One and all;" Gir - dle with vir - tue the ar - mor of might! Hail! three times hail · to our coun-try and flag!
Thun-ders our war cry: "We con-quer or fall!" Hail! three times hail · to our coun-try and flag! Still as of yore, when George Wash-ing-ton led, Thun-ders our war cry: "We con-quer or fall!" Hail! three times hail · to our coun-try and flag!
Show that it still is for Free-dom un-furl'd! Hail! three times hail · to our coun-try and flag! Fling from thy beak our dear ban - ner of old— Show that it still is for Free-dom un-furl'd! Hail! three times hail · to our coun-try and flag!

ff *p* *ff*

ROBERT BRIGHAM

E. JACOBOWSKI
Arranged from "Erminie"

Marziale

f

1. Rat - a - plan - a - plan, It is the drum!
2. Tan - ta - ran - ta - ra, The trum - pet shines!

mf UNISON

Up the street the beat of feet will come. Mu - sic sounds and re-sounds a - loud, With the ban-ners bright a-bove the crowds; The sol-diers march a - long in pride, Where Old Glo - ry pours a crim-son tide! Be - lov - ed sym-bol . of our

mp

row on row, Their quick - step · flash-ing as they go. How the na - tive land, For love, faith, jus - tice ev - er stand. And the

PARTS

f

brass as it pass-es blares In the loud-est and proud-est of its airs! The heart has its part to play In the hon - or of those we praise to - day; Through

ff

sky is blue and high in fresh ar - ray In hon-or of this glo - rious day. them the na-tions know, a - near and far, The glo-ry of A-mer - i - ca.

MORRIS CARTER — RUSSIAN FOLK TUNE

Ben marcato
mf

1. Falls the snow with cold per - sis - tence, As in · pain the ex - iles tread;
2. From their ranks a sound a - ris - es: Is it · song or is it moan?

Bow'd, a - las, in heart and in head, Coun-try gone and jus - tice fled;
Ah, they sing how free - dom has flown, Sing of joys they once had known;

cres. *rallentando*

Trudg-ing miles and miles of dis-tance, Cap-tives all to ex - ile led. · ·
And a hope each pris-'ner priz - es For the land he calls his own. · ·

LULLABY FROM "ERMINIE"

E. JACOBOWSKI

Moderato *p*

1. Dear moth-er, in dreams I see her, · With lov'd face sweet and
2. And ev - er as I grew old-er, · Her thought was all · for

p

calm, · And hear her voice With love re-joice When nes - tling on · her arm. · I
me; · With anx - ious care She spied each snare, And taught my soul to see. · And

think how she soft - ly pressed me, Of the tears in each glist-'ning eye, · As her
oft in the days of man-hood When of sor - row I had my fill, · I could

mf

watch she'd keep When she rock'd to sleep Her child with this lull - a - by. Bye,
hear her croon That be - loved old tune, For I was her dar - ling still. Bye,

p

bye, bye, bye, oh lull - a - by, Bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye.
bye, bye, bye, oh lull - a - by, Bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye.

Bye, bye, drow - si - ness o'er - tak - ing Pret - ty, lit - tle eye - lids, sleep,

p

Bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye;

Bye, bye, watch - ing till thou'rt wak - ing, Dar - ling, be thy slum - ber deep.

Bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye.

Bye, bye, drow - si - ness o'er - tak - ing Pret - ty lit - tle eye - lids sleep, Bye, bye,

Bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye; Bye, bye,

rall. e dim.

watch - ing till thou'rt wak - ing, Dar - ling, be thy slum - bers deep! Bye, bye, bye, bye!

bye, bye, Bye, bye, bye! Bye, bye, bye, bye!

IN THE DAYS LONG SINCE

T. H. MacCrady

Student Collection

Animato

mf

1. In the days long since lived a gay young Prince Who was loved by his peo - ple
2. One · day he fled by a road that led To a town of · sails and
3. When the trip was o'er and · home once more The · Prince to his cas - tle

all, But he wea - ried oft of a life so soft, And he tired of the gild - ed
tar, And he shipped with a horde of · men on board Of a boat that was bound a -
came, The troops turned out with man-y a shout To · wel - come · home Don

mp

hall. It was "High-ness" here and "High-ness" there By his court-iers cold and
far. And · no one told those sail - ors bold That their mess-mate strong of
Jaime. With a sol - emn air his court-iers there With · "High-ness" wel - comed

prim, Till he wished he had some · com - rade · lad With the cour-age to call him
limb Was their Prince Don Jaime. When they asked his · name, He · said, "You may call me
him, But he laughed a - loud when a lad in the crowd Called out, "Three cheers for

mf

"Jim." Oh, · "High-ness" here and "High-ness" there, This · had no charms for
"Jim." Oh, · "High-ness" here and "High-ness" there, This · had no charms for
Jim." Oh, · "High-ness" here and "High-ness" there, This · had no charms for

ben marcato

him, But it made him sigh as the days went by To be known by the name of "Jim."
him, But it made him sigh as the days went by To be known by the name of "Jim."
him, But it made him glad when that commoner's lad Called out, "Three cheers for Jim."

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

WELSH HYMN MELODY

Maestoso
mf

1. Once to · ev - 'ry man and · na - tion Comes the · mo - ment to · de-cide,
2. Then to · side with truth is · no - ble, When we · share her wretch-ed crust,
3. Though the · cause of e - vil · pros - per, Yet 'tis · truth a - lone · is strong;

mf

In the · strife of truth with · false-hood, For the · good or e - vil side;
Ere her · cause bring fame and · prof - it, And 'tis · pros-p'rous to · be just;
Though her · por - tion be the · scaf - fold, And up - on · the throne be wrong,

Some great cause, God's new Mes - si - ah, Of - f'ring each the bloom or · blight,
Then it · is the brave man · choos-es, While the · cow-ard stands a - side
Yet that · scaf - fold sways the · fu - ture, And, be - hind the dim un - known,

And the · choice goes by for - ev - er 'Twixt that · dark-ness and · that light.
Till the · mul - ti - tude make vir - tue Of the · faith they had · de - nied.
Stand-eth · God with - in the · shad - ow Keep-ing · watch a - bove · His own.

WANDERER'S NIGHT SONG

J. W. von Goethe
Translated

Anton Rubinstein
Arranged by H. S. Leavitt

Moderato

Unison or Solo

p

Peace in dark-ness cov-ers moun-tain peak and hill; Not a tree is stir-ring,

mf

Parts

cres.

all the birds are still. Ev - 'ry leaf is stead - y, rest holds land and sea,

dim.

pp

Solo

p

Wan-d'rer, wait, al - read - y rest's at hand for thee. Peace in dark - ness

cov - ers moun - tain peak and hill, Not a tree is

mf

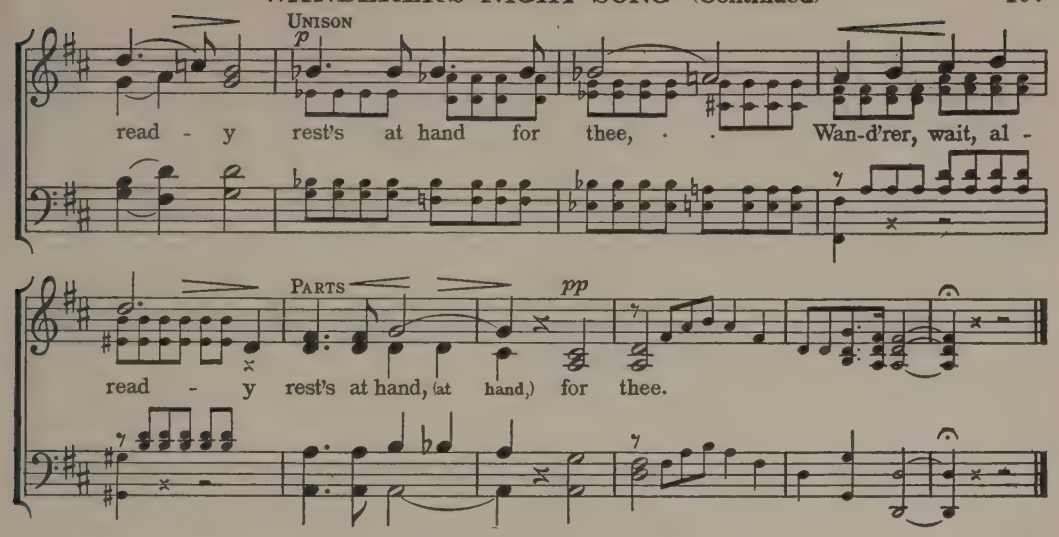
Sop. and Alto

stir - ring, all the birds are still. Ev - 'ry leaf is

Parts

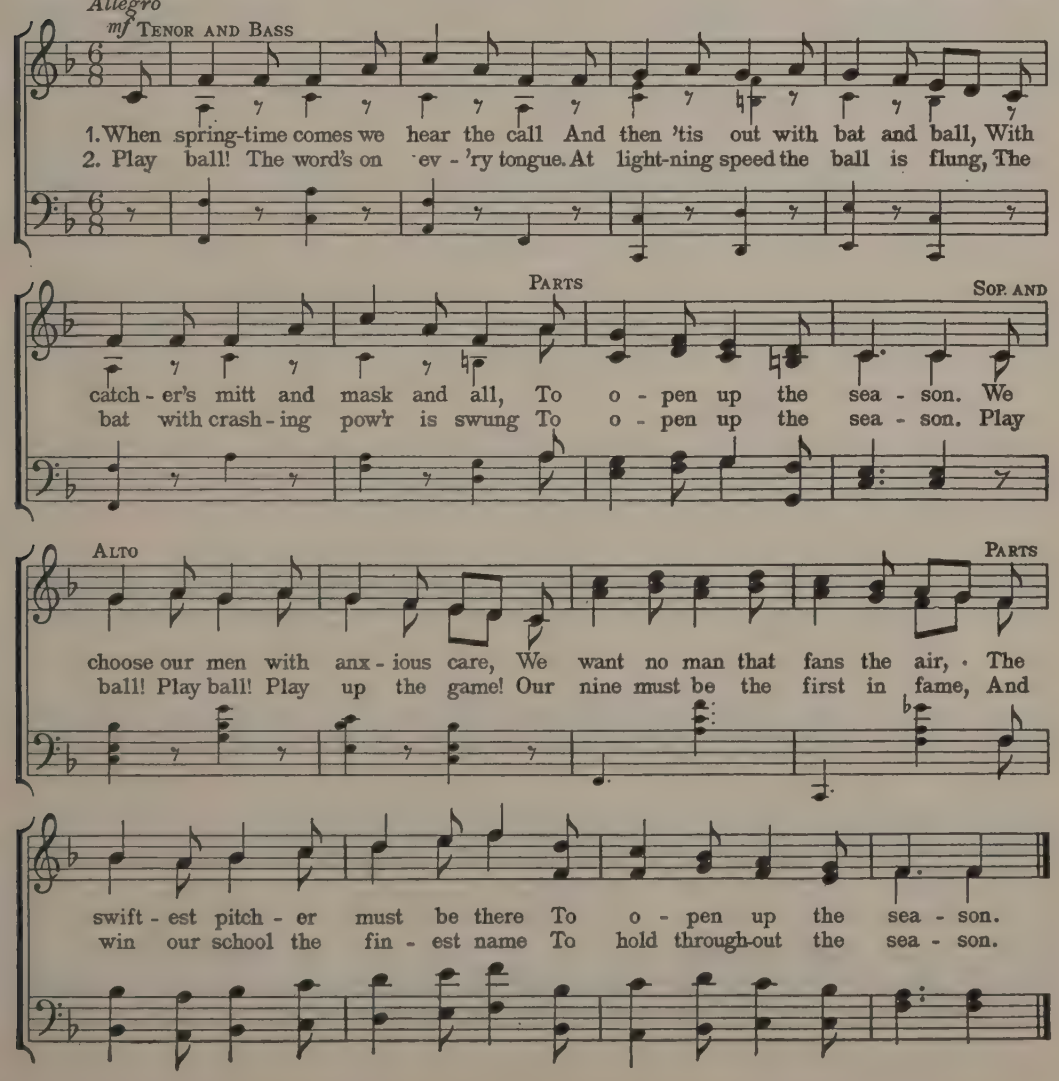
f

stead - y, Rest holds land and sea. Wan - d'rer, wait, al -



PLAY BALL

Morris Carter — English Folk Tune



MY MOTHER

ELIZABETH LINCOLN GOULD — THOMAS KOSCHAT

Con espressione

p

1. Dear - est moth - er mine, Oth - er love like thine I shall nev - - er know.
2. Dear - est moth - er mine, May I ne'er re - pine O'er a hum - - ble task.

mp

nev - er, I shall nev - er know. Full of watch - ful care, Pure be - yond com - pare, Nev - er fail - ing me, wher - e'er I go.
hum - ble task, a hum - ble task. All I owe to thee, More and more I see, And so slight re - turn thy love doth ask!

dolce

Though a - far I roam From thy sweet face at home, Yet it shall nev - er fade from me.
May my will - ing feet O - bey thy bid - ding sweet; But if they ev - er go a - stray,

nev - er, nev - er fade from me. May each pass - ing year Still spare thee, moth - er dear! If thou wert gone the house would emp - ty be.
heed - less, heed - less go a - stray, Then thy ten - der eyes, So full of sad sur - prise, Will draw me safe - ly back to thy dear way.

rall.

p

ALFRED PHILLIPS GUSTAV HÖLZEL

Moderato

mf

mf UNISON OR SOLO

1. Sing when the ros-y light of morn is break-ing, When ev-'ry bird and flow'r to
2. Sing when the sun in noon-tide glo - ry shin - eth, Or in the soft-er glow when

life is wak - ing, Sing! and thy heart - felt lay Shall ·
day de - clin - eth, Sing! for the whole day long May be

f

glad the · op - 'ning day.
bright with the voice of *(omit)* song, May be

1. 2.

rall.

bright · · · · · · · with the voice · of song. · ·

PARTS

p *cres.*

Care press-eth light-er, Hope beam-eth bright-er, Joy like a flow-er bloom-eth fair - er;

mf *f* *rit.*

Charmed by the glad-ness Songs bring for sad-ness, Earth sweet-er grows and heav'n is

p a tempo

clear - er. Sing then, per-chance some sor-rowed heart may hear thee,

Song oft hath sol-ace for · the worn and wea - ry; Sing on through life's long

f

day, Ah! · sing · grief and care a - way, Sing grief and

ff *rall.*

care, · · · · · · · Sing grief and care · a - way.

THE GREEN HAT

From the German
Translated and adapted by M. Louise Baum

Robert Schumann
Arranged by H. S. Leavitt

Semplice
p

1. Down the way on this morn of May There goes a · small, green hat;
2. O green hat, if you cling like that, How shall I · know 'tis she?

mf

Oh, but who hides be - neath it? Now who can tell me that?
Come, ye breez - es, oh, hang it — That green hat, on a tree.

p

It danc - es down the lane, That hat so green and
O bright and wav - ing hair, O eyes so gay and

spright-ly And aft - er it in vain I try to tip - toe light - ly.
smil - ing, Pray, tell me, are you there, for green hats are be - guil - ing?

mp

Down the way on this morn of May There goes a · small, green
Down the way on this morn of May There goes a · small, green

leggiero

hat. Oh, but who hides be - neath it? Now can · you · tell me
hat. Oh, but who hides be - neath it? Now can · you · tell me

rit.

that? Oh, but who hides be - neath it? Now can you tell me that?
that? Oh, but who hides be - neath it? Now can you tell me that?

O SHIP OF STATE

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN
Arranged

Maestoso

f

Sail on, sail on, O Ship of State, Sail on, O

mp

Un - ion strong · and · great! Hu - man - i - ty with

f *p*

all its fears, With all the hopes of fu - ture years Is

hang - ing breath - less, Is · hang - ing on thy fate; · Hu -

f

man - i - ty with all its hopes Is hang - ing breath - less

Is hang - ing

sostenuto

f

on thy fate. Sail on, · sail on, · O · Ship of · State!

SLUMBER SONG

ANONYMOUS — FRANZ SCHUBERT

Andante *p*

1. Slum - ber sweet - ly, slum - ber, O · my · ba - by;
2. Ev - 'ning shad - ows call thee now · to · slum - ber;

O'er thee, sleep - ing, moth - er watch will keep. *poco più mosso* *mf* In the morn - ing
Close a - round thee is thy moth - er's arm. Fond - est wish - es,

when the · sun is shin - ing, *p* Thou shalt wak - en from thy gen - tle · sleep.
thoughts most sweet and ten - der, All will shield thee, dear - est babe, from harm.

I WONDER WHY

M. LOUISE BAUM — FRENCH FOLK TUNE

Espressivo *p*

1. I won - der why the blos - soms fade and fall so soon, And sum - mer
2. Fall - en to sleep, each blos - som 'neath the win - ter snow Is safe from

hours so quick - ly pale and die; · I won - der why the clouds so of - ten
harm though dark the skies a - bove; No love - ly thing was made to die, ah,

p

hide the noon, Blot - ting out the sun - shine, And oh! I won - der why!
this I know When each ra - diant spring - time Brings back the flow'rs I love.

p *rit.*

GODFREY MARKS

Con spirito

1. Y'heave ho! · my lads, · the wind blows free; · A pleas - ant gale · is
2. The sail - or's life · is bold and free; · His home · is on · the
3. The tide · is flow - ing with the gale; · Y'heave ho! · my lads, · set

mf

on our lee, · And soon · a - cross · the o - cean clear · Our
roll - ing sea; · And nev - er heart · more true or brave · Than
ev - 'ry sail, · The har - bor bar · we soon shall clear, · Fare-

p

gal - lant bark · shall brave - ly steer; · But ere we part · from
he · who launch - es on · the wave. · A - far he speeds · in
well · once more · to home · so dear. · For when the tem - pest

cres. poco a poco

Eng-land's shore to - night · A song we'll sing · for home and beau - ty bright.
dis - tant lands to roam; · With jo - cund song · he rides the spark-ling foam.
rag - es loud and long, · That home shall be · our guid - ing stars a - mong.

f

Then here's to the sail - or, and here's to the heart so true Who will think of him up-

ad lib. *a tempo* *p*

on the wa - ters blue! · · Sail - ing, sail - ing, o - ver the bound-ing main; For

man-y a storm-y wind shall blow ere Jack comes home a - gain. Sail-ing, sail-ing

o-ver the bounding main, For man-y a storm-y wind shall blow ere Jack comes home a - gain.

CAST THY BURDEN

From the BIBLE

FELIX MENDELSSOHN
from the oratorio "Elijah"

Adagio

p

Cast thy · bur-den up-on the Lord, and He shall sus - tain · thee; He ·

cres. *p*

nev - er will suf - fer the right-eous to fall, He is · at thy

cres.

right · hand. Thy mer - cy, Lord, is great, and far a - bove the ·

dim. *p*

heav'ns. Let none be made a - sham-ed That wait up-on · Thee.

FRIENDSHIP'S TREE

HANS SCHMIDT
Paraphrased by MARY STANHOPE

CARL BOHM
Arranged

Moderato
mp

1. Gen - tle word and kind - ly · deed, These be friend-ship's fruit- ful · seed,
2. Friend-ship's tree is green and strong, Lush with shade the sum - mer long;

dim. e rit.

Prom-ise of man - y an hour of cheer, Sign and seal that a friend is · near.
Stur - dy and firm when the win - ter storm Bends the bow it shall nev - er · harm.

a tempo
mf

But when shows the first green shoot, Guard thou well its
Friend-ship's tree is bright with flow'rs, Fra-grance, song for

a tempo
a tempo

ten - der root, Till it · grows a · tree,— how tall! Shel-ter for thee and
May-sweet hours. Friend-ship's rip - ened fruit,— be-hold! Fills all thy store with

p

me, and all; Till it · grows a · tree,-how tall! Shel-ter for thee and me, and all!
wealth un-told; Friend-ship's rip - ened fruit,- be-hold! Fills all thy store with wealth un-told!

RALLY

STANHOPE — MACCRADY

STUDENT COLLECTION

Ben marcato
mp UNISON

1. Come with a cheer from far and near, Come gath - er here our songs to sing!
2. Come with your best from east and west, What - e'er the test, be staunch and true!

cres.

Ral - ly a-round with joy - ful sound While friend - ly ech - oes ring! . .
Ral - ly a-round, let none be found Who fears to dare and do! . .

f PARTS

Ral - ly, ral - ly! Send the word o'er hill and val - ley! Ral - ly, ral - ly, We're
Ral - ly, ral - ly! Come with haste o'er hill and val - ley! Ral - ly, ral - ly, Let

a tempo

here for work or play. Eyes are gleam-ing, skies are beam-ing, All things seem-ing
no one dis - o - bey! No re - treat - ing from this meet - ing, Hearts are beat - ing

ff

still to . say, . "Ral - ly, ral - ly, Round our school to - day!"
brave and . gay. . Ral - ly, ral - ly, Round our school to - day.

LORD OF THE EARTH

Germany

Arranged from BEETHOVEN

Maestoso
mf

1. Lord of the earth! Throughout . our days Songs of thanks-giv - ing we . would raise.
2. Praise, praise to Thee! Thy gra - cious hand Scat-ters rich bless-ings o'er . the land.

For boun-teous care and gifts of love Our hearts would thank Thee, God a - bove.
In sum-mer sun and win - ter gale Thy ten - der mer - cies nev - er fail.

THOU'RT LIKE UNTO A FLOWER

HEINRICH HEINE
Translated by M. LOUISE BAUM

ANTON RUBINSTEIN
Arranged

Semplice

p

1. So fair, so pure, so love - ly, So like a flow'r thou art, . I
2. Thy thoughts are clear and fra - grant As buds a - drip with dew; . Thy

SOLO

p

look on thee, and sor - row Is sigh - ing through my heart; . And
dreams are true and ho - ly As morn - ing skies are blue. . My

oh, my hand as in bless - ing I'd lay up - on . . thy
life I'd give for thy safe - ty, To shel - ter thee, . my

PARTS

cres.

f

hair, . . . Pray - ing that God keep thee al - way As pure, as
heart, . . . Pray - ing that God keep thee al - way As true as

SOLO

mp

sweet, . and fair, . . Pray - ing that God keep thee al - way
now . thou art, . . Pray - ing that God keep thee al - way

PARTS

pp

As pure, as sweet . and fair. . .
As true as now . . thou art. . .

p

So fair, so pure, so love - ly,
So fair, so pure, so love - ly,

molto espress. *rit.*

So like a flow'r thou art!
So like a flow'r thou art!

TO THE WHIPPOORWILL

M. B. WILLIS

ELEMÉR SZENTIRMAY
Hungarian Folk Tune

Allegretto

p

1. When the night is fall - ing, Plain-tive notes I hear
2. Tell me what you're sing - ing, Sing-ing through the night;

Through the dark - ness call - ing, Call - ing soft and clear.
Ten - der rap - ture bring - ing, Bring-ing sweet de - light.

pp *p* *cres.*

"Whip - poor - will," they re - peat, "Whip - poor - will," low and sweet,
"Whip - poor - will," you re - peat, "Whip - poor - will," low and sweet,

mf *rit.*

Fill - ing all the list - 'ning air with rich, ten - der strains.
But I can - not fath - om all that sweet song con - tains.

FAIR CUBA

ALLAN SHAW

EDUARDO DE FUENTES
Arranged

Moderato — *mf* BASSES

1. Fair Cu - ba · · sits en-throned in an o - cean of light
chant - ing · · are her fields and her for - ests of green,
2. The palm trees · bow in greet - ing, while soft breez-es blow,
coun - try · · and in cit - y wher-e'er voic-es rise,

mf

p

Where the dawn comes in splen - dor · · And the stars of the
And the glo - ry they lend her; · · Of all trop - i - cal
And the cane - brakes are sway - ing. · · See the maize, row on
Hear the words they are say - ing: · · "We will praise our fair

p

dim. *pp* 1. 2.

night Shine with ra - di-ance bright; Shine with ra - di-ance bright. En -
isles Fair-est Cu - ba is queen, Fair-est Cu - ba is queen!
row, All its tas-sels a - glow, All its tas-sels a - glow! In
isle; Lift her name to the skies, Lift her name to the skies!"

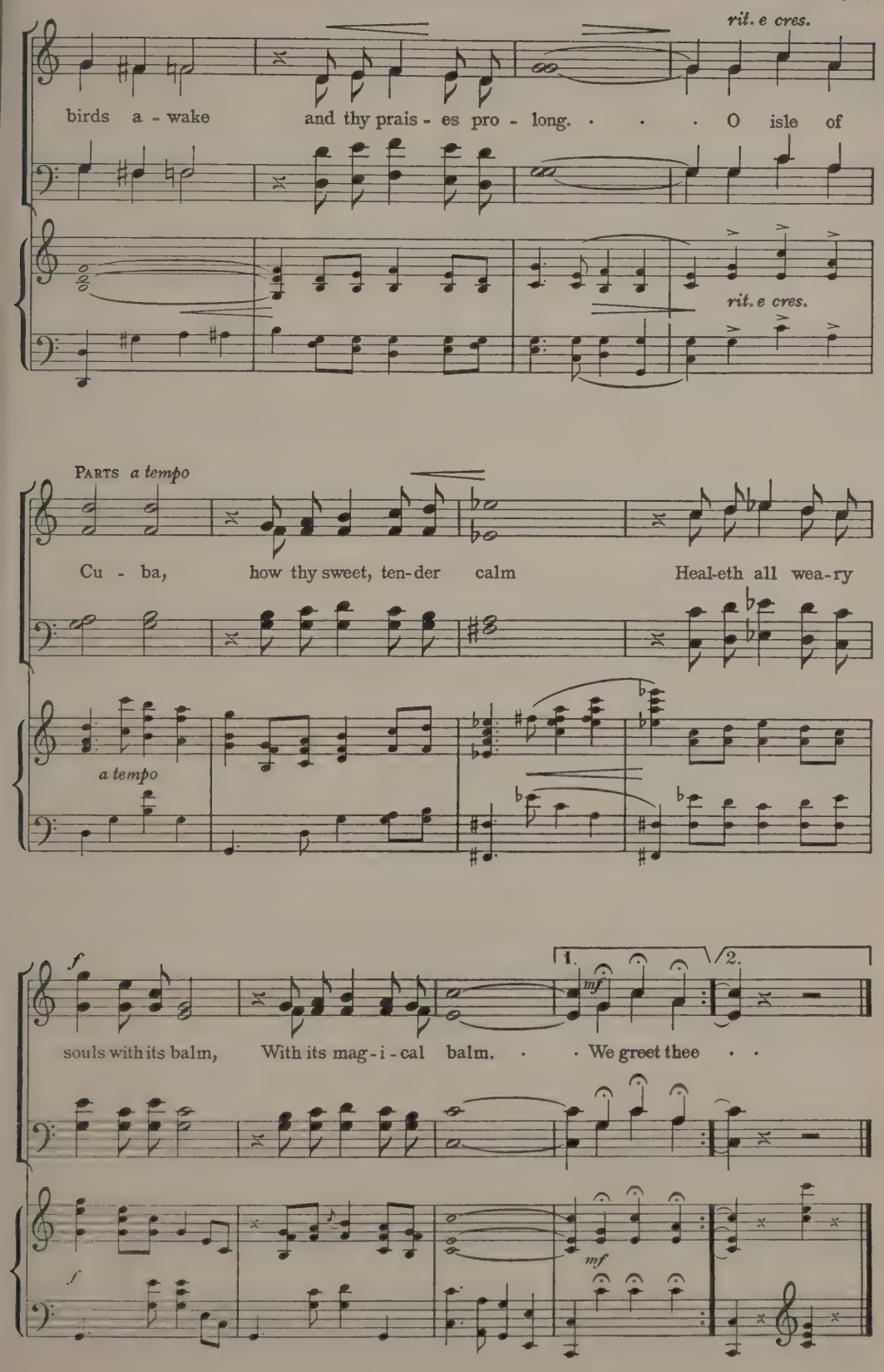
dim. *pp*

CHORUS
UNISON

mf

We greet thee Cu - ba, land of flow'rs and of song! · The hap - py

mf


rit. e cres.
birds a - wake and thy prais - es pro - long. . . . O isle of
rit. e cres.
PARTS a tempo
Cu - ba, how thy sweet, ten-der calm Heal-eth all wea-ry
a tempo
f
souls with its balm, With its mag - i - cal balm. . . We greet thee . .
1.
2.
mf
f
mf

AFTERWARDS

MARY MARK LEMON

J. W. MULLEN
Arranged by IDA M. BUNTING

Moderato espressivo

p UNISON

1. Aft - er the day, the sum-mer day is end - ed, Aft - er the birds their
2. Mu - sic and youth and moon-lit wa-ters gleam - ing! When shall we find an

eve - ning songs have sung, Forth comes the moon, all sil - ver - clad and splen - did,
hour as this so dear? When shall we find a time for no - ble dream - ing

p *più moto*

While stars like flow'rs be - fore her feet are flung. Now let us leave with
Free from the phan - tom of a fu - ture fear? The mor-row's sun may

cres.

joy our dai - ly du - - ty, Turn from the task of house-hold, field, and farm,
rise on care and sad - ness, The morn-ing chime may toll for bur - ied bliss,

And loose our boat to float a - mid the beau - ty That holds the world en -
But shall we doubt to - mor-row's gift of glad - ness Who know a night so

PARTS

mf

chant - ed with its charm. Come, let us dream, as on - ward we are drift - ed,
beau - ti - ful as this? Come, let us drift a - cross the wa-ters slow - ly,

mf

Come, let us fill our souls with this de-light, While from the gloom, some
Come, let us fill our souls with sheer de-light, Trust-ing the Pow'r whose

1. *cres.*

sing-er, heart up-lift-ed, Voic-es in song the won-der of the night.
pur-pose high and ho-ly

2. *cres.* *f*

Fills all our hearts with peace this perfect night, Fills all our hearts with peace this perfect night.

DANCING OF LONG AGO

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART
Arranged

Ben marcato
p SOPRANO

SOP. AND ALTO

1. Old-time gal-lants and their la-dies in danc-ing Stepped to the mu-sic of
2. Quaint-ly they curt-sied, their part-ners when meet-ing, Back-ward and for-ward ad-

PARTS *cres.*

spin-et en-tranc-ing, Grace-ful-ly bend-ing and bow-ing low, Court-ly in
vanc-ing, re-treat-ing. Such was the danc-ing of long a-go, Court-ly in

man-ner, state-ly and slow, Court-ly in man-ner, state-ly and slow.
man-ner, state-ly and slow, Court-ly in man-ner, state-ly and slow.

P. Mazzoni
Paraphrased by M. Louise Baum

Angelo Mascheroni
Arranged

Andante sostenuto

p Basses

1. From out the cool and qui - et of the eve - ning There flows a
2. For as the shad - ows deep - en in - to mid - night And skies are

p *legato*

charm that seem-eth half di - vine; It fills my soul with mem - o - ry and
si - lent, stars are pale and cold, My lone - ly hope looks stead-fast - ly for

cres.

p

sor - row For a de - part - ed joy no long - er mine.
morn - ing That yet shall turn that som - bre east to gold.

Sop. and Alto

My well - be - lov - ed, where is now thy dwell - ing? What hopes or
It can - not be that thou art gone for - ev - er, That faith like

accel. poco a poco

fears are thine as thus we part? · Oh, speak once more! · · Say thou art
thine was pow'r-less to en - dure. · I know a love · · As true as

accel. poco a poco

f *rit.*

mine! · · Ah, shall I find thee once a - gain, dear heart? · ·
ours · · For all e - ter - ni - ty must bide se - cure. · ·

PARTS *poco più mosso*

p

For though thou dwell a - far, · · For - ev - er I be - hold thee; I see thine eyes in

dim. *cres.*

beau - ty, And for thee, but for thee would I live. Thy voice is al-ways near With

1.

f

mu - sic to en - fold me; Thy home is in my heart, · For all e -

2.

f *con espress.*

ter-ni-ty I hold · thee. heart, For all e - ter-ni-ty I hold thee.

VENETIAN SONG

B. C. Stephenson

F. Paolo Tosti
Arranged

Tenors and Basses

Moderato

p

1. The night wind sighs, Our ves - sel flies A - cross the dark la-
2. The night is still But soft winds fill And swell the will - ing

p

goon; · The cit - y sleeps, And well she keeps Her watch, the gen - tle
sail. · The wind is fair, The scent - ed air Brings per - fumes from the

rit.

moon. · For with her light She guides her flight A - cross the sil - ver sea. ·
vale. · Then fly with me A - cross the sea And leave the world be - hind. ·

col canto

rit.

a tempo

Unison

We are a - lone. · The world, my own, · Doth hold but you and
For here am I, · · To live or die, · · As you prove hard or

PARTS

me, but you and me. We are a - lone. The world, my
kind, prove hard or kind. For here am I, To live or

own, Doth hold but you and me, but you and me.
die, As you prove hard or kind, prove hard or kind.

pp

Ah, ah! Ah, ah! Ah,

1. 2.

ah! Ah, Ah! Ah.

HOW LOVELY ARE THE MESSENGERS

From the BIBLE

FELIX MENDELSSOHN
From the oratorio "St. Paul"

Andante con moto

p

How love - ly are the mes - sen - gers that preach us the gos - pel of peace, How

love - ly are the mes - sen - gers that preach us the gos - pel of peace.

CANTIQUE DE NOËL

O Holy Night

ADOLPHE ADAM

Andante

mp SOP. AND ALTO

mp

simile

1. O bless-ed night! · Be-neath thy shad-ows rest - ing, The sun-lit wings of the day all are furled.
2. O bless-ed night! · Long sought in dark-est a - ges, The world has longed for the gift thou dost bring.

When lo! a star, · a mys-tic star at-test - ing That heav'n is breath-ing its love o'er the world.
And wea-ry souls · have sought from saints and sag - es Some truth-ful tid - ings of their Lord and King.

dim.

A thrill of hope the heart of man re-joic - es, No more he toils for - sak-en and for-lorn, ·
And now 'tis here, the hour of our sal-va - tion! No more our hearts with fear-ful doubts are torn. ·

un poco accel.

PARTS

f

As through the skies He hears the an-gel voic-es! O bless - ed night; Be -
O won-drous night, O night of ex-ul-ta-tion! His pow'r and glo - ry ·

mf 1. D. S.

fore · the ra-diant morn! O night, · O bless - ed night, O night di-vine.
ev - er-more pro-claim! His

2. *ff*

pow'r · and glo - - ry · ev - er-more pro-claim.

RIENZI'S SONG

RICHARD WAGNER
Paraphrased by M. LOUISE HAUM

RICHARD WAGNER
Arranged from "Rienzi"

Allegro con brio

mf *mp*

1. A - rise, · my peo-ple, rise To break the ty-rant's chains, 'Tis the
2. Re - call · your high re-nown, The ea-gle's flight of old, And her

cres.

pride of an-cient glo - ry Our lib - er-ty sus-tains; To
cit - i - zen's own Trib - une Shall Rome · a-gain up-hold. The

mf

hearts · of loy-al Ro-mans Our God re-veals the right, And 'tis
clash · of le-gions arm-ing As - sures your splen-did pow'r To re -

f

He in-spires Ri - en - zi To lead you out of night.
store the peo-ple's free-dom, The Ro-mans' an-cient dow'r.

THE LOVELY ROSE

LOUISE STICKNEY — FINNISH FOLK SONG

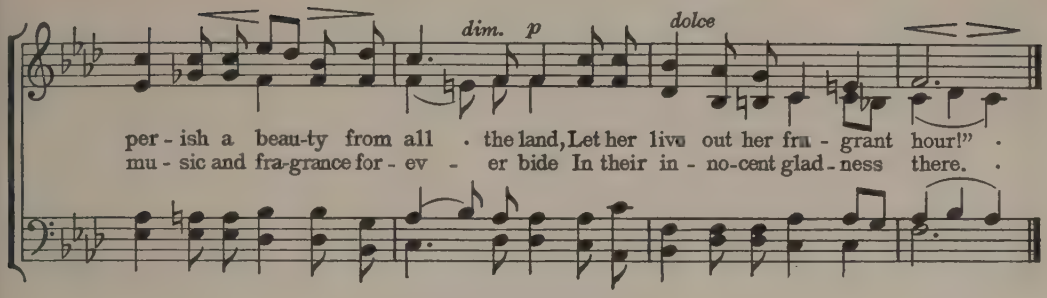
Molto espressivo

p UNISON

1. A ra - di - ant rose in a wild - wood place Was the light of the leaf - y shade; When a lad and a lass, with a care - less grace Near her ten - der · beau - ty strayed; · · And they lin - gered to look on the love - ly face Of the flow'r blooming un - a - fraid. He reached for the rose, but the maid - en's hand Gently cov-ered the frag - ile flow'r; · "Un-touched in her fair - ness, oh let · her stand, The de - light of her wood - land bow'r. Lest there

2. For blos - soms that grow in the wood and field Are the smiles of the so - ber earth; Oh, the flow'rs and the birds, what a joy they yield! When they die, what a world of dearth! · · For they teach us that sweet-ness a pow'r may yield, And that love - li - ness has high worth. Oh, pleas - ant our paths in the coun - try-side As the pil-grims of Na - ture fair; · For all the shy beau - ty the wood - lands hide, Let us have a pro-tect - ing care. Then may

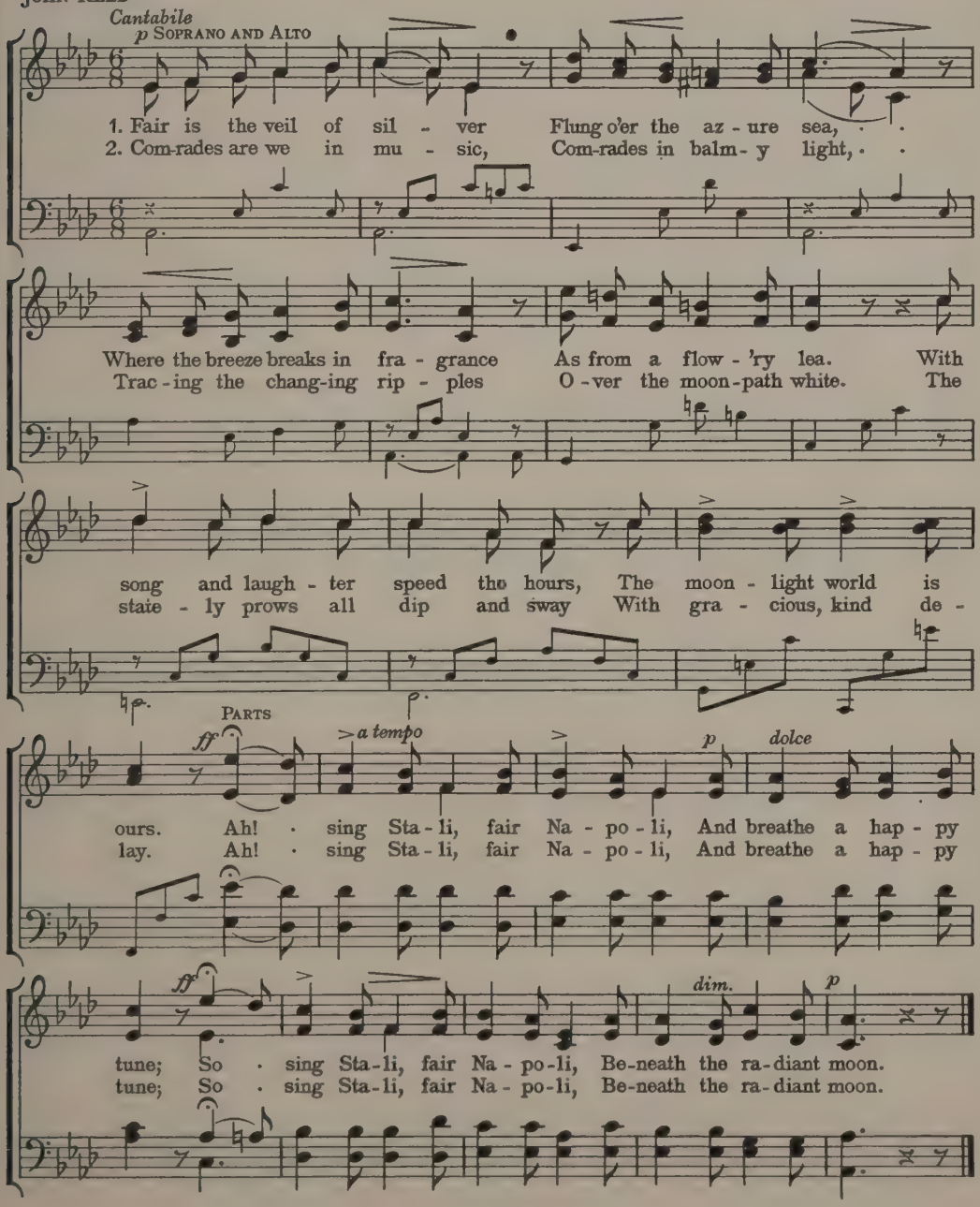
dim. *mf* *poco più mosso* *dim. e rit.* *p* *mf* PARTS *poco rit.* *a tempo*



FAIR NAPOLI

English version by
JOHN REED

NEAPOLITAN FOLK TUNE



BIRDS IN THE NIGHT

LIONEL H. LEWIN — ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN

Andante

p ALTO SOLO

1. Birds in the night that soft - ly · call, Winds in the night that strange-ly sigh;
2. Life may be sad for us · that wake, Sleep, lit-tle bird, and dream not why.

Come to me, help me one · and all, And mur - mur, · mur-mur, mur-mur,
Soon is the sleep but God · can break, When an - gels · whis-per, whis-per,

mf SOP. — *pp* SOP. AND ALTO

mur-mur ba - by's lull - a - by, lull-a - by, · · lull-a - by, · · Lull-a -,
an-gels whis - per lull - a - by, lull-a - by, · · lull-a - by, · · Lull-a -,

rall. — *p* PARTS *a tempo*

lull - a-, lull - a-, lull- a-, lull- a - by.
lull - a-, lull - a-, lull- a-, lull- a - by.

1. & 2. Lull - a - by · ba - by,

While the hours run, · Fair · may the day be When night is done,

Lull - a - by ba - by, While the hours run, lull - a - by, lull - a -

rallentando by! *pp*

by, lull-a-by, . . . Lull-a-by, lull-a-by, oh, lull-a-by! . .

MEMORIAL DAY

ELIZABETH LINCOLN GOULD — H. A. DONALD

Moderato *mp*

1. Calm-ly at last they take their rest, Sol-diers whose bat-tles all are
2. He-roes who won, though sore-ly pressed, Sol-diers as brave who lost the

won, He-roes whose cour-age stood the test, Brave hearts whose day · of
fight, Vic-tor and van-quished lie · at rest, In mer-cy judged by

p Peace - - - ful-ly sleep, ...

strife is done. Peace-ful-ly sleep, Peace-ful-ly sleep,
God's clear sight.

Peace - - - ful-ly sleep, ...

Sleep, · peace-ful-ly sleep, (oh, sleep!) Loved and hon-ored,

rallentando

peace-ful-ly sleep, · Peace-ful-ly sleep, · peace-ful-ly sleep.

SONG OF THE SABER

LOUIS C. ELSON

J. OFFENBACH
Arr. from "La Grande Duchesse"

Moderato — *p* — *mf* — UNISON

1. 'Tis but a sa - ber, worn and rust - y,
2. Those were the days of deed and dar - ing

Yet we re-gard it still with pride. Long, long a - go this weap - on
When this old sa - ber still was bright, When com-rades brave, in per - il

trust - y Hung gleam-ing at a sol-dier's side. Foes then up-on our land were
shar - ing, Marched stern-ly on-ward to the fight. This was our lib-er-ty's de-

dash - ing, Fier - y was Rev-o - lu - tion's dawn. Then swift-ly from its scab-bard
fend - er, Borne by a pa-triot tried and true; Then ev - 'ry man cried, "No sur-

flash - ing, In the cause of Free - dom it was drawn.
ren - der!" In the days when this old sword was new.

f PARTS

Guard, then, the sa - ber, the sa - ber, the sa - ber, Guard, then, the sa - ber, for

this was free-dom's brand. Guard, then, the sa - ber, the sa - ber, the sa - ber, For

it · was drawn by loy - al hands to save · our na - tive land.

BY-GONE DAYS

Translated and Adapted

ROBERT RADECKE

Andante semplice

p

1. From a by - gone day, a for - got - ten day, Comes a song I long to
2. O my qui - et home, dear, un - trou - bled home That I fain a - gain would
3. When the birds re - turn, when the birds re - turn They will fill a - gain the

hear. Oh, how far a - way, far, oh far a - way, Is that time I hold so
see! Where - so - e'er I roam, where - so - e'er I roam, In my dreams I fly to
nest; Hearts that sad - ly yearn, hearts that sad - ly yearn Vain - ly seek for peace and

poco più mosso *cres.* *f*

dear. Then the swal - lows' song, then the swallows' song Brought the sun - shine, brought the
thee. When I said fare - well, ah, a long fare - well, Not a cloud to hide the
rest. Swal - lows can - not bring, swal - lows can - not bring What an ach - ing heart would

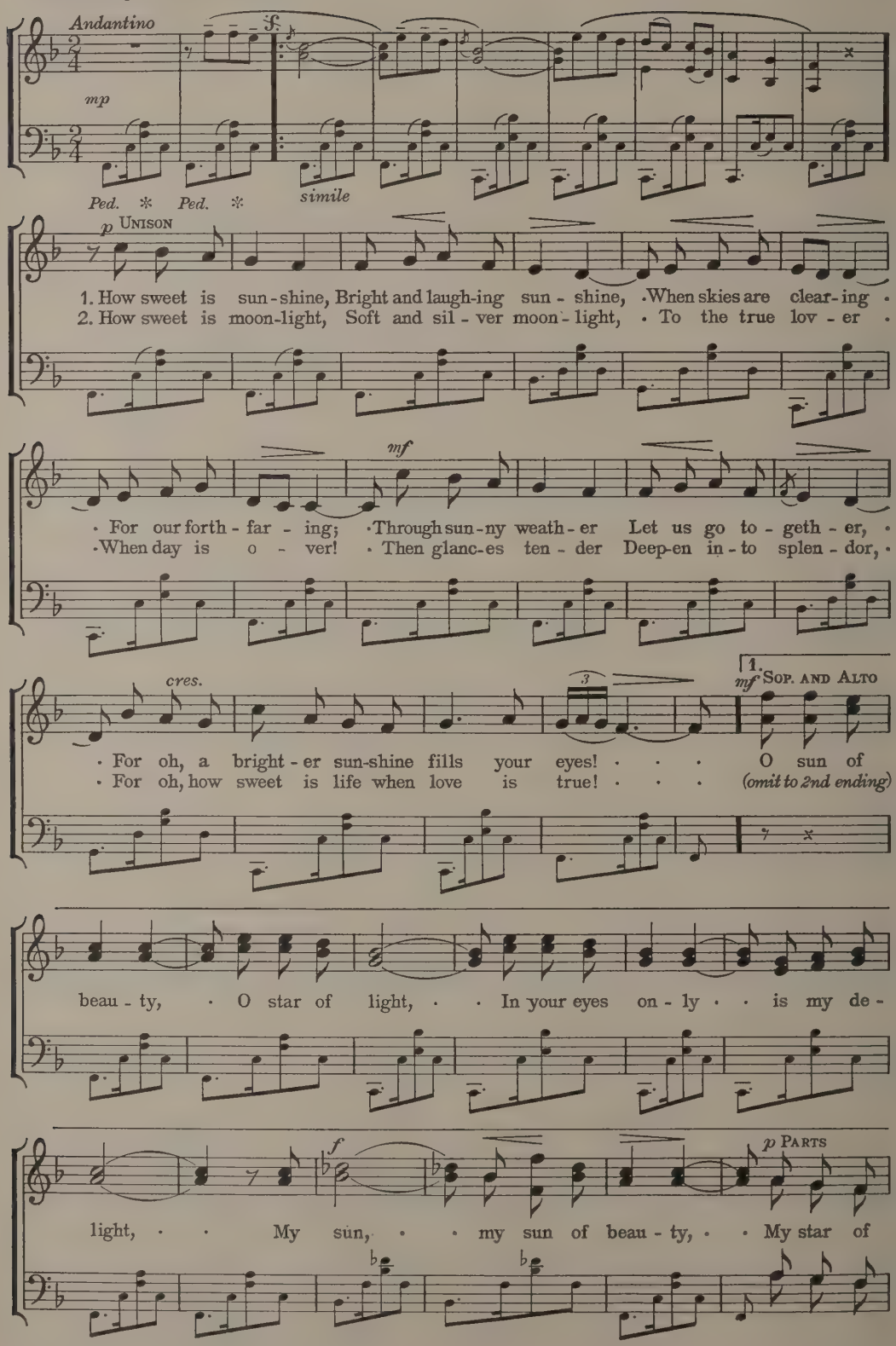
dolce *p*

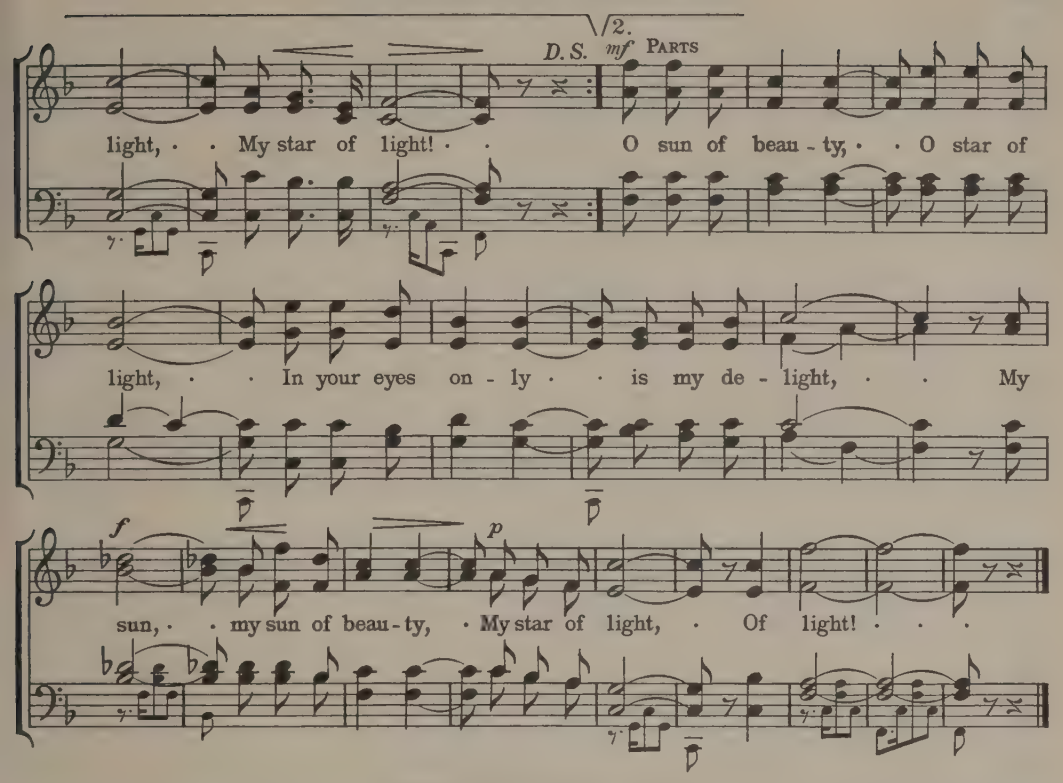
spring, As they swept a - long, as they swept a - long On joy - ful wing.
sky; Yet the shad - ows fell, yes, the shad - ows fell As time went by.
fill; Yet the swal - lows sing and the wood - lands ring With rap - ture still.

O SOLE MIO

G. CAPURRO
Translated by MARY STANHOPE

EDUARDO DI CAPUA

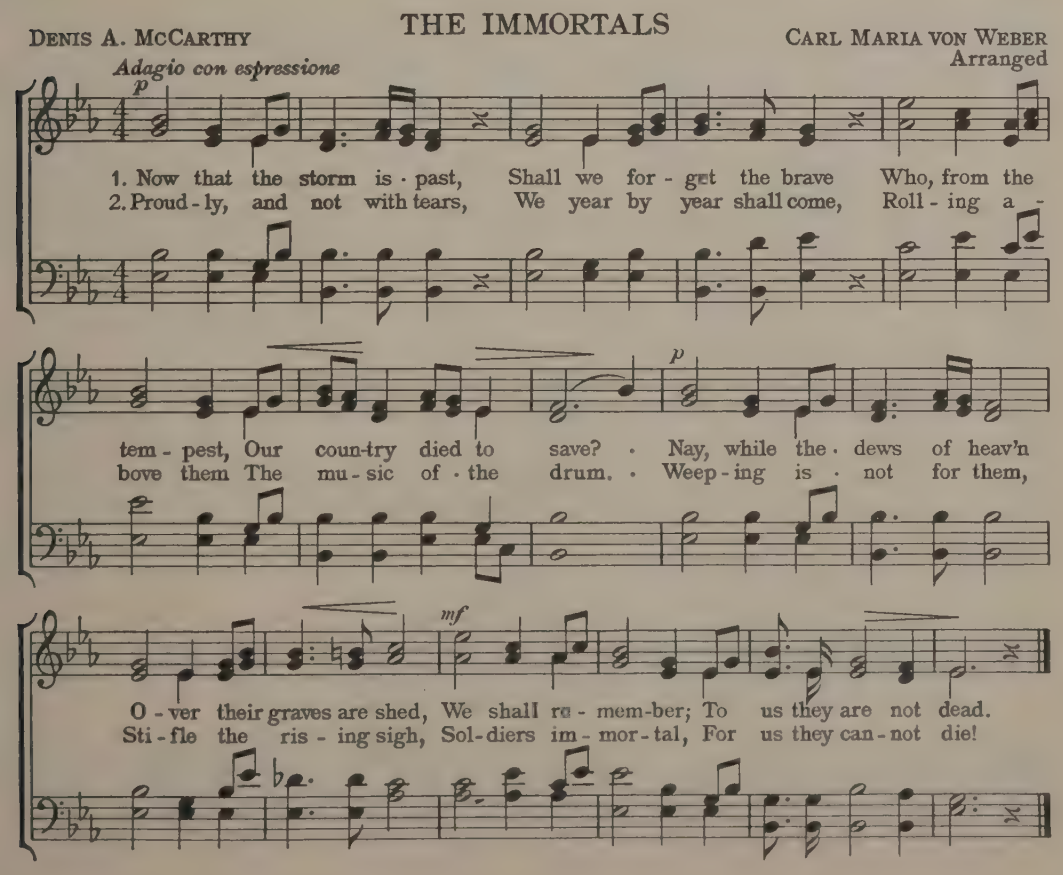




THE IMMORTALS

DENIS A. MCCARTHY

CARL MARIA VON WEBER
Arranged



BLESSED ARE THE MEN

From the BIBLE

FELIX MENDELSSOHN
from the oratorio "Elijah"

Moderato
mp

Bless-ed are the men who fear Him, they ev-er walk in the ways of peace.

MUSIC OF NATURE

M. LOUISE BAUM

P. MASCAGNI
from "Cavalleria Rusticana"
Arranged by H. S. LEAVITT

Andante sostenuto
p ALTO SOLO

Earth has a voice, the heart of man in-vad - ing, Born · · to bid us all re-

p

joice; Born that sor-row hope · may bor-row, Night · and day it sings and sighs a-round us

p

Flow with sing-ing, Sky-ward wing-ing,

p

all. · Brooks to the sea, · · · Bird mel-o - dy, · · ·

pp

mf

O - cean, wave, and riv-er in-to mu-sic fall. · Mu - sic's voice, the

mf

hope and heart of na - ture, All her won-der and joy un-seals. Mu-sic's en-chanted

f *dim.*

glo - ry Shines thro' our hu-man sto - ry, Mu-sic, · rul - ing all, the law of

The star - ry night's ce - les - tial lights In rhyth - mic

life · · re - veals. The night's star - ry lights · In

meas - ure move.

meas - ure move. The summer rose har-mo-nious grows In or-der, peace, · and

p *dim. e rall.* *pp*

love; In mu-sic's voice is heard a word from God a - bove! · · ·

A voice, a word

p *dim. e rall.* *pp* *morendo*

NEGRO SPIRITUAL
Arranged by R. NATHANIEL DETT

Moderato
mp CHORUS

Good Lord, shall I ev - er be the one? Good Lord, shall I ev - er be the one? Good Lord, shall I ev - er be the one To get o - ver in the Prom - ised Land?

dim - in - u - en - do

Fine

mf SOLO *espress.*

1. I need Thee, bless - ed Je - sus, For I am ver - y poor, A strang - er and a pil - grim, I have no earth - ly store.
2. I need the love of Je - sus To cheer me on my way, To guide my doubt-ing foot-steps, To be my strength and stay.

CHORUS

H'm, h'm, h'm, h'm. . . . . .

cres.

D. C. al Fine

SC

AMERICA FOREVER

WATERMAN—McCARTHY

JOHN WARD

Maestoso

f

1. A - mer - i - ca, my na - tive land, Land of the plain and moun-tain! Thy
2. A - mer - i - ca, let free-dom's light Shine from thy stars for - ev - er! Not

flag un-furled by pa-triot band, A sym - bol bright of hope shall stand For
yours the pow'r of self-ish might, Your strength is in the peo - ple's right, Far

mf

all the world to see. And o - ver ev - 'ry mount and plain, Un - spoiled, un-soiled, by
spread from sea to sea. O land with peace and plen - ty blest, Thy shield is ev - 'ry

ff

greed of gain, Let truth and jus - tice rule and reign, Fair land of the free!
loy - al breast, From north to south, from east to west, Fair land of the free!

THE BREAKING WAVES DASHED HIGH

FELICIA D. HEMANS

Plymouth

MARY ANNE BROWNE

Risoluto

mf

1. The break-ing waves dashed high On a stern and rock-bound coast, And the
2. Not as the con - q'ror comes, They, the true-heart-ed came; Not
3. A - midst the storm they sang, And the stars heard, and the sea; And the
4. What sought they thus a - far? Bright jew - els from the mine? The

woods a-gainst a storm-y sky Their gi - ant branch - es tossed,
with the roll of stir - ring drums And the trum-pet that sings of fame;
sound - ing aisles of the dim woods rang With the an - them of the free.
wealth of seas, the spoils of war? They sought a faith's pure shrine.

And the heav - y night hung dark · The · hills and · wa - ters o'er, ·
Not · as the fly - ing come, · In · si - lence and in fear; ·
The · o - cean ea - gle soared · From his nest by the white waves foam, ·
Ay, · call it ho - ly ground, The · soil where first they trod; ·

When a band of ex - iles moored their bark On the wild New Eng-land shore.
They · shook the depths of the des - ert gloom With their hymns of · loft - y cheer.
And the rock - ing pines of the for - est roar'd; This · was their wel-come home.
They have left un-stained what there they found: · · Free-dom to wor-ship God.

LORD, THY GLORY FILLS THE HEAVEN

RICHARD MANT — Hymn to Joy — Arranged from BEETHOVEN

Allegro

mf

1. Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en; Earth is with its full - ness stored;
2. Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en; Earth is with its full - ness stored;

Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!
Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!

Heaven is still with an - thems ring - ing; Earth takes up the an - gel's cry,
Thus Thy glo - rious name con - fess - ing, We a - dopt the an - gel's cry,

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, sing - ing, Lord of hosts, Thou Lord most high.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, bless - ing Thee, the Lord our God most high.

NEGRO SPIRITUAL
Arranged by R. NATHANIEL DETT

Ben marcato
mf SOLO — *ff* *mf* CHORUS — SOLO

1. Get you read - y, There's a meet - ing here to - night! Come a - long, there's a
meet - ing here to - night! Come a - long, there's a
meet - ing here to - night! Come a - long, there's a

CHORUS — *più marcato*

meet - ing here to - night! · I · know you by your dai - ly walk, There's a
meet - ing here to - night! · I · know you by your dai - ly walk, There's a
meet - ing here to - night! · I · know you by your dai - ly walk, There's a

poco recitando
SOLO — CHORUS

meet - ing here to - night. Camp meet - ing in the wild - er - ness, There's a
meet - ing here to - night. I'm born of God I know I am, There's a
meet - ing here to - night. You say you've set out for the skies, There's a

più marcato
f SOLO — CHORUS

meet - ing here to - night; Camp meet - ing in the wild - er - ness, There's a
meet - ing here to - night; And you de - ny it if you can, There's a
meet - ing here to - night; Why don't you stop that tell - ing lies? There's a

1. and 2. *mf* SOLO — *D.S.* — 3.

meet - ing here to - night! 2. Get you read - y, There's a
meet - ing here to - night. 3. Get you read - y, There's a
meet - ing here to - (*last ending*) night.

HE WHO IS UPRIGHT

Flemming

HORACE, ODE XXII
Translated

FRIEDRICH F. FLEMMING

Risoluto
mf

1. He who is up - right, kind, and free from er - ror, Needs not the
2. What though he jour - ney o'er the burn-ing des - ert, Or climb a -
3. Place me where fate de - nies to man a dwell - ing, Con - scious of

aid · of arms or men to guard him; Safe - ly he moves, a
lone · the dread - ful, dan-g'rous moun - tains, Or taste the wa - ters
right, · all oth - er cares ne - glect - ing, There could I live, · thy

child to guilt - y ter - rors, Strong in his vir - tues.
of the famed Hy - das - pes, Gods will at - tend · him.
charms and vir - tues tell - ing, Sweet, smil-ing maid - en.

EVENING SONG

Translated

GAELIC FOLK SONG

Dolce
p

1. Hush! the waves are roll - ing in, White with foam, white with
2. Hush! the winds roar hoarse and deep, On they come, on they
3. Hush! the rain sweeps o'er the knowes Where they roam, where they

p

foam; · Fa - ther toils a - mid the din, But ba - by sleeps at home. ·
come! · Broth - er seeks the wan-d'ring sheep, But ba - by sleeps at home. ·
roam; · Sis - ter goes to seek the cows, But ba - by sleeps at home. ·

LUIGI DENZA

Allegretto giocoso

mf SOLO

1. Some think the world is made for fun and frol-ic, And so do I!
2. Ah, me! 'tis strange that some should take to sigh-ing, And like it well!

CHORUS

And so do I!

And like it well!

SOLO

Some think it well to be all mel-an-chol-ic, To pine and sigh, To pine and sigh. But

For me, I have not thought it worth the try-ing, So can-not tell, So can-not tell. With

CHORUS

dim.

SOLO

p

I, I love to spend my time in sing-ing Some joy-ous song,

laugh and dance and song the day soon pass-es, Full soon is gone,

CHORUS

mf SOLO

cres.

Some joy-ous song; To set the air with mu-sic brave-ly

Full soon is gone; For mirth was made for joy-ous lads and

CHORUS

ring-ing Is far from wrong, Is far from wrong!

lass-es To call their own, To call their own!

CHORUS

f

Hark - en! Hark - en! Mu-sic sounds a - far! Hark - en! Hark - en!

dim. p *cres. poco a poco*

Mu - sic sounds a - far! Tra - la - la - la, tra - la - la - la, tra - la - la -

ff a tempo

la, tra - la - la - la! Joy is ev - 'ry-where, Tra - la - la - la, tra - la - la - la!

SAMUEL F. SMITH

AMERICA

HENRY CAREY

mf Maestoso

1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee — Land of the no - ble free, —
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

mp

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free - dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free - dom's

Pil - grims' pride! From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring.
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par - take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light! Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God our King!

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY — JOHN STAFFORD SMITH

Con spirito

1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proud - ly we
2. On the shore dim - ly seen through the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haught - y
3. Oh, thus be it ev - er when free - men shall stand Be - tween their loved

hailed at the twi - light's last gleam - ing, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the
host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the
homes and the war's des - o - la - tion! Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the

per - il - ous fight, O'er the ram - parts we watched were so gal - lant - ly
tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis -
heav'n - res - cued land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and pre - served us a

mf

stream - ing? And the rock - et's red glare, the bombs burst - ing in air, Gave
clos - es? Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn - ing's first beam, In full
na - tion! Then con - quer we must, when our cause it is just, And

CHORUS

proof through the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that Star-span-gled
glo - ry re - flect - ed now shines on the stream; 'Tis the Star-span-gled Ban-ner, oh,
this be our mot - to: "In God is our trust!" And the Star-span-gled Ban-ner in

ff

Ban - ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
tri - umph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN

TIMOTHY DWIGHT — DAVID T. SHAW

Con spirito

mf UNISON

1. O Co-lum-bia! the gem of the o-cean, The · home of the brave and the free, ·
2. When war wing'd its wide des-o-la-tion, And · threat-ened the land to de-form, ·
3. The star-span-gled ban-ner bring hith-er, O'er Co-lum-bia's true sons let it wave; ·

The · shrine of each pa-triot's de-vo-tion, A · world of-fers hom-age to thee.
The · ark then of freedom's found-a-tion, Co-lum-bia, rode safe through the storm;
May the wreaths they have won nev-er with-er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave;

Thy · man-dates make he-roes as-sem-ble, When lib-er-ty's form stands in view; ·
With the gar-lands of vic-t'ry a-round her, When so proud-ly she bore her brave crew; ·
May the ser-vice u-nit-ed ne'er sev-er, But · hold to their col-ors so true; ·

Thy · ban-ners make tyr-an-ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white, and blue. ·
With her flag proud-ly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white, and blue. ·
The · ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue. ·

f PARTS

When borne by the red, white, and blue, When borne by the red, white, and blue,
The · boast of the red, white, and blue, The · boast of the red, white, and blue,
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue,

Thy · ban-ners make tyr-an-ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white, and blue.
With her flag proud-ly float-ing be-fore her, The · boast of the red, white, and blue.
The · ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

HAIL, COLUMBIA!

JOSEPH HOPKINSON — PHILIP PHILE

Maestoso
mf UNISON

1. Hail, Co - lum - bia! hap - py land! Hail, ye he - roes, heav'n-born band! Who
2. Im - mor - tal pa - triots, rise once more! De - fend your rights, de - fend your shore! Let
3. Be - hold the chief who now com-mands, Once more to serve his coun - try, stands, The

fought and bled in free - dom's cause, Who fought and bled in free - dom's cause, And
no rude foe with im - pious hand, Let no rude foe with im - pious hand In -
rock on which the storm will beat! The rock on which the storm will beat! But

SOP. AND ALTO

when the storm of war was gone, En - joyed the peace your val - or won. Let in - de - pend-ence
vade the shrine where sa-cred lies Of toil · and blood the well earned prize. While of - f'ring peace sin-
armed in vir - tue, firm and true, His hopes are · fixed on heav'n and you. When hope was sink - ing

be · our boast, Ev - er mind-ful what it cost, Ev - er grate - ful for · the prize;
cere and just, In heav'n we place a man - ly trust, That truth and just - ice shall pre - vail, And
in · dis-may, When gloom ob-scured Co - lum-bia's day, His stead - y mind from chan-ges free, Re-

f CHORUS

Let its al - tar reach the skies.
ev - 'ry scheme of bond-age fail. Firm, u - nit - ed, let · us · be, Ral - ly - ing round our
solv'd on death or lib - er - ty.

lib - er - ty! As a band of broth - ers joined, Peace and · safe - ty we shall find.

JULIA WARD HOWE — WILLIAM STEFFE (?)

Allegretto

p

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch - fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps; They have
3. I have read a fier - y gos - pel writ in bur - nished rows of steel: "As ye
4. He has sound - ed forth the trump - et that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a

tram' - pling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can
deal with my con - tem - ners, so with you My grace shall deal!" Let the
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment seat; Oh, be
glo - ry in His bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He

cres. *mf* *f*

loosed the fate - ful light-ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword. His truth is march-ing on.
read His right-eous sen - tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps. His day is march-ing on.
He - ro, born of wom - an, crush the ser - pent with His heel, Since God is march-ing on.
swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant my feet! Our God is march-ing on.
died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is march-ing on.

CHORUS

f

Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!

Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march-ing on.

THE MOUNTAINS

Student Collection

WASHINGTON GLADDEN

WASHINGTON GLADDEN

Allegretto

mf

1. Oh, proud - ly rise the mon - archs of our moun - tain land, With their king - ly for - est robes, to the sky, Where Al - ma Ma - ter dwell - eth with her cho - sen band, Where the peace - ful riv - er flow - eth gen - tly by.

2. The snows of win - ter crown them with a crys - tal crown, And the sil - ver clouds of sum - mer round them cling; The au - tumn's scar - let man - tle flows in rich - ness down, And they rev - el in the gar - ni - ture of spring.

3. Oh, might - i - ly they bat - tle with the storm - king's pow'r; And con - quer - ors shall tri - umph here for aye; Yet qui - et - ly their shad - ows fall at eve - ning hour, While the gen - tle breez - es round them soft - ly play.

CHORUS

f

The moun - tains! the moun - tains! We greet them with a song, Whose ech - oes re - bound - ing their wood - land heights a - long, Shall min - gle with an - thems that winds and foun - tains sing, 'Till hill and val - ley gay - ly, gay - ly ring.

WILLIAM DUTHIE — WELSH AIR

Energico *mf* *f*

1. Men of Har-lech, in the hol-low, Do you hear, like rush-ing bil-low, Wave on wave that
2. Rock-y steeps and pass-es nar-row Flash with spear and flight of ar-row; Who would think of

mf

surg-ing fol-low, Bat-tle's dis-tant sound? 'Tis the tramp of Sax-on foe-men, Sax-on spear-men,
death or sor-row? Death is glo-ry now! Hurl the reel-ing horse-men o-ver, Let the earth dead

mp

Sax-on bow-men, Be they knights, or hinds, or yeo-men, They shall bite the ground. Loose the folds a-
foe-men cov-er! Fate of friend, of wife, of lov-er, Trem-bles on a blow! Strands of life are

cres- - - cen- - do

sun-der, Flag we con-quer un-der! The plac-id sky now bright on high Shall
riv-en! Blow for blow is giv-en, In dead-ly lock, or bat-tle shock, And

ff

launch its · bolts · in · thun-der! On-ward! 'tis our coun-try needs us, He is · brav-est,
mer-cy · shrieks to · heav-en! Men of Har-lech! young or hoar-y, Would you win a

marcato

he who leads us! Hon-or's self now proud-ly heads us, Free-dom, God, and right!
name in sto-ry? Strike for home, for life, for glo-ry! Free-dom, God, and right!

SWEET AND LOW

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON — JOSEPH BARNBY

Larghetto

p

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea; · Low, low, ·
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; · Rest, rest on

p

breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; · O - ver the roll - ing
moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; · Fa - ther will come to his

ALTO 1. O - - ver · the
2. Fa - - ther · will

p

pp

wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon, and blow, Blow him a - gain to
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver
wa - ters go, A.B. Come · · from · the moon, and blow,
come to his babe, Sil - ver sails · out of · the west,

me, · · While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps. · · ·
moon, · Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep. · · ·

SANTA LUCIA

Translated — ITALIAN FOLK SONG

Andantino

p

1. Now 'neath the sil - ver moon O - cean is glow - ing, O'er the calm bil - low
2. When o'er thy wa - ters Light winds are play - ing, Thy spell can soothe us,

Soft winds are blow - ing. Here balm - y zeph-yrs blow, Pure joys in - vite · us,
All care de - lay - ing. To thee, sweet Na - po - li, What charms are giv - en,

And as we gen - tly row All things de - light us. Hark, how the sail-or's cry
Where smiles cre - a - tion, Toil blest by heav - en. Hark, how the sail-or's cry

Joy-ous-ly ech-oes nigh. San - ta · Lu - ci - a! San-ta Lu - ci - a! Home of fair

Po - e - sy, Realm of pure Har-mo-ny, San - ta · Lu - ci - a! San-ta Lu - ci - a!

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

Welsh Folk Song

OLD WELSH — DAVID OWEN

Dolce *mp*

1. Sleep, my child, and peace at-tend thee, All through the night, Guard-ian an - gels
2. While the moon her watch is keep-ing All through the night, While the wea - ry

God will send thee, All through the night; Soft the drow - sy hours are creep - ing,
world is sleep-ing All through the night; O'er thy spir - it gen - tly steal - ing,

Hill and vale in slum - ber steep-ing, I my lov - ing vig - il keep-ing All through the night.
Vi-sions of de - light re - veal-ing, Breathes a pure and ho - ly feel-ing All through the night.

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT

Student Collection

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW — I. B. WOODBURY

Andante *p* — *cres.*

1. Stars of the sum - mer night, Far in yon az - ure deeps, Hide, hide your
2. Moon of the sum - mer night, Far down yon west - ern steeps, Sink, sink in
3. Wind of the sum - mer night, Where yon - der wood - bine creeps, Fold, fold thy
4. Dreams of the sum - mer night, Tell her her lov - er keeps Watch, while in

pp — *pp*

gold - en light, She sleeps, my La - dy sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my La - dy sleeps.
sil - ver light, She sleeps, my La - dy sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my La - dy sleeps.
pin - ions light, She sleeps, my La - dy sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my La - dy sleeps.
slum - ber light, She sleeps, my La - dy sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my La - dy sleeps.

HELP IT ON

Student Collection

E. R. SILL — OLD MELODY

Vivace *mf*

1. There's a good · time · com - ing, Help it on, (help it on,) There's a
2. When you find a no - ble cause, · Help it on, (help it on,) When you
3. There's a fu - ture on the way, · Help it on, (help it on,) There's a

good · time · com-ing, Help it on, (help it on,) Ev - 'ry heart its tune is drumming, All the
find a no-ble cause, Help it on, (help it on,) Nev - er wait for man's ap - plause, · Nev - er
fu-ture on the way, · Help it on, (help it on,) When the night shall turn to day, · For the

air with it is hum-ming, Help it on, Help it on, · Help it on, on, on!
count the cost or pause, Help it on, Help it on, · Help it on, on, on!
right shall have the way, · Help it on, Help it on, · Help it on, on, on!

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

American Folk Song

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Moderato espress. *mp*

1. Way down up - on the Swa - nee Riv - er, Far, far a - way,
2. All round the lit - tle farm I wan-dered, When I was young;
3. One lit - tle hut a - mong the bush - es, One that I love,

ten. *dim.*

There's where my heart is turn - ing ev - er, There's where the old folks stay.
There man - y hap - py days I squan-dered, Man - y the songs I sung.
Still sad - ly to my mem - 'ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I roam.

All up and down the whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,
When I was play - ing with my broth - er, Hap - py was I.
When will I see the bees a - hum-ming, All round the comb?

dim. *pp*

Still long - ing for the old plan - ta - tion, And for the old folks at home
Oh! take me to my kind old moth - er, There let me live and · die.
When will I hear the ban - jo tum-ming, Down in my good old · home.

CHORUS

mf

All the world is sad and drear - y Ev - 'ry - where I roam;

p *rall.* *pp*

O dark-ies, how my heart grows wea - ry, Far from the old folks at home.

Moderato

mf

1. A cap-i-tal ship for an o - cean trip Was the Wal-lop-ing · Win - dow Blind! No ·
2. The bo-swain's mate was · ver-y se-date, Yet · fond · of a-muse-ment too; He ·
3. The cap-tain sat on the com-modore's hat And · dined in a roy - al way, Off ·
4. All nau-ti-cal pride we · laid · a - side, And we ran · the · ves-sel a - shore On the
5. On Rug-bug bark, from morn till dark, We · dined till we all · had grown Un -

mf

wind that blew dis - mayed her crew Or · trou-bled the cap - tain's mind; The ·
played hopscotch with the star-board watch, While the cap-tain, he tick-led the crew! And the
toast - ed pigs and · pick-les and figs And · gun-ner-y bread each day And the
Gul-li - by Isles where the Poo - poo smiles, And the rub - bly Up - dugs roar. And we
com-mon-ly shrunk; when a Chi - nese junk Came · up from the Tor-ri-by Zone. She was

man · at the wheel was · made · to feel Con - tempt for the wild - est blow-ow-ow,
gun - ner we had was ap-par-ent-ly mad, For he sat on the aft - er rai - ai-ail,
cook · was · Dutch, and be - haved · as such; For the diet he · gave the crew-ew-ew
sat · on the edge of a sand - y ledge And · shot at the whis-tling bee - ee - ee;
chub-by and · square, but we did-n't much care, So we cheer-i - ly put to sea - ee - ee;

Though it of - ten ap-pear'd, when the gale · had cleared, That he'd been in his bunk be - low.
And · fired sa - lutes with the cap-tain's boots, In the teeth of the bloom-ing gale!
Was a num-ber of tons of · hot-cross-buns Served up with sugar and glue.
And the cin-na-mon · bats wore · wa-ter-proof hats As they dipped in the shin - y sea.
And we left · all the crew of the junk · to chew On the bark of the Rug-bug tree.

f REFRAIN *cres.*

Then blow, ye winds, heigh - ho! A - rov - ing I will go! I'll stay no more on

rit. *a tempo*

Eng-land's shore, So let the mu - sic play - ay - ay! I'm off on the morn-ing train! I'll

cross the rag-ing main! I'm off to my love with a box-ing glove, Ten thousand miles a - way.

AMERICA ETERNAL

FRANKLIN TAYLOR FRANKLIN TAYLOR

Con brio
f

1. When at the rock, un-daunt-ed still, The pil-grims pledged a - new; When sword un-sheath'd at
2. And thus when-ev - er du - ty calls To form the bat - tle line, The val - iant hearts with-

Bun-ker Hill A rally-ing an - swer drew; A thought im - mor - tal movd the Hand That
in our walls, Of ev - 'ry race and clime, As breth - ren shall u - nit - ed stand; That

made our na - tion free. A - mer - i - ca, the Free-dom Land! We pledge our lives to thee.
ev - er-more shall be. A - mer - i - ca, the Broth-er Land! We pledge our lives to thee.

SEND OUT THY LIGHT

From the BIBLE

CHARLES GOUNOD

Adagio molto *f* *Moderato* *p*

Send out Thy light, send out Thy light! Send out Thy light and Thy truth, let them lead me,

cres. *p* *cres.*

Oh, let them bring me to Thy ho - ly hill; Send out Thy light and Thy truth, let them

f

lead me, Oh, let them bring me to Thy ho - ly hill, un-to Thy ho - ly hill, let them

Oh, let them lead me,

Oh, let them lead me,

oh, let them lead me;

1. *p*

lead, let them lead me; Oh, let them bring me to Thy ho - ly hill. Lord, we will

oh, let them lead me;

cres. *f* *ff*

praise Thee, Lord, we will praise Thee, Praise Thee, praise Thee on the harp, O our God! on the

D.S. 2. *p* *adagio*

harp, O our God! on the harp, O our God! Send out Thy light! O Lord, our God!

THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND

ANNIE MCVICAR GRANT — MRS. JORDAN

Allegretto

mf

1. O where, and O where is your High-land lad-die gone? O where, and O
2. O where, and O where does your High-land lad-die dwell? O where, and O
3. Sup-pose, and sup-pose that your High-land lad should die? Sup-pose, and sup-

UNISON

where is your High-land lad-die gone? He's gone to fight the foe for King.
where does your High-land lad-die dwell? He dwelt in mer-ry Scot-land at the
pose that your High-land lad should die? The bag-pipes shall play o'er him, and I'd

PARTS

George up-on the throne; And it's oh! in my heart; I wish him safe at home!
sign of the Blue Bell; And it's oh! in my heart; I love my lad-die well.
lay me down and cry; But it's oh! in my heart; I wish he may not die.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS

THOMAS MOORE — IRISH FOLK SONG

Andante

mp

1. The harp that once through Ta-ra's halls The soul of mu-sic shed, Now hangs as mute on
2. No more to chiefs and la-dies bright The harp of Ta-ra swells; The chord a-lone that

Ta-ra's walls As if that soul were fled. So sleeps the pride of form-er days, So
breaks at night Its tale of ru-in tells. Thus Free-dom now so sel-dom wakes, The

cres.

glo-ry's thrill is o'er; And hearts that once beat high for praise Now feel that pulse no more.
on-ly throb she gives Is when some heart in-dig-nant breaks To show that still she lives.

ROSALIE

Student Collection

LAUNCE KNIGHT

Grazioso
mf UNISON

1. I'm Pierre de Bon-ton de Par-is, de Par-is, I drink the di-vine Eu de vie, Eau de vie; When I walk in the park, all my friends they re-mark, "Com-ment ce va mon cher a-mi." . . .
2. I'm Pierre de Bon-ton de Par-is, de Par-is, I'm called by les dames, tre jo-li, tres jo-li; When I ride out each day in my lit-tle cou-pé, . I tell you, I'm some-thing to see. . .

PARTS

But I care not what oth-ers may say, . . I'm in love with Ros-a-lie, . Pret-ty Rose, charm-ing Rose, . . I'm in love with my Ros-a-lie. . .

DECK THE HALL

TRADITIONAL

OLD WELSH AIR

Vivace
mf

1. Deck the hall with boughs of hol-ly, Fa la la la la la la la la la.
2. See the blaz-ing Yule be-fore us, Fa la la la la la la la la la.

'Tis the sea - son to be jol - ly, Fa la la la la la la la la la.
Strike the harp and join the cho - rus, Fa la la la la la la la la la.

Don we now our gay ap-par - el, Fa · la la · la la la la la.
Fol - low me in mer - ry meas - ure, Fa · la la · la la la la,

Troll the an - cient Yule - tide car - ol, Fa la la la la la la la la la.
While I tell of Yule - tide treas - ure, Fa la la la la la la la la la.

THE HEATHER-ROSE

J. W. von Goethe
Translated

Heinrich Werner

Con tenerezza
mp

1. Once a boy · a wild rose spied In the hedge - row grow - ing,
2. Said the boy, "I'll gath - er thee, In the hedge - row grow - ing;"
3. Thought - less - ly · he pulls the rose In the hedge - row grow - ing;

Fresh in all its youth-ful pride, When its beau-ties he de-scried, With joy his heart was
Said the rose, "Then I'll pierce thee, That you may'st re - mem - ber me," · Thus re - proof be -
But her thorns their arms op - pose, Vain - ly he · la - ments his woes, With pain his hand is

glow - ing; Rose - bud, rose - bud, rose - bud red, In the hedge - row grow - ing.
stow - ing; Rose - bud, rose - bud, rose - bud red, In the hedge - row grow - ing.
glow - ing; Rose - bud, rose - bud, rose - bud red, In the hedge - row grow - ing.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Andantino
mp

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, and all · are gay; The
2. They hunt no more for the pos-som and the coon, On mead-ow, the hill and the shore; They

corn-top's ripe and the mead-ow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the day. The
sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old · cab-in door. The

young folk roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py and bright; By'm
day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With sor-row where all was de-light; The

by hard times come a-knock-ing at the door; Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!
time has come when we all will have to part; Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!

REFRAIN

Weep no more, my la-dy, Oh, weep no more to-day! We will sing one song

for the old Ken-tuck-y home, For the old Ken-tuck-y home far a-way.

CLARIBEL

Moderato
mp

1.&*D.C.* Come back to E - rin, Ma - vour - neen, Ma-vour-neen, Come back, A-roon, to the
2. O - ver the green seas, Ma - vour - neen, Ma-vour-neen, Long shone the white sail that
3. Oh, may the an - gels, while wak - in' or sleep - in', Watch o'er my bird in the

mf

land of thy birth; · Come with the sham - rocks and spring-time, Ma-vour - neen,
bore thee a - way; · Rid - ing the white waves that fair sum - mer morn - in',
land far a - way; · And it's my pray'rs will con - sign to their keep - in',

1.

p UNISON

And it's Kil-lar - ney shall ring with our mirth. Sure, when you left us, our
Just like a May - flow'r a - float on the bay. Oh, but my heart sank, when
Care o' my jew - el by night and by day. When by the fire - side I

beau - ti - ful dar - ling, Lit - tle we thought of the lone win - ter days,
clouds came be - tween us, Like a gray cur - tain the rain fall - ing down;
watch the bright em - bers, Then all my heart flies a - way o'er the sea,

cres.

mf PARTS

Lit - tle we thought of the hush of the star-shine O - ver the moun - tain, the
Hid from my sad eyes the path o'er the o - cean, Far, far a - way, where my
Cra - vin' to know if my dar - ling re-mem-bers, Or if her thoughts may be

D.C.

2. *f*

bluffs and the braes! Then
Col - leen had flown. Then And it's Kil - lar - ney shall ring with our mirth.
cross - in' to me. Then

DRIVE DULL CARE AWAY

Student Collection

E. R. SILL — OLD MELODY

Con spirito
mf

1. We · think it is · a rule, sir, To hate · to be · a fool, sir, And
2. There was a man of France, sir, Who on-ly knew how to dance, sir, And
3. There was a la - zy Turk, sir, Who all · his tasks would shirk, sir, He
4. But · we pro - pose to know, sir, And to · the school we go, sir, To

so we come to school, sir, To drive dull care a - way. ·
that gave lit - tle chance, sir, To drive dull care a - way. ·
had no hon-est work, sir, To drive dull care a - way. ·
grow from head to toe, sir, And drive dull care a - way. ·

To drive dull care a - way, ·

To drive dull care a - way, · It's a way we have at school, sir, It's a way we have at

school, sir; It's a way we have at school, sir, To drive dull care a - way. ·

JUANITA

MRS. CAROLINE NORTON — SPANISH MELODY

Andante
mp

1. Soft o'er the foun-tain, Lin-g'ring falls the south-ern moon; Far o'er the moun-tain
2. When, in your dream-ing, Moons like these shall shine a - gain, And day-light beam-ing,

Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eye's splen-dor, Where the warm lights love to dwell,
Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re - lent-ing, For thine ab - sent lov-er sigh,

Wea-ry looks, yet ten-der, Speak their fond fare-well! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta!
In thy heart con-sent-ing To a pray'r gone by? Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta!

Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Lean thou on my heart.
Let me lin-ger by thy side! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Be my own fair bride.

THE MINSTREL BOY

THOMAS MOORE — IRISH FOLK TUNE

Andantino

mf

1. The Min-strel Boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death · you'll
2. The Min-strel fell! but the foe-man's chain Could not bring that proud · soul

find · him; His fa-ther's sword he hath gird-ed on, And his wild harp slung · be-
un-der; The harp he lov'd ne'er · spoke a-gain, For he tore its chords · a-

f *mp*

hind him. "Land of Song!" said the war-rior bold, "Though all the world be-trays · thee, One
sun-der; And said, "No chains shall · sul-ly thee, Thou soul of love and brav-'ry! Thy

rall.

sword, at least, thy · rights shall guard; One · faith-ful harp · shall praise · thee!"
songs were made for the pure and free, They shall nev-er sound · in slav-'ry!"

SWEET GENEVIEVE

GEORGE COOPER — HENRY TUCKER

Andante espressivo

mf

1. Oh, Gen - e-vieve, I'd give the world To live a - gain the love - ly past! The
2. Fair Gen - e-vieve, my ear - ly love, The years but make thee dear - er far. My

rose of youth was dew - im-pearled, But now it with - ers in the blast. I
heart shall nev - er, nev - er rove, Thou art my on - ly guid - ing star. For

dim. *p*

see thy face in ev - 'ry dream, My wak - ing thoughts are full of thee; Thy
me the past has no re - gret, What - e'er the years may bring to me; I

glance is in the star - ry beam That falls a - long the sum - mer sea.
bless the hour when first we met, The hour that gave me love and thee.

rit.

mf *a tempo*

Oh, Gen - e - vieve, sweet Gen - e - vieve, The days may come, the days may go, But

p *rall.*

still the hands of mem - 'ry weave The bliss - ful dreams of long a - go.

G. CLIFTON BINGHAM J. L. MOLLOY

Andante

p

1. Once in the dear, dead days be - yond re - call, When on the world the mists be - gan to fall,
2. E - ven to - day we hear Love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it dwells for - ev - er - more;

mf

Out of the dreams that rose in hap - py throng, Low to our hearts Love sang an old sweet song;
Foot-steps may fal - ter, wea - ry grow the way, Still we can hear it at the close of day;

p *rit.*

And in the dusk where fell the fire-light gleam, Soft - ly it wove it - self in - to our dream.
So, till the end when life's dim shad-ows fall, Love will be found the sweetest song of all.

REFRAIN

p a tempo

Just a song at twi-light, when the lights are low, And the flick-'ring shad-ows

soft - ly come and go; Though the heart be wea - ry, sad the day and long,

Still to us at twi - light Comes Love's old song, Comes Love's old sweet song.

O TEMPORA! O MORES!

TRADITIONAL — STUDENT COLLECTION

Allegro

mf UNISON — *f* PARTS

1. There went a fid-dler march-ing, A-march-ing on the Nile, O Tem-po-
2. Then up the fid-dler took at once His cun-ning bow with care, O Tem-po-
3. And when the fid-dle sound-ed Be-neath his skill-ful hands, O Tem-po-

mf UNISON

ra! O Mor-es! There crept from out the wa-ter A mon-strous croc-o-
ra! O Mor-es! And from his an-cient fid-dle drew Such tones of mu-sic
ra! O Mor-es! The croc-o-dile be-gan to dance Up-on the des-ert

f PARTS — *mp*

dile, O Tem-po-ra! O Mor-es! And as it fain would
rare, O Tem-po-ra! O Mor-es! Al-le-gro, dol-ce,
sands. O Tem-po-ra! O Mor-es! Qua-drilles, ga-vottes, and

swal-low him, Such teeth you nev-er saw! Fa-la-la-la-la-la, O
pres-to, Such tunes you nev-er saw! Fa-la-la-la-la-la, O
waltz-es, Such steps you nev-er saw! Fa-la-la-la-la-la, O

cres. — *f* — *poco rit.*

Tem-po tem-po-ra, To thee be praise for end-less days Dame Mu-sic-a!
Tem-po tem-po-ra, To thee be praise for end-less days Dame Mu-sic-a!
Tem-po tem-po-ra, To thee be praise for end-less days Dame Mu-sic-a!

SPINNING SONG

ANONYMOUS — CARL REINECKE

Allegretto

p

1. Spin, maid-en, spin! Be hap-py thoughts with-in; Rare thy clust-'ring, gold-en hair,
2. Sing, maid-en, sing! Be good in ev-'ry-thing; Let thy spin-ning mer-ry be,

Years make thee both wise and fair! Spin, maid-en, spin! Spin, maid-en, spin!
End in hap-pi-ness for thee. Sing, maid-en, sing! Sing, maid-en, sing!

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON

ROBERT BURNS — JAMES E. SPILMAN

Andante
mp

1. Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, a-mang thy green braes; Flow gen-tly, I'll sing thee a
2. How loft-y sweet Af-ton, thy neigh-bor-ing hills, Far marked with the cours-es of
3. Thy crys-tal stream, Af-ton, how love-ly it glides, And winds by the cot where my

song in thy praise; My Ma-ry's a-sleep by thy mur-mur-ing stream, Flow gen-tly, sweet
clear-wind-ing rills! There dai-ly I wan-der, as morn ris-es high, My flocks and my
Ma-ry re-sides! How wan-ton thy wa-ters her snow-y feet lave, As, gath-'ring sweet

p

Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream. Thou stock-dove, whose ech-o re-sounds from the
Ma-ry's sweet cot in my eye. How pleas-ant thy banks and green val-leys be-
flow-'rets, she stems thy clear wave! Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, a-mang thy green

cres. *f*

hill, Ye wild whist-ling black-birds in yon thorn-y dell, Thou green-crest-ed
low, Where wild in the wood-lands the prim-ros-es blow! There oft, as mild
braes, Flow gen-tly, sweet riv-er, the theme of my lays; My Ma-ry's a-

lap-wing, thy scream-ing for-bear, I charge you, dis-turb not my slum-ber-ing fair.
eve-ning creeps o-ver the lea, The sweet-scent-ed birk shades my Ma-ry and me.
sleep by thy mur-mur-ing stream, Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream.

DIXIE

American Folk Song

DAN D. EMMETT

DAN D. EMMETT

Allegro

mf UNISON

1. I · wish I was in the land of cot-ton, Old times there are not for-got-ten, Look a-
2. There buck-wheat cakes and · In-dian bat-ter Make you fat or a lit-tle fat-ter, Look a-

way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land! In Dix-ie Land where I was born ·
way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land! Then hoe it down and · scratch your gravel, to

f

Ear-ly on one frost-y morn, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land!
Dix-ie's Land I'm bound to travel, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land!

PARTS

f

Then I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! In · · Dix-ie Land I'll

take my stand To live and die in Dix-ie, A-way, (a-way) a-way, (a-way) A-

way down South in Dix-ie, A-way, (a-way) A-way, (a-way) A-way down South in Dix-ie.

STUDENT COLLECTION

Allegretto
mf

1. In Brook-lyn cit-y there lived a maid And she was known to fame, · Her moth-er's name was Ma-ry Ann, And hers was Ma-ry Jane; · And ev-'ry Sat-ur-day morn-ing She · used to go o-ver the riv-er, And · went · to mar-ket where she sold eggs, And sau-sag-es, like-wise liv-er. ·
2. She fell in love with a char-coal man, Mc Clos-key was his name, · His fight-ing weight was sev-en stone ten, And he loved sweet Ma-ry Jane; · He took her to ride in his char-coal car On a fine · St. Pat-rick's day, · But the don-key took fright at a Jer-sey man, And start-ed to run a-way. · ·

mf CHORUS

For oh! · For oh! · He was my dar-ling boy! · For he was the lad with the au-burn hair, And his name was Mi-chael Roy!

STUDENT COLLECTION

Allegretto
mf

1. When I was a lad I had cause to be sad, A · ver - y good friend I did lose, O! I · war - rant you, Dan, You have heard of this man, His name it was Rob - in - son Cru - soe. Oh, Rob - in - son Cru - soe! Oh, poor Rob - in - son Cru - soe! He went off to sea, and be - tween you and me, Old Nep - tune wreck'd Rob - in - son Cru - soe.

2. But he saved from a - board an old gun and a sword, And an - oth - er odd mat - ter or two, so That by dint of his thrift He just man - aged to shift And keep a - live Rob - in - son Cru - soe. Oh, Rob - in - son Cru - soe! Oh, poor Rob - in - son Cru - soe! Wheth - er tem - pest or Turk, or wild man, or work, No mat - ter to Rob - in - son Cru - soe.

BLOW THE MAN DOWN

SAILORS' CHANTEY

Spiritoso
f

1. Come, all ye young fel - lows that fol - low the sea, With a
2. On · board the Black Ball - er I first served my time, With a
3. 'Tis · lar - board and star - board, you jump to the call, With a

yeo - ho!

yeo - heave ho! we'll blow the man down! And please pay at - ten - tion and
yeo - heave ho! we'll blow the man down! And in the Black Ball - er I
yeo - heave ho! we'll blow the man down! When Kick - ing Jack Wil - liams com -

lis - ten to me, Give us some time to blow the man down!
wast - ed my time, Give us some time to blow the man down!
mands the Black Ball, Give us some time to blow the man down!

THE FIR-TREE

Paraphrase from the German by
IDA M. BUNTING

GERMAN FOLK SONG

Allegro

mf

1. O Fir - tree green, O Fir - tree tall, Deep in the wood-land grow - ing; On
2. O friend of mine, O faith - ful friend! Thy loy - al - ty I'll cher - ish; Though

mp

gen - tle flow'rs a - bout thy feet A grate - ful shade be - stow - ing! Not
for - tune fail and dis - tance part, Our friend - ship can - not per - ish. The

sum-mer's heat, nor win-ter's chill Can bow thy head, thy ver - dure kill, O
Fir - tree green, the no - ble tree, A sym - bol of our trust shall be; O

mf

Fir - tree green, O Fir - tree tall, Deep in the wood - land grow - ing.
friend of mine, O faith - ful friend! Thy loy - al - ty I'll cher - ish.

REUBEN AND RACHEL

HARRY BIRCH

WILLIAM GOOCH

Allegro
mf

1. Reu - ben, Reu - ben, I've been think - ing, What a queer world this would be
2. Reu - ben, Reu - ben, I've been think - ing, Life would be so eas - y then;
3. Reu - ben, Reu - ben, I've been think - ing, If we went be - yond the seas,

If the men were all trans - port - ed Far be - yond the North - ern Sea!
What a love - ly world this would be If there were no tire - some men!
All the men would fol - low aft - er Like a swarm of bum - ble - bees!

Ra - chel, Ra - chel, I've been think - ing, What a queer world this would be
Ra - chel, Ra - chel, I've been think - ing, Life would be so eas - y then;
Ra - chel, Ra - chel, I've been think - ing, If we went be - yond the seas,

If the girls were all trans - port - ed Far be - yond the North - ern Sea!
What a love - ly world this would be If you'd leave it to the men.
All the girls would fol - low aft - er Like a swarm of hon - ey - bees.

Too - ral - loo - ral - loo, Too - ral - loo - ral, Too - ral - loo - ral - loo, Too - ral - lee,
Too - ral - loo - ral - loo, Too - ral - loo - ral, Too - ral - loo - ral - loo, Too - ral - lee,
Too - ral - loo - ral - loo, Too - ral - loo - ral, Too - ral - loo - ral - loo, Too - ral - lee,

If the girls were all trans - port - ed Far be - yond the North - ern Sea!
What a love - ly world this would be If you'd leave it to the men!
All the girls would fol - low aft - er Like a swarm of hon - ey - bees!

ANNIE LAURIE
Scotch Folk Song

LADY JOHN SCOTT — LADY JOHN SCOTT

Allegretto
mp

1. Max - well - ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the · dew; And it's
2. Her · brow is like the snaw-drift, Her neck is like the · swan; Her ·

there that An - nie Lau-rie Gave me her prom-ise true; Gave me her prom-ise true, Which
face it is the fair-est That e'er the sun shone on; That e'er the sun shone on, And

p

ne'er for-got will be, And for bon-nie An - nie · Lau-rie, I'd · lay · me doon an' dee.
dark blue is her e'e, And for bon-nie An - nie · Lau-rie, I'd · lay · me doon an' dee.

AULD LANG SYNE

ROBERT BURNS — SCOTCH FOLK SONG

Allegro
mf

1. Should auld ac-quain-tance be for-got And nev - er brought to mind? Should auld ac-quain-tance
2. And here's a hand, my trust - y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll take a cup o'

REFRAIN

be for - got, And days of auld lang syne? For auld · lang · syne, my dear, For
kind - ness yet, For auld · lang · syne.

auld · lang · syne; We'll take a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld · lang · syne.

M. Louise Baum

Arthur S. Sullivan
Arranged from "Pinafore"

Andantino

p

1. O - ver the bright blue sea · A ban - ner is fly - ing
2. O - ver the bright blue sea · Our sail - ors are bound the

f

proud and bright, And all · the na - tions wel - come Stars · and stripes that
world a - round; The far - thest shores of o - cean Know · their voic - es'

p

stand for right. O - ver the blue sea sail - ing, Goes our peace - ful fleet in shin - ing
cheer - y sound. O - ver the sea they're roam - ing, Arc - tic seas to far Pa - cif - ic

f *p*

white; Hon - or and thanks un - fail - ing Greet the flag that stands for peace and
isle; All · who be - hold their com - ing Greet the sail - or lads with shout and

dim. *pp*

right, Greet the flag that stands for peace and right.
smile, Greet the sail - or lads with shout and smile.

ALOHA OE

Paraphrase from the Original by
Ida M. Bunting

Queen Liliuokalani

Espressivo

p Sop. and Alto

1. Soft the cloud that veils the mountain's height, The west - ern wind now fills our sail,
2. Ev - 'ry flow'r re-minds me of thy face, Though fair - er than the flow'rs thou art;
3. What though part - ing bring a sud - den tear, Sweet thoughts of thee will cheer my way.

And a song is borne a-cross the night, Breath-ing mem-'ries of love which can-not fail.
Ev-'ry dew-drop spar-kles with a trace Of the light thou hast shed up-on my heart.
Friend-ly trust will ban-ish ev-'ry fear, Friend-ly light lead me back to thee some day.

PARTS

"Fare-well to thee, fare-well to thee", The brood-ing hills give back the sad re-frain; "May

rit.

Heav-en guard and keep our love so true, Un-til we meet a-gain."

HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE

German Folk Song

HELMINE VON CHEZY — FRIEDRICH KÜCKEN

Con espressione

p

1. How can I leave thee? How can I from thee part? Thou on-ly
2. Blue is a flow-'ret Called the "For-get-me-not," Wear it up-
3. Would I a bird-were! Soon at thy side to be; Fal-con nor

hast my heart, Sis-ter, be-lieve. Thou hast this soul of mine
on thy heart And think of me! Flow-'ret and hope may die,
hawk would fear, Speed-ing to thee. When, by the fowl-er slain,

So close-ly bound to thine, No oth-er can I love Save thee a-lone.
Yet love with us shall stay; That can-not pass a-way, Sis-ter, be-lieve.
I at thy feet should lie, Thou sad-ly shouldst complain, Joy-ful I'd die.

BELIEVE ME

THOMAS MOORE — IRISH FOLK TUNE

Andantino
mp

1. Be - lieve me, if all those en - dear - ing young charms, Which I gaze on so fond - ly to - day, · Were to change by to - mor - row and fleet in my arms, Like · fair - y gifts fad - ing a - way, · Thou wouldst still be a - dored, as this mo - ment thou art, Let thy love - li - ness fade as it will, · · And a - round the dear ru - in each wish of my heart Would en - twine it - self ver - dant - ly still. ·
2. It · is not while beau - ty and youth are thine own, And thy cheek un - pro - faned by a tear, · That the fer - vor and faith of a soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more dear; · No, the heart that has tru - ly loved nev - er for - gets, But as tru - ly loves on to the close, · · As the sun - flow - er turns on her god, when he sets, The same look which she turn'd when he rose. ·

THE LORELEI

German Folk Song

HEINRICH HEINE
Translated

FRIEDRICH SILCHER

Andante
p

1. I know · not what · it mean - eth, That I so sad · should be, · A
2. A fair · and love - ly maid - en Doth sit up - on · the height; · A -
3. A boat - man whose skiff is so ti - ny The wa - ter deep doth lave, · En -

leg - end quaint and plain - tive Is ev - er haunt - ing me. The
comb - ing her gold - en tress - es; Her jew - els daz - zle the sight. Her
tranced by song and sing - er, Heeds not the rock nor the wave. I

mf *piu mosso*

air is cool, the day wan - eth, And calm - ly flows the Rhine; The
gold - en comb, too, glis - tens And as she combs her hair, She
fear me the craft and the boat - man En - gulfed by bil - lows high, Be -

a tempo

top of the moun - tain gleam - eth, For still the sun doth shine.
sings a song so won - drous, Its rich tones fill the air.
cause of the Lore - lei's sing - ing Be - neath the wave may lie.

THE LITTLE OLD RED SHAWL

STUDENT COLLECTION

Andante
mp

1. Oh, that lit - tle old red shawl, That lit - tle old red shawl, That
2. On the night be - fore she died She called me to her side And

lit - tle old red shawl my moth - er wore; It was tat-terd, it was torn, It showed
gave to me that lit - tle old red shawl. Oh, that lit - tle old red shawl, Oh, that

signs of be - ing worn, That lit - tle old red shawl my moth - er wore.
lit - tle old red shawl, That lit - tle old red shawl my moth - er wore.

WE MEET AGAIN TONIGHT

STUDENT COLLECTION

Vivace
mf

Let mel-o-dy flow, · ·

1. We meet a-gain to-night, boys, with mirth and song; · Let
2. Where hand to hand its greet-ing so kind-ly gives, · Let

· · · · Wher-ev-er we go, · · · · ·

mel-o-dy flow, Wher-ev-er we go, We dwell in friend-ship,
mel-o-dy flow, Wher-ev-er we go, Where hope is nev-er

ev-er so true and strong, · And sor-row nev-er know. · ·
dy-ing, and friend-ship lives, · True hearts will ev er know. · ·

p

1.&2. We'll laugh and sing, and mer-ry be, and mer-ry be, to-night, my boys, We'll

f

We'll laugh · · · and sing, · · and mer-ry be, to-night, · · With

laugh and sing, and mer-ry be, and mer-ry be, to-night; We'll laugh and sing, and

nev-er a sor-row near, boys, nev-er a fall-ing tear; · We'll laugh · · and

mer-ry be, and mer-ry be, to-night, my boys, And mer-ry be, and

sing, · · and mer-ry be, to-night, · · With nev-er a sor-row

after second stanza

D.C.

rit.

mer-ry be, and mer-ry be. · Wel-come the time, my boys, · we meet a - gain. ·

near boys, mer-ry be. ·

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

SAMUEL WOODWORTH

SAMUEL WOODWORTH

Andante
mf

1. How dear to my heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond rec-ol-lec-tion pre-sents them to view!
   The or-chard, the mead-ow, the deep, tan-gled wild-wood, And ev-'ry loved spot which my in-fan-cy knew;
2. The moss-cov-ered buck-et I hailed as a treas-ure, For of-ten at noon when re-turned from the field,
   I found it the source of an ex-quis-ite pleas-ure, The pur-est and sweet-est that na-ture can yield.

The wide-spread-ing pond, and the mill that stood by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat-a-ract fell; The cot of my fa-ther, the dai-ry house nigh it, And e'en the rude buck-et that hung in the well. The
How ar-dent I seized it, with hands that were glow-ing, And quick to the white-peb-bled bot-tom it fell; Then soon, with the em-blem of truth o-ver-flow-ing, And drip-ping with cool-ness, it rose from the well. The

old oak-en buck-et, The i-ron-bound buck-et, The moss-cov-ered buck-et that hung in the well.
old oak-en buck-et, The i-ron-bound buck-et, The moss-cov-ered buck-et that hung in the well.

OLD BLACK JOE

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Poco adagio
p

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay, · Gone are my friends from the
2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? · Why do I sigh that my
3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The chil - dren so dear that I

cot - ton fields a - way; Gone from the earth to a bet - ter land I know, I
friends come not a - gain? Griev - ing for forms now de - part - ed long a - go, I
held up - on my knee? Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go, I

CHORUS

hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"
hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe!" I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my
hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"

head is bend - ing low; I hear those gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"

FAR AWAY

M. LINDSAY

Andante
mf

1. Where is now the mer - ry par - ty I re - mem - ber long a - go, Laugh - ing
2. Some have gone to lands far dis - tant And with stran - gers made their home; Some up -

round the Christmas fire-side, Bright-ened by its rud - dy glow; Or in sum-mer's balm - y
on the world of wa - ters All their lives are forced to roam; Some are gone from us for -

eve-nings, In the field up-on the hay? They have all dis-persed and wan-der'd Far a-
ev-er, Long-er here they might not stay; They have reached a fair-er re-gion Far a-

way, far a-way, They have all dis-persed and wan-der'd Far a-way, far a-way.
way, far a-way, They have reach'd a fair-er re-gion Far a-way, far a-way.

LUISELLA'S GARDEN

English version by
LOUISE MAEDER BRAY

ITALIAN FOLK SONG

Allegro con gioia

1. There is a gard'ner coy and sweet, She is called Lu-i-sel-la; She lives at A-re-
2. In this her na-tive vil-lage, No maid-en can com-pare With her in grace and

nel-la, Close by a shad-y street. Her gar-den she gives dai-ly care, Her
sweet-ness, She's fair-est of the fair. O would that I could steal thee, Thine

ros-es bloom so gai-ly there: O Lu-i-sel-la, this fair morn, Pray do not tease and
eyes thou might use free-ly: O Lu-i-sel-la, this fair morn, Pray do not tease and

lead me on, O Lu-i-sel-la, this fair morn, Pray do not lead me on.
lead me on, O Lu-i-sel-la, this fair morn, Pray do not lead me on.

STUDENT COLLECTION

Vivo *mf* SOP. AND ALTO PARTS

1. 'Twas Fri - day · morn · when we · set · sail, And we were not · far from the
2. Then up spake the cap-tain of our · gal-lant ship, And a well - spok - en man was ·
3. Then up spake the cook · of our · gal-lant ship, And a red - hot · cook was ·
4. Then three times a - round went our · gal-lant ship, And · three times a-round went ·

SOP. AND ALTO PARTS

land, When the cap - tain · spied a · love - ly mer-maid, With a comb and a glass in her
he; "I have mar - ried a wife in · Sa - lem · town, And to - night she a wid - ow will
he; "I · care much · more for my ket-tles and my pots Than I do for the depths of the
she, Then three times a-round went · our · gal-lant ship And she sank to the depths of the

f CHORUS

hand.
be."
sea."
sea.

Oh, the o - cean waves may roll, And the storm - y winds may blow, While

we poor sail - ors go skip-ping to the tops, And the land lub-bers lie down be -

low, be - low, be - low, And the land lub - bers lie down be - low.

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR

STUDENT COLLECTION

Moderato *mf*

1. There's mu-sic in the air, · When the in - fant morn is nigh, And faint its blush is seen ·
2. There's mu-sic in the air, · When the noon-tide's sul-try beam Re-flects a gold-en light ·
3. There's mu-sic in the air, · When the twi-light's gen-tle sigh Is lost on eve-ning's breast,

On the bright and laugh-ing sky. Many a harp's ec - stat - ic sound Thrills us with its
On the dis - tant moun-tain stream. When be-neath some grate-ful shade Sor - row's ach - ing
As its pen-sive beau-ties die; Then, oh then, the loved ones gone Wake the pure ce -

mp

joy pro - found, While we list, en - chant - ed there, To the mu-sic in the air.
head is laid, Sweet - ly to the spir - it there Comes the mu-sic in the air.
les - tial song; An - gel - ic voic - es greet us there In the mu-sic in the air.

FORSAKEN

Student Collection

THOMAS KOSCHAT

Lento
p

1. For - sak - en, for - sak - en, for - sak - en am I, Like a
2. A mound in the church-yard, that blos - soms hang o'er, It is

stone in the cause-way my bur - ied hopes lie; I go to the
there my love sleep - eth to wak - en no more; 'Tis there all my

cres. *f* *p*

church-yard, my eyes filled with tears, And kneel - ing I weep there, O my
foot - steps, my pas - sions all lead; And there my heart turn - eth,—I'm for -

cres. *pp* *rit.*

love, loved for years; And kneel-ing I weep there, O my love, loved for years.
sak - en in - deed; And there my heart turn - eth,—I'm for - sak - en in - deed.

REQUEST

NIKOLAUS LENAU
Translated

ROBERT FRANZ
Arranged by H. S. LEAVITT

Sostenuto

p UNISON

1. Turn on me thine eyes' dark ra - diance, Flood my heart with ten - der · light,
2. Stars a - shine in · heav - ens lone - ly, Oft · in dreams are friend - lier · grown;

PARTS *cres.* *dim.*

Ear - nest, mild, in · dream - like glo - ries, Like a · star - lit, bound - less night.
So thine eyes, a · dis - tant splen - dor, Close to · mine in dreams I've known.

p

Weave a spell of · dark - ling mag - ic, Spir - it me to worlds a - far,
Eyes that search my · in - most be - ing, Read - ing there my loy - al · vow,

dim.

Where - in thou a - lone shalt rule me, Maid - en, thou my guid - ing star!
Deep - er glow in · sweet sur - ren - der, Dark eyes, would that dream were now!

THE VOICE OF THE BELL

DENIS A. MCCARTHY

STUDENT COLLECTION

Allegro

mf SOLO *f* CHORUS

1. There is a voice that is ev - er, ev - er call - ing, Hark, 'tis the bell a - ring - ing,
2. Out of our eyes we must rub a - way the slum - ber, Hark, 'tis the bell a - ring - ing,

mf SOLO

ding - a - ding - dong! Not ver - y pleas - ing, on the ear a - fall - ing,
ring - a - ding - dong! Clear out the cob - webs, cast a - way the lum - ber,

f CHORUS *mf* SOLO

Hark, 'tis the bell a - ring - ing, ding - a - ding dong! First thing at morn - ing
Hark, 'tis the bell a - ring - ing, ring - a - ding dong! List to its peal - ing,

it be-gins to wake us, Then through the day from dream - i - ness to shake us,
hear it in the morn - ing; No use at all pre - tend - ing to be scorn - ing!

CHORUS

Tries ver - y hard of our la - zy ways to break us,— Dong, ding - a - dong, ding - a -
While through the day 'tis a ver - y voice of warn - ing,— Dong, ding - a - dong, ding - a -

cres. *f*

dong, dong, dong, dong, Hark, 'tis the bell a - ring - ing, ring - a - ding dong!
dong, dong, dong, dong, Hark, 'tis the bell a - ring - ing, ring - a - ding dong!

HOME, SWEET HOME

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE HENRY R. BISHOP

Andante *p*

1. 'Mid · pleas-ures and pal - a - ces · though we may roam, A ·
Be it ev - er so hum - ble, There's no · place like home. Which,

2. An · ex - ile from home, splen-dor daz - zles in vain; The ·
Oh, · give me my low - ly thatched cot - tage a - gain. Give me

f There's

mf 1. 2. *Fine* *p* *D. S. al Fine*

charm from the skies seems to hal - low us there,
seek through the world is not met with else - where. Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
birds sing - ing gay - ly that come at my call,
them with that peace of mind dear - er than all. Home! home! sweet, sweet home!

no place like home, There's no place like home.

TENTING TONIGHT

WALTER KITTREDGE — WALTER KITTREDGE

Tempo di marcia

mf

1. We're · tent-ing to-night on the old camp ground, Give us a song to cheer Our · wea - ry hearts, a song of · home And · friends we love so dear.
2. We've been tent-ing to-night on the old camp ground, Think-ing of days gone by, Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand, And the tear · that said "good-bye."
3. We're · tired · of war on the old camp ground, Man-y are dead and gone, Of the brave · and true who've left their homes, · · Oth-ers been wound-ed long.

CHORUS

Man-y are the hearts that are wea-ry to-night, Wish-ing for the war to cease;
Man-y are the hearts that are look-ing for the right, To see the dawn of peace. Tent-ing to-night, tent-ing to-night, Tent-ing on the old camp ground.

p

THE LITTLE DUSTMAN

Translated — JOHANNES BRAHMS

Andante e dolce

p

1. The flow-'rets all are sleep-ing Be - neath the moon's bright ray; They
2. The birds that sang so sweet-ly When noon-day sun · rose high, With-
3. Now see the lit-tle sand-man At the win-dow shows his head, And

mp

nod their heads to - geth - er And dream the night a - way. The ·
in their nests are sleep - ing, Now night is draw - ing nigh. The ·
looks for all good chil - dren Who ought to be · in bed; And ·

poco piu mosso

bud - ding trees wave to · · and fro, And · mur - mur soft and
crick - et, as it moves · a - long, A - lone gives forth its
as each wea - ry pet · · he spies, Throws sand in - to its

rit. *pp*

low. Sleep · on, sleep · on, · sleep on, my · lit - tle one.
song. Sleep · on, sleep · on, · sleep on, my · lit - tle one.
eyes. Sleep · on, sleep · on, · sleep on, my · lit - tle one.

AURA LEE

STUDENT COLLECTION

Dolce *p* UNISON

PARTS

1. As the black-bird in the spring, · 'Neath the wil - low tree, · Sat and pip'd, I
2. On her cheek the rose was born; 'Twas mu - sic when she spake; · In her eyes the

mf CHORUS

heard him sing, · Sing of Au - ra Lee. Au - ra Lee, Au - ra Lee,
rays of morn With sud - den splen-dor break.

Maid of gold - en hair! Sun-shine came a - long with thee, And swal-lows in the air.

AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL*

KATHARINE LEE BATES — WILL C. MACFARLANE

Maestoso
f UNISON

1. O beau - ti - ful for spa-cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain, For
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil-grim feet Whose stern im - pas - sioned stress A
3. O beau - ti - ful for he-roes proved In lib - er - a - ting strife, Who
4. O beau - ti - ful for pa-triot dream That sees be-yond the years Thine

pur - ple moun - tain maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain! A -
thor - ough-fare for free-dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness! A -
more than self their coun-try loved, And mer - cy more than life! A -
al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam Un - dimmed by hu - man tears! A -

mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee, And
mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw, Con -
mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine, Till
mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee, And

crown thy good with broth - er - hood, From sea to shin - ing sea!
firm thy soul in self - con - trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
all suc - cess be no - ble - ness, And ev - 'ry gain di - vine!
crown thy good with broth - er - hood, From sea to shin - ing sea!

REFRAIN
molto maestoso

A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee!

rit.

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O MOTHER DEAR, JERUSALEM

Founded on "F. B. P." in MS., 16th Cent.

Materna

SAMUEL A. WARD

Andante
mf

1. O Moth-er dear, Je - ru-sa - lem! When shall I come to thee? · When shall my sor- rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see? · O hap - py har - bor of the saints! O sweet and pleas-ant soil! · In thee no sor - row may be found, No grief, no care, no toil.
2. Thy walks are made of pre-cious stones, Thy bulwarks diamonds square; Thy gates are of right o - rient pearl, Ex-ceed-ing rich and rare. · Thy tur - rets and thy pin-na-cles With car - bun-cles do shine; Thy ver - y streets are paved with gold, Sur-pass-ing clear and fine.
3. Thy gar-dens and thy gal-lant walks Con - tin-ual - ly are pleas-ant flow'rs As no-where else are seen. · Quite through the streets, with sil-ver sound, The flood of life doth flow; · Up - on whose bank on ev - 'ry side The wood of life doth grow.

I HEARD THE BELLS

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

Waltham

JOHN B. CALKIN

Animato
mf

1. I heard the bells on Christ-mas day Their old fa - mil - iar car - ols play, And wild and sweet the words re-peat Of peace on earth, good will to men.
2. I thought how, as the day had come, The bel-fries of all Chris - ten-dom Had rolled a - long the un - bro - ken song Of peace on earth, good will to men.
3. And in de-spair I bowed my head: "There is no peace on earth," I said, "For hate is strong and mocks the song Of peace on earth, good will to men."
4. Then pealed the bells more loud and deep: "God is not dead, nor doth He sleep; The wrong shall fail, the right pre-vail, With peace on earth, good will to men."
5. Till, ring - ing, sing - ing on its way, The world re-volved from night to day, A voice, a chime, a chant sub-lime Of peace on earth, good will to men.

O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL

F. OAKELEY — Adeste Fideles — Essay on Plain Chant

Andante ben marcato — *f*

1. O come, all ye faith-ful, Joy-ful and tri-um-phant, O come ye, O come ye to
2. · Sing, choirs of An-gels, Sing in ex-ul-ta-tion, · Sing, all ye cit-i-zens of
3. · Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this hap-py morn-ing, · Je-sus, to Thee be ·

Beth-le-hem; Come and be-hold Him Born, the King of An-gels;
heav'n a-bove: Glo-ry · to God · In · the · high-est; O come, let us a-
glo-ry giv'n; Word of · the Fa-ther, Now in flesh ap-pear-ing;

mp — *cres.* — *f*

dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him, Christ, the Lord.

cres. — *f*

GOD REST YOU, MERRY GENTLEMEN

TRADITIONAL — Christmas Carol — TRADITIONAL

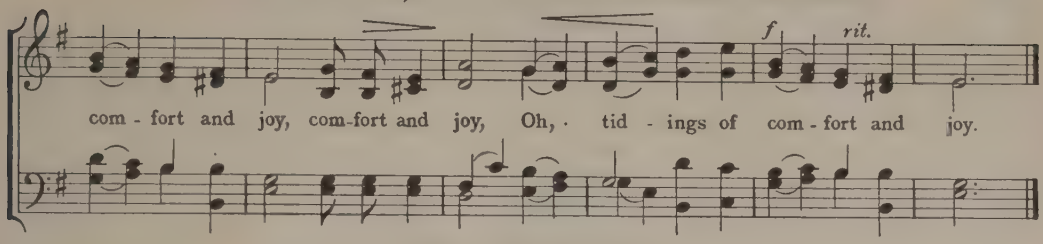
Risoluto — *mf*

1. God rest you, mer-ry gen-tle-men, Let noth-ing you dis-may, Re-
2. In Beth-le-hem in Jew-ry, This bless-ed Babe was born, And
3. From God our heav'n-ly Fa-ther A bless-ed an-gel came; And

mem-ber Christ our Sav-iour Was born on Christ-mas Day; To
laid with-in a man-ger Up-on this bless-ed morn; The
un-to cer-tain shep-herds Brought tid-ings of the same; How

f CHORUS

save us all from Sa-tan's pow'r When we were gone a-stray.
which His moth-er Ma-ry Did noth-ing take in scorn. Oh, · tid-ings of
that in Beth-le-hem was born The Son of God by name.

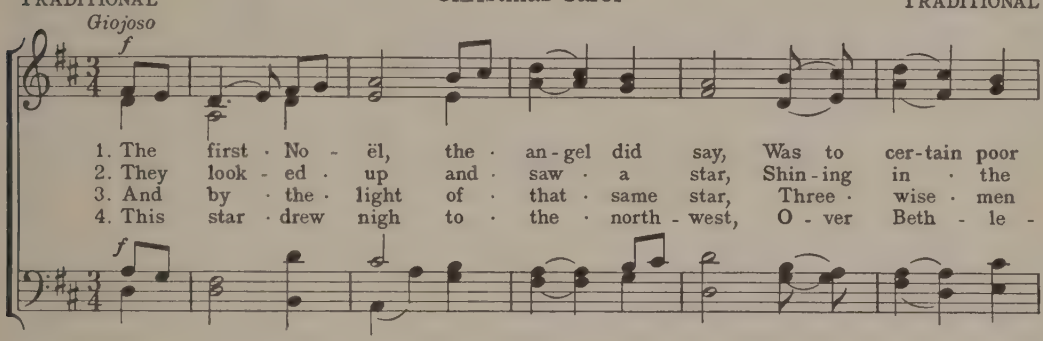


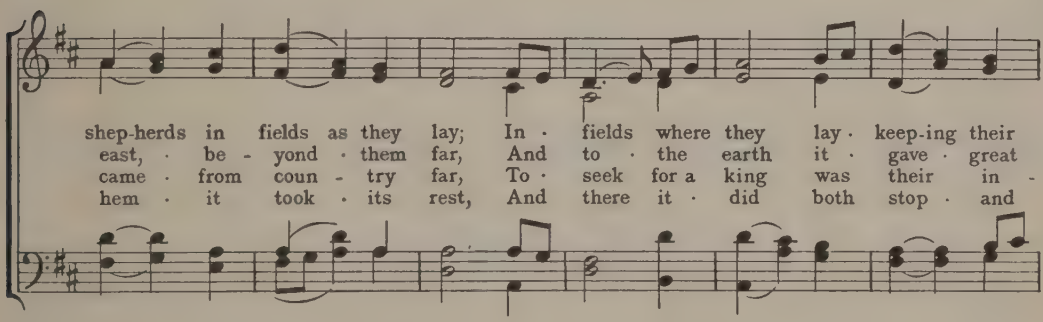
THE FIRST NOËL

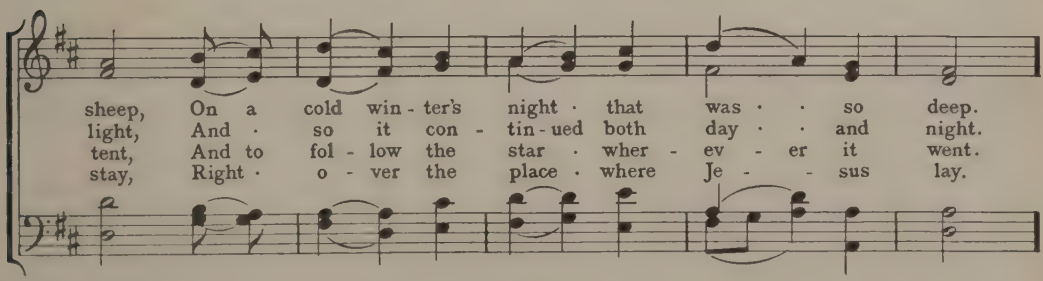
Christmas Carol

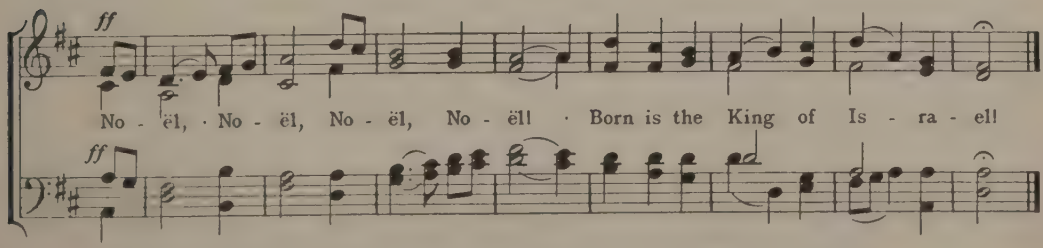
TRADITIONAL — TRADITIONAL

Giojoso









5. Then entered in those wise men three,
Full reverently upon the knee,
And offered there, in His presence,
Their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.

6. Then let us all, with one accord,
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord,
Who hath made heaven and earth of nought,
And with His Blood mankind hath bought.

WE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT

Christmas Carol

REV. J. H. HOPKINS, JR. — REV. J. H. HOPKINS, JR.

Allegro

mf

1. We three Kings of O - ri - ent are, Bear - ing gifts we tra - verse a - far, Field and foun - tain, Moor and moun - tain, Fol - low - ing yon - der star.
2. Glo - rious now, be - hold Him a - rise, King and God and Sac - ri - fice. Heav'n sings Al - le - lu - ia; Al - le - lu - ia the earth re - plies.

Oh, Star of Won - der, Star of Night! Star of Roy - al Beau - ty bright;
West - ward lead - ing, Still pro - ceed - ing, Guide us to Thy per - fect Light.

GOOD KING WENCESLAS

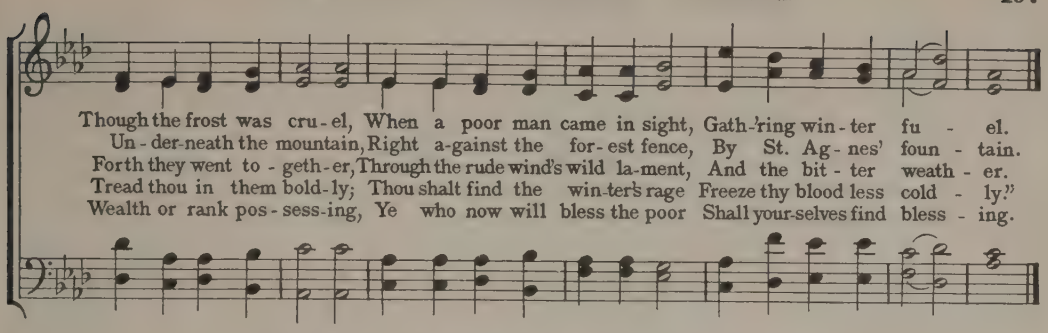
Christmas Carol

J. M. NEALE — TRADITIONAL

Allegro

f

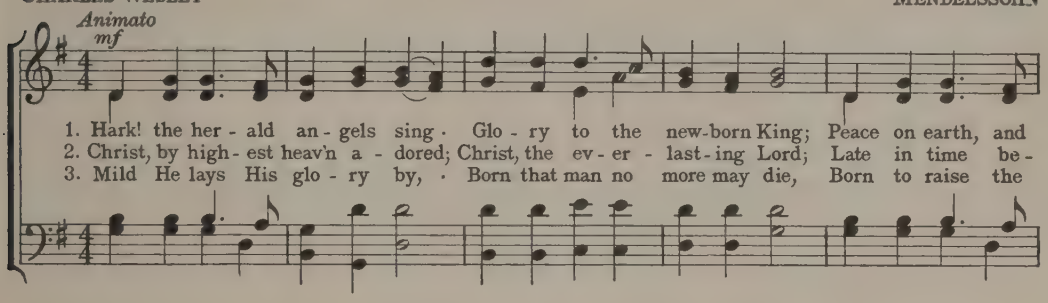
1. Good King Wen - ces - las looked out On the feast of Ste - phen, When the snow lay round a - bout, Deep and crisp and e - ven. Bright - ly shone the moon that night,
2. "Hith - er, page, and stand by me, If thou know'st it, tell - ing, Yon - der peas - ant, who is he? Where and what his dwell - ing?" "Sire, he lives a good league hence,
3. "Bring me flesh and bring me wine, Bring me pine logs hith - er; Thou and I will see him dine, When we bear them thith - er." Page and mon - arch forth they went,
4. "Sire, the night is dark - er now, And the wind blows strong - er; Fails my heart, I know not how, I can go no long - er." "Mark my foot - steps, my good page,
5. In his mas - ter's steps he trod, When the snow lay dint - ed; Heat was in the ver - y sod Which the saint had print - ed. There - fore, Chris - tian men, be sure,

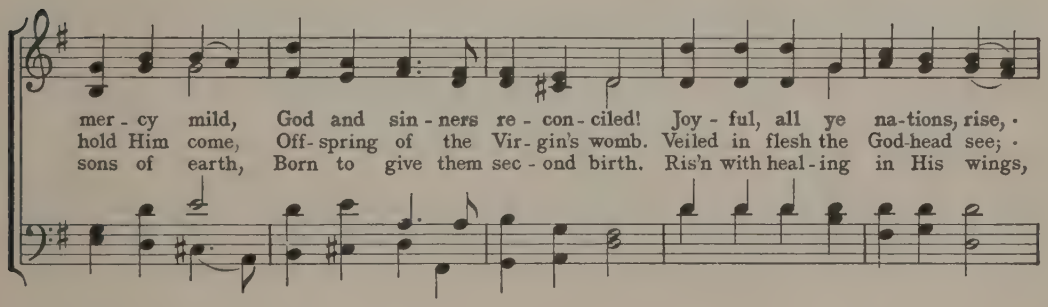


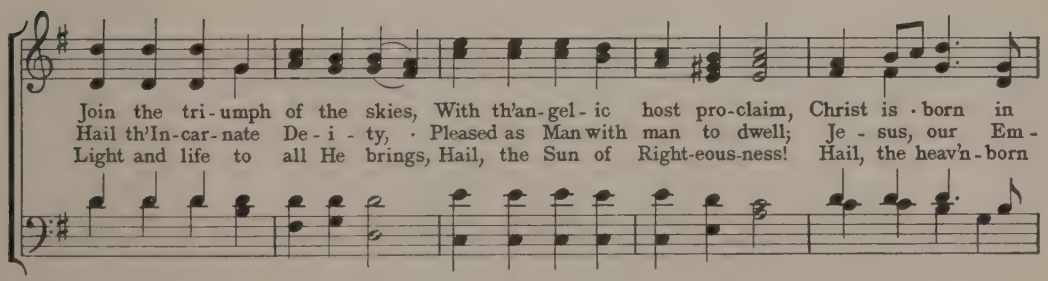
HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING

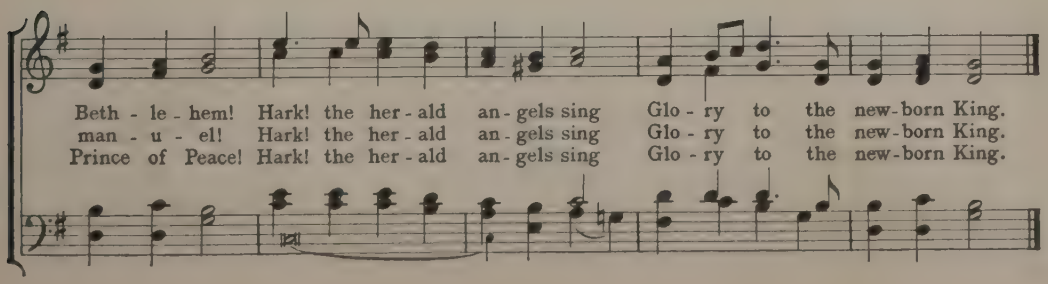
Mendelssohn

CHARLES WESLEY — MENDELSSOHN









O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

St. Louis

PHILLIPS BROOKS — LEWIS REDNER

Dolce cantabile

p

1. O lit - tle town of Beth-le-hem, How still we - see thee lie! A - bove thy deep and
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And gath - ered all a - bove, While mor-tals sleep the
3. How si - lent - ly, how si-lent-ly The won-drous gift is giv'n! So God im-parts to
4. O ho - ly Child of Beth-le-hem, De - scend to - us we pray; Cast out our sin, and

dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by; Yet in thy dark street shin - eth The
an - gels keep Their watch of - won-d'ring love. O morn-ing stars, to - geth - er Pro -
hu - man hearts The bless - ings of His heav'n. No ear may hear His com - ing, But
en - ter in; Be born in - us to - day. We hear the Christ-mas an - gels The

ev - er-last - ing Light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
claim the ho - ly birth, And prais - es sing to God our King, And peace to men on earth!
in this world of sin, Where meek souls will re - ceive Him, still The dear Christ en - ters in.
great glad tid - ings tell; O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em - man - u - el!

SILENT NIGHT

Christmas Carol

J. MOHR, Translated — FRANZ GRUBER, Arranged

Dolce

p

1. Si - lent night, Ho - ly night, All is calm, all is bright Round yon Vir - gin Moth-er and child.
2. Si - lent night, Ho - ly night, Shepherds quake at the sight, Glo - ries stream from heav-en a - far,
3. Si - lent night, Ho - ly night, Son of God, love's pure light Ra-diant beams from Thy ho-ly face,

pp

Ho - ly In-fant, so ten-der and mild, Sleep in heav-en - ly peace, Sleep in heav-en - ly peace!
Heav'n-ly hosts sing Al - le - lu - ia; Christ, the Sav-iour, is born, Christ, the Sav-iour is born!
With the dawn of re - deem-ing grace, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth.

CRADLED ALL LOWLY

Christmas Carol

CHARLES FRANÇOIS GOUNOD
Arranged

Espressivo
p

1. Cra - dled all low - ly, Be - hold the Sa - viour Child, A Be - ing ho - ly In
2. No long - er sor - row, As with - out hope, Oh earth! A bright - er mor - row Dawned

dwell - ing rude and wild! Ne'er yet was re - gal state, Of mon-arch proud and great Who
with that In - fant's birth! Our sins were great and sore, But these the Sav - iour bore, And

grasped a na - tion's fate, So glo - rious as the man - ger bed of Beth - le - hem.
God was wroth no more, His own Son was the child that lay in Beth - le - hem.

IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR

Christmas Carol

EDMUND H. SEARS

RICHARD S. WILLIS

Cantabile
mf

1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old, From an - gels bend - ing
2. Still through the clo - ven skies they come, With peace - ful wings un - furled; And still their heav'n - ly

mf

near the earth To touch their harps of gold. "Peace on the earth, good - will to men, From
mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world. A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They

heav'n's all - gra - cious King;" The world in sol - emn still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.
bend on hov - 'ring wing, And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.

WHAT CHILD IS THIS?

Christmas Carol

ANONYMOUS — OLD ENGLISH MELODY

Andantino
mp

1. What child is this · who, laid to rest, · On Ma - ry's lap · is sleep - ing? Whom
2. So bring Him in - cense, gold, and myrrh, Come peas - ant, king · to own Him; The

an - gels greet with an - thems sweet, While shep - herds watch are keep - ing?
King of Kings sal - va - tion brings; Let lov - ing hearts en - throne Him.

UNISON

This, this · is Christ the King, Whom shep - herds guard, and an - gels sing:
Raise, raise · the song on high; The Vir - gin sings her lull - a - by:

PARTS

Haste, haste · to bring Him laud, · The Babe, · the Son · of Ma - ry.
Joy, joy, · for Christ is born, · The Babe, · the Son · of Ma - ry.

ANGELS WE HAVE HEARD ON HIGH

Christmas Carol

BISHOP CHADWICK — TRADITIONAL FRENCH MELODY

Con moto
mf

1. An - gels we have heard on high, Sweet - ly sing - ing o'er the plains;
2. Shep - herds, why this ju - bi - lee? Why your glad - some strain pro - long?
3. Come to Beth - l'hem, come and see Him whose birth the an - gels sing;

And the moun - tains in re - ply Ech - o still their joy - ous strains.
Say, what may the tid - ings be Which in - spire your heav'n - ly song?
Come, a - dore on bend - ed knee The In - fant Christ, the new - born King.

Glo - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ri - a

in ex - cel - sis De - o, Glo - - - - - - - - - - -

- - - - - - - - ri - a in ex - cel - sis De - - - o.

JOY TO THE WORLD

Antioch

ISAAC WATTS — Arr. from GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL

Spiritoso

mf

1. Joy to the world! The Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let
2. Joy to the earth! Je - ho - vah reigns; Let men their songs em - ploy; While
3. He rules the world with truth and grace And makes the na - tions prove The

mp

ev - 'ry · heart · pre - pare Him room, · And heav'n and na - ture sing, And
fields and · floods, · rocks, hills, and plains, · Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re -
glo - ries · of · His right - eous - ness · And won - ders of His love, And

And heav'n and na - ture
Re - peat the sound - ing
And won - ders of His

cres.

heav'n and na - ture · sing, And heav'n, and heav'n · and na - ture sing.
peat the sound - ing · joy, Re - peat, re - peat · the sound - ing joy.
won - ders of His · love, And won - ders, won - ders of His love.

sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing, · and heav'n and na - ture sing.
joy, Re - peat the sound - ing joy, · re - peat the sound - ing joy.
love, And won - ders of His love, · and won - ders of His love.

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS, LIVING STILL

FREDERICK W. FABER — St. Catherine — HENRI F. HEMY, Altered by JAMES G. WALTON

Sostenuto
mf

1. Faith of our fa - thers, liv - ing still In spite of dun - geon, fire - and sword,
2. Our fa-thers chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and con - science free;
3. Faith of our fa - thers, we - will love Both friend and foe in all - our strife,

O, how our hearts beat high with joy When-e'er we hear that glo - rious word.
And blest would be - their chil-dren's fate, If they, like them, should die - for thee:
And preach thee, too, - as love knows how By kind-ly words and vir - tuous life:

Faith of our fa - thers, ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.

OH, WORSHIP THE KING

ROBERT GRANT — Lyons — FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN

Largo
mp

1. Oh, wor - ship the King, all glo - rious a - bove! Oh, - grate - ful - ly
2. Oh, tell of His might, oh, sing of His grace! Whose robe is the
3. Thy boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It - breathes in the

cres.

sing His pow'r and His love! Our shield and de - fend - er, the
light, whose can - o - py space! His char - iots of wrath the deep
air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de -

An - cient of Days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen-dor and gird - ed with praise.
thun - der-clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
scends to the plains, And sweet - ly dis - tills in the dew - and the rains.

AWAKE MY SOUL, AND WITH THE SUN

THOMAS KEN — Canonbury — Arranged from ROBERT SCHUMANN

Allegro
f

1. A - wake, my soul, and with the · sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run; Shake
2. Di - rect, con-trol, sug - gest, this day, All I de - sign, or do, or say; That

off dull sloth, and · joy - ful rise To pay thy morn - ing · sac - ri - fice.
all my pow'rs with · all their might, In Thy sole glo - ry · may u - nite.

LOVE DIVINE

CHARLES WESLEY — Beecher — JOHN ZUNDEL

Moderato
mf

1. Love Di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down;
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov - ing · Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry trou - bled breast;
3. Come, Al - might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy life re - ceive;

Fix in us Thy hum - ble · dwell - ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown;
Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find the prom - ised rest.
Sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er - more Thy tem - ples leave.

Thou, O Lord, art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed Love Thou art, ·
Take a - way the love of · sin - ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga · be; ·
Thee we would be al - ways bless - ing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove, ·

Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trem - bling heart.
End of faith, as its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
Pray, and praise Thee with - out ceas - ing, Glo - ry in Thy per - fect love.

AS WITH GLADNESS MEN OF OLD

WILLIAM C. DIX — Dix — CONRAD KOCHER

Allegro
mf

1. As with glad - ness men of old Did the guid - ing star be - hold,
2. As with joy - ful steps they sped To that low - ly man - ger - bed,
3. As they of - fered gifts most rare At that man - ger rude and bare;

As with joy they hailed its light, Lead - ing on - ward, beam - ing bright;
There to bend the knee be - fore Him Whom heav'n and earth a - dore,
So may we with ho - ly joy, Pure and free from sin's al - loy,

So, most gra - cious Lord, may we Ev - er - more be led to Thee.
So may we with will - ing feet Ev - er seek the mer - cy - seat.
All our cost - liest treas - ures bring, Christ! to Thee, our heav'n - ly King.

GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH

W. WILLIAMS — Zion — THOMAS HASTINGS

Moderato
p

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim through this bar - ren land; I am
2. O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain, Whence the heal - ing wa - ters flow; Let the

weak, but Thou art might - y, Hold me with Thy pow'r - ful hand; Bread of heav - en, Feed me
fier - y, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney through; Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou

till I want no more; Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.
still my strength and shield; Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.

LEAD ON, O KING ETERNAL

Lancashire

ERNEST W. SHURTLEFF — HENRY SMART

Con moto
mf

1. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, The day of march has come; Hence - forth in fields of
2. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, In us Thy truth in - crease, Till ho - li - ness shall
3. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, We fol - low, not with fears, For glad - ness breaks like

con - quest Thy tents shall be our home; Through days of prep - a - ra - tion Thy
whis - per The sweet A - men of peace; For not with swords, loud - clash - ing, Nor
morn - ing Wher - e'er Thy face ap - pears; Thy ban - ner is be - fore · us; We

grace has made us strong, And now, O King E - ter - nal, We lift our bat - tle song.
roll of stir - ring drums, With deeds of love and mer - cy The heav'n - ly King - dom comes.
jour - ney in its light; · The crown a - waits the con - quest; Lead on, O God of might.

IN HEAVENLY LOVE ABIDING

Webb

ANNA L. WARING — GEORGE J. WEBB

Moderato
mf

1. In heav'n - ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear; And safe is such con -
2. Wher - ev - er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back; My Shep - herd is be -

fid - ing, For noth - ing chan - ges here. The storm may roar with - out me, My
side me, And noth - ing can I lack. His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth, His

heart may low be laid; · But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - mayed.
sight is nev - er dim, · He knows the way He tak - eth, And I will walk with Him.

HOLY IS THE LORD

FANNY J. CROSBY

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

Allegro
mf

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord, Sing, O ye peo - ple,
2. Praise Him, praise Him! Shout a - loud for joy, Watch - man of Zi - on,
3. King e - ter - nal, bless - ed be His name! So may His chil - dren

glad - ly a - dore Him. Let the moun - tains trem - ble at His word;
her - ald the sto - ry; Sin and death His King - dom shall de - stroy;
glad - ly a - dore Him, When in heav'n we join the hap - py strain,

Let the hills be joy - ful be - fore Him; Might - y in wis - dom,
All the earth shall sing of His glo - ry; Praise Him, ye an - gels,
When we cast our bright crowns be - fore Him, There in His like - ness

bound - less in mer - cy, Great is Je - ho - vah, King o - ver all.
ye who be - hold Him Robed in His splen - dor, match - less, di - vine.
joy - ful a - wak - ing, There we shall see Him, there we shall sing.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord, Let the hills be joy - ful be - fore Him.

TEN THOUSAND TIMES TEN THOUSAND

Alford

HENRY ALFORD

JOHN B. DYKES

Grandioso
mf

1. Ten thou - sand times ten thou - sand In spark - ling rai - ment bright,
2. What rush of hal - le - lu - jahs Fills all the earth and sky!

The ar - mies of the ran - somed saints Throng up the steeps of light.
What ring - ing of a thou - sand harps Be - speaks the tri - umph nigh!

'Tis fin - ished! all is fin - ished, Their fight with death and · sin; ·
O day, for which cre - a - tion And all its tribes were · made! ·

Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic - tors in.
O joy, for all its form - er woes A thou - sand fold re - paid.

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY

REGINALD HEBER — Nicaea — JOHN B. DYKES

Moderato
mf

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! · Lord · God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! · All the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! · Though the dark - ness hide Thee, Though the eye of

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; · Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, ·
gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea; · Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim
sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; · On - ly Thou art ho - ly, ·

mer - ci - ful and might - y! Per - fect in pow'r, in · love and pu - ri - ty.
fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and · ev - er - more shalt be.
there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in · love and pu - ri - ty.

IMMORTAL LOVE

Sevenity

JOHN G. WHITTIER — WILLIAM V. WALLACE

Espressivo
mf

1. Im - mor - tal Love, for - ev - er full, For - ev - er flow - ing free,
2. We may not climb the heav'n - ly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;
3. O Lord and Mas - ter of us all, What - e'er our name or sign,

For - ev - er shared, for - ev - er whole, A nev - er - ebb - ing sea!
In vain we search the low - est deeps, For Him no depths can drown.
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call, We test our lives by Thine.

FATHER, AGAIN TO THY DEAR NAME

Ellers

JOHN ELLERTON — EDWARD J. HOPKINS

Con espressione
mp

1. Fa - ther, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac - cord our part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee ere our wor - ship cease; Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace.
2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our home - ward way; With Thee be - gan, with Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on Thy name.
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the com - ing night; Turn Thou for us its dark - ness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger keep Thy chil - dren free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.

COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING

CHARLES WESLEY — Italian Hymn — FELICE DE GIARDINI

Maestoso
mf

1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King; Help us Thy name · to sing,
2. Come, Thou all - gra - cious Lord, By heav'n and earth · a - dored,
3. Nev - er from us · de - part, Rule Thou in ev - 'ry heart,

Help us to praise! Fa - ther, all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
Our pray'r at - tend! Come, and Thy chil - dren bless, Give Thy good
Hence, ev - er - more. Thy sov - 'reign maj - es - ty May we in

to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days.
word suc - cess; Make Thine own ho - li - ness On us de - scend.
glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

O GOD, THE ROCK OF AGES

EDWARD BICKERSTETH — Aurelia — SAMUEL WESLEY

Giusto
mf

1. O God, the Rock of a - ges, Who ev - er-more hast been, What time the tem-pest
2. O Thou, who canst not slum-ber, Whose light grows nev - er pale, Teach us a - right to

rag - es, Our dwell - ing place se - rene; Be - fore Thy first cre - a - tions, O
num - ber Our years be - fore they fail. On us Thy mer - cy light - en, On

Lord, the same as now, To end-less gen-er - a - tions The ev - er-last-ing Thou.
us Thy good-ness rest; And let Thy spir-it bright - en The hearts Thy-self hath blessed.

O LOVE THAT WILT NOT LET ME GO

GEORGE MATHESON — St. Margaret — ALBERT L. PEACE

Sostenuto
mp

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, · · I rest my wea - ry soul in Thee; · I give Thee back the life I owe, · · That in Thine o - cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be.
2. O Light that fol - lowest all my way, · I yield my flick-'ring torch to Thee; · My heart re - stores its bor - rowed ray, · · That in Thy sun-shine's blaze its day May bright - er, fair - er be.
3. O Joy that seek - est me through pain, · I can - not close my heart to Thee; · I trace the rain - bow through the rain, · · And feel the prom-ise is not vain That morn shall tear - less be.

EARTH BELOW IS TEEMING

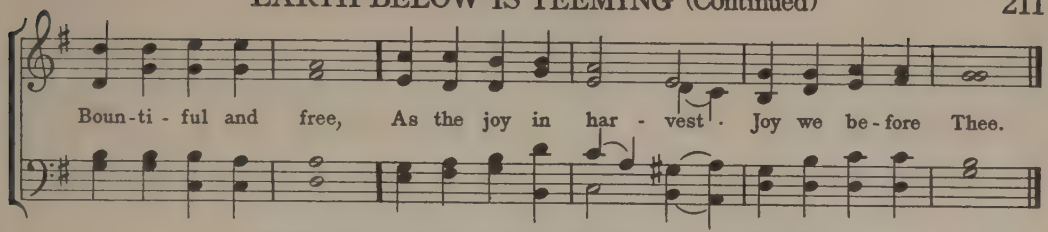
J. S. B. MONSELL — St. Alban — Arranged from HAYDN

Commodo
mf

1. Earth be-low is teem - ing, Heav'n is bright a - bove; Ev-'ry brow is beam-ing In the light of love; Ev-'ry eye re - joic - es, Ev-'ry thought is praise; · Hap-py hearts and voic - es Gladden nights and days.
2. For the sun and show - ers, For the rain and dew, For the nur-turing hours · Spring and Sum-mer knew; For the gold-en Au - tumn, And its pre - cious stores, · For the love that brought them Teeming to our doors.

REFRAIN

O Al-might-y Giv - er! ·

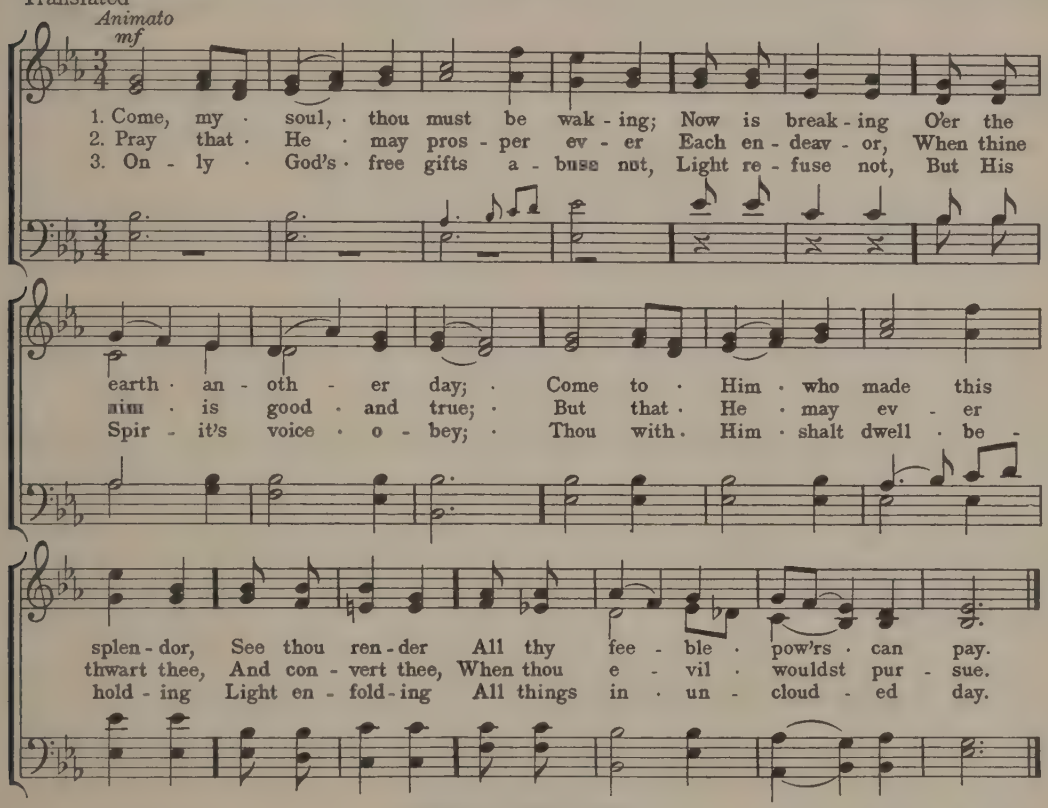


COME, MY SOUL, THOU MUST BE WAKING

F. R. L. VON CANITZ
Translated

Haydn

Arranged from HAYDN

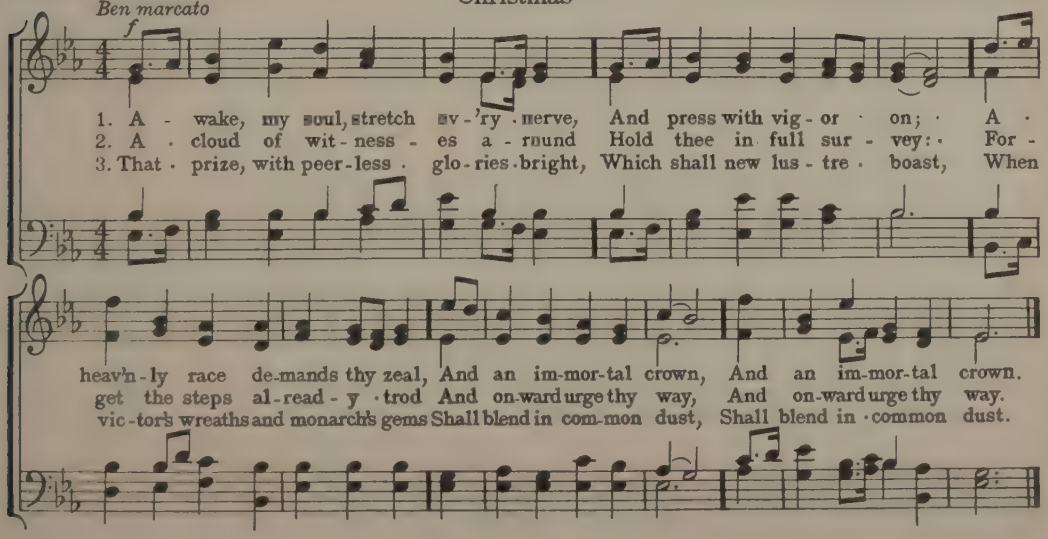


AWAKE, MY SOUL

PHILLIP DODDRIDGE

Christmas

Arranged from HANDEL



THE KING OF LOVE

Dominus Reget Me

HENRY W. BAKER — JOHN B. DYKES

Andantino
mp

1. The King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose good-ness fail-eth nev - er;
2. Where streams of liv-ing wa - ter flow, My ran-somed soul He lead - eth,
3. And so through all the length of days, Thy good-ness fail-eth nev - er;

I noth-ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for - ev - er.
And where the ver-dant pas-tures grow With food ce-les-tial feed - eth.
Good Shep-herd, may I sing Thy praise With-in Thy house for - ev - er.

RISE, MY SOUL

Amsterdam

ROBERT SEAGRAVE — MORAVIAN CHORAL BOOK

Energico
f

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet-ter por-tion trace,
2. Riv-ers to the o-cean run, Nor stay in all their course;

Rise from tran-si-to-ry things Toward heav'n, thy na-tive place;
Fire as-cend-ing seeks the sun; Both speed them to their source;

Sun and moon and stars de-cay, Time shall soon this earth re-move;
So a soul that's born of God Pants to view His glo-rious face,

Rise, my soul, and haste a-way To seats pre-pared a-bove.
Up-ward tends to His a-bode, To rest in His em-brace.

DAY IS DYING IN THE WEST

MARY ANN LATHBURY — Chautauqua — WILLIAM F. SHERWIN

Andantino

p

1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heaven is touch - ing earth with rest;
2. While the deep - 'ning shad - ows fall, Heart of Love, en - fold - ing all,
3. When for - ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night,

Wait and worship while the night Sets her eve-ning lamps a - light Thro' all the sky.
Through the glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as - cend.
Lord of an-gels, on - our eyes Let e - ter - nal morn-ing rise, And shad-ows end.

REFRAIN

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heaven and earth are

mf

full of Thee, Heaven and earth are prais-ing Thee, O Lord Most High!

NOW THE DAY IS OVER

SABINE BARING-GOULD — Guidance — JOSEPH BARNBY

Tranquillo

mp

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh;
2. Fa - ther, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.

COME, YE THANKFUL PEOPLE, COME

HENRY ALFORD — St. George's, Windsor — GEORGE J. ELVEY

Ben marcato
mf

1. Come, ye thank - ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest home;
2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit un - to His praise to yield;
3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His har - vest home;

All is safe - ly gath - ered in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin;
Wheat and tares to - geth - er sown, Un - to joy or sor - row grown.
From His field shall in that day All of - fenc - es purge a - way;

God, our Mak - er, doth pro - vide For our wants to be sup - plied;
First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap - pear;
Give His an - gels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast,

Come to God's own tem - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest home.
Lord of har - vest, grant that we Whole - some grain and pure may be.
But the fruit - ful ears to store In His gar - ner ev - er - more.

COME, WE THAT LOVE THE LORD

ISAAC WATTS — St. Thomas — AARON WILLIAMS

Con spirito
mf

1. Come, we that love the · Lord And let our joys be known;
2. Let those re - fuse to · sing That nev - er knew our God;

Join in a song with sweet ac - cord And thus sur - round the throne.
But chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King May speak their joys a - broad.

THOU LORD OF HOSTS

Truro

O. B. FROTHINGHAM — CHARLES BURNEY

Sostenuto
mf

1. Thou Lord of hosts, whose guid ing hand Has brought us here, · be - fore Thy face, Our spir - its wait for Thy · com - mand, Our si - lent hearts im - plore Thy peace.
2. Those spir - its lay their no - blest pow'rs As of - f'rings on · Thy · ho - ly shrine; Thine was the strength that nour - ished · ours; The sol - diers of · the · cross are thine.
3. Send down Thy con - stant aid, we pray; Be Thy pure an - gels · with us still; Thy truth, be that our firm - est · stay; Our on - ly rest · to · do Thy will.

SUN OF MY SOUL

Hurlsey

JOHN KEBLE — GERMAN

Con tenerezza
p

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sa - viour dear, It is not night if Thou be near; O may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes.
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wear - ied eye - lids gen - tly steep, Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For - ev - er on · my Sav - iour's breast.
3. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere through the world our way we take, Till in the o - cean of Thy love We lose our - selves in heav'n a - bove.

WHEN MORNING GILDS THE SKIES

From the German
Translated by EDWARD CASWELL

Laudes Domine

JOSEPH BARNBY

Allegro
mf

1. When morn-ing gilds the skies, My heart a-wak-ing cries, Thy name, O Lord, be praised!
2. Does sad-ness fill my mind? A sol-ace here I find, Thy name, O Lord, be praised!
3. Be this, while life is mine, My can-ti-cle di-vine, Thy name, O Lord, be praised!

A-like at work and prayer To Thee do I re-pair; Thy name, O Lord, be praised.
Or fades my earth-ly bliss? My com-fort still is this, Thy name, O Lord, be praised.
Be this th'e-ter-nal song Through all the a-ges on, Thy name, O Lord, be praised.

WE MARCH TO VICTORY

GERARD MOULTRIE

JOSEPH BARNBY

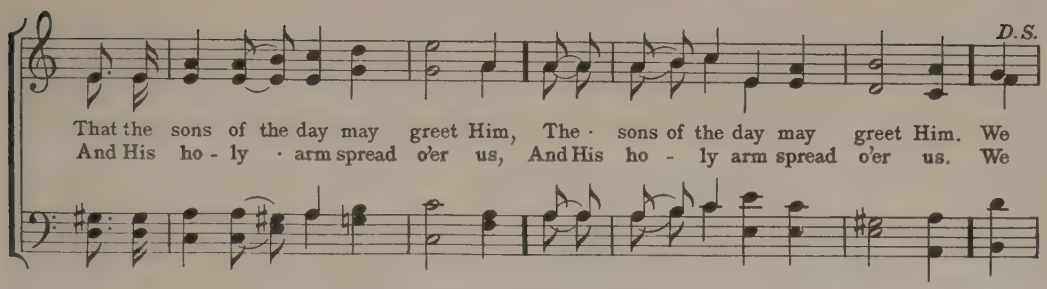
Alla marcia
f

We march, we march to vic-to-ry! With the cross of the Lord be-fore us,
With His lov-ing eye look-ing down from the sky, And His ho-ly arm spread o'er us,
And His ho-ly arm spread o'er us.

Fine

1. We come in the might of the Lord of light,
2. Then on-ward we march our arms to prove,

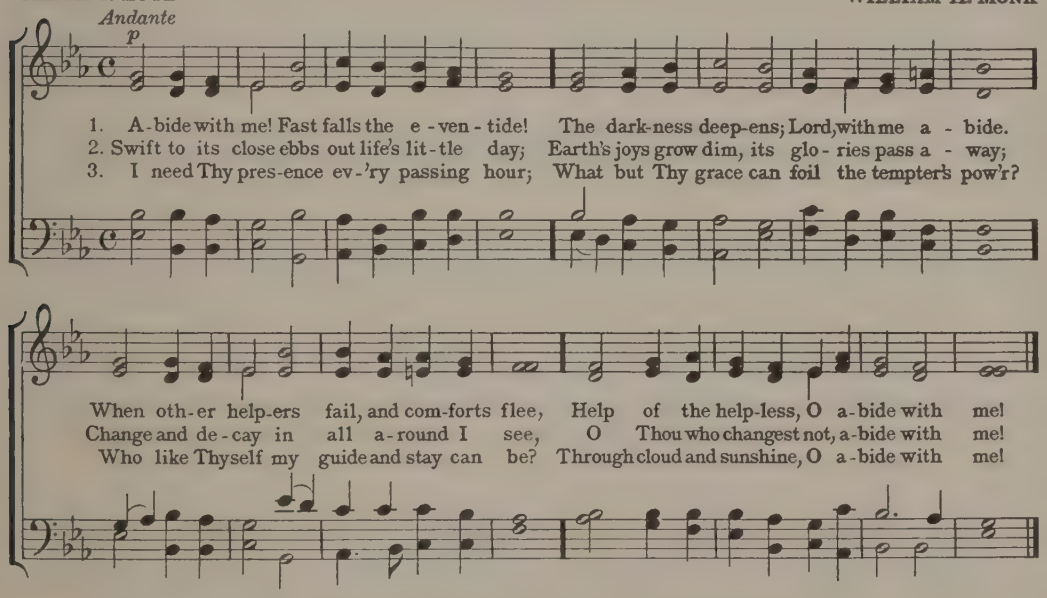
With ar-mor bright to meet Him; And we put to flight the ar-mies of night,
With the ban-ner of Christ be-fore us, With His eye of love look-ing down from a-bove,



ABIDE WITH ME

Eventide

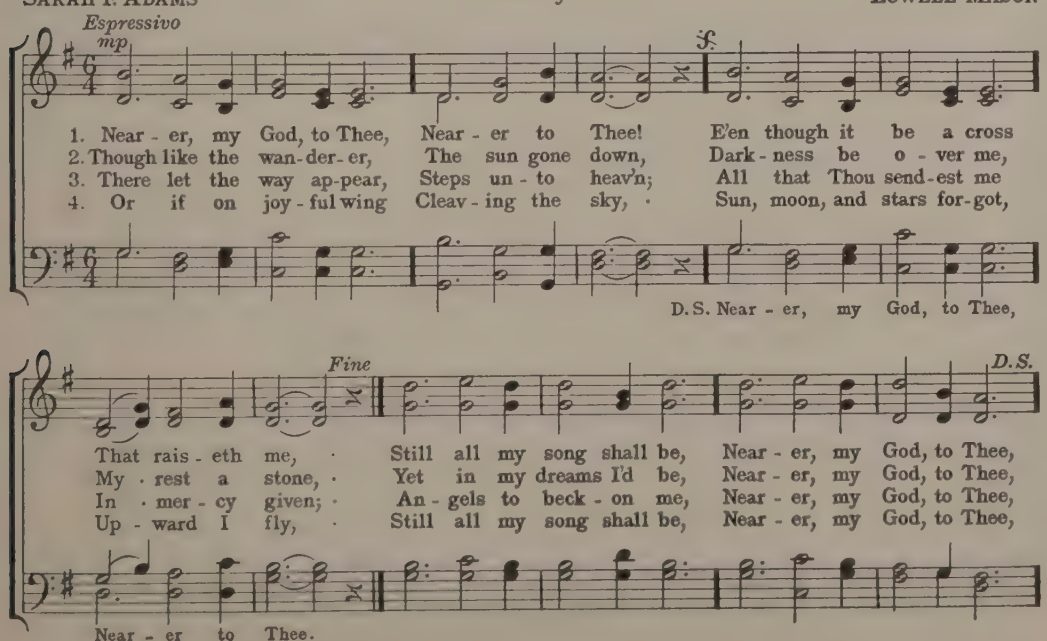
HENRY F. LYTE — WILLIAM H. MONK



NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

Bethany

SARAH F. ADAMS — LOWELL MASON



CROSSING THE BAR

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON — JOSEPH BARNBY

Tranquillo

p

1. Sun-set and eve-ning star, And one clear call for me! And may there be no moan-ing of the bar When I put out to sea. . .

Poco più mosso

2. But such a tide as mov-ing seems a-sleep, Too full for sound or foam, . When that which drew from out the bound-less deep Turns a-gain · home. . .

rallentando

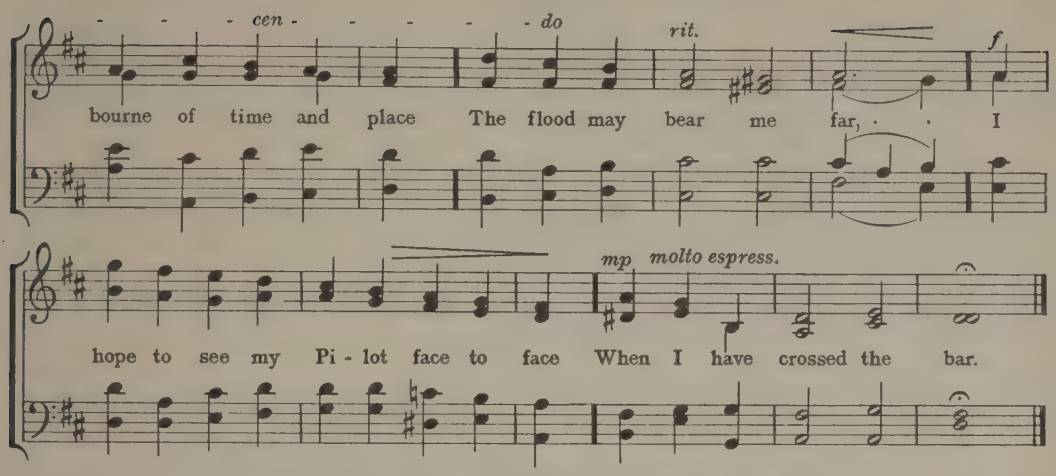
Twi-

p a tempo

3. Twi-light and eve-ning bell, And aft-er that the dark! And may there be no sad-ness of fare-well When I em-bark; 4. For, though from out our

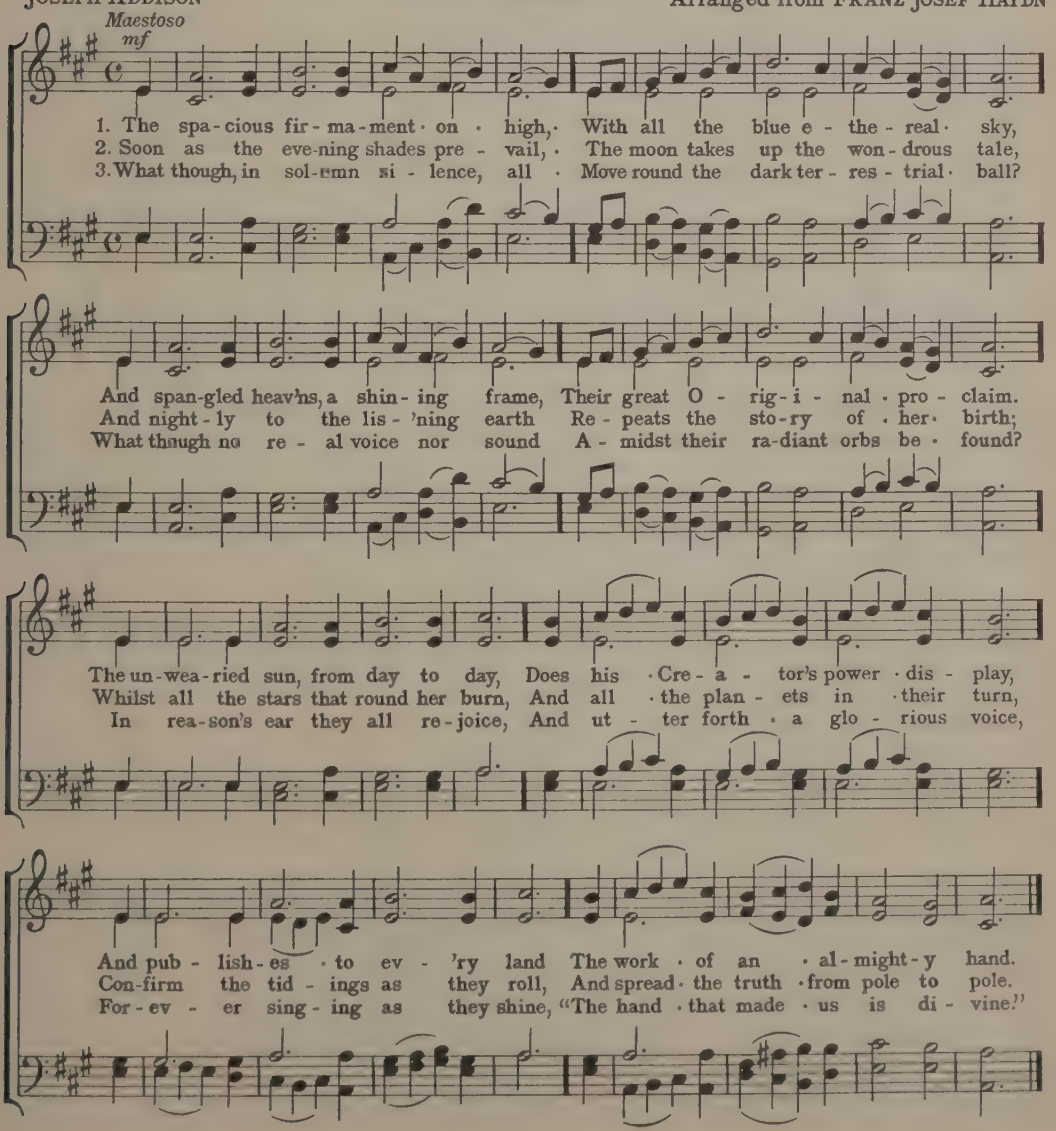
- - light and eve-ning bell,

cres-



THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT ON HIGH

JOSEPH ADDISON — Creation — Arranged from FRANZ JOSEF HAYDN



LORD, FROM FAR-SEVERED CLIMES WE COME

JOHN HAY — Humility — S. P. TUCKERMAN

Andantino
mf

1. Lord, from far - sev - ered climes we come To meet at last · in Thee, our Home.
2. De - fend us, Lord, from ev - 'ry ill. Strengthen our hearts to do Thy will.
3. Thou who art Light, shine on each soul! Thou who art Truth, each mind con - trol!

Thou who hast been our guide and guard Be still our hope, our · rich re - ward.
In all we plan and all we do Still keep us to Thy · ser - vice true.
O - pen our eyes and make us see The path which leads to · heav'n and Thee.

GLORIOUS THINGS OF THEE ARE SPOKEN

JOHN NEWTON — Austria — FRANZ JOSEF HAYDN

Ben marcato
mf

1. Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God!
2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Spring - ing from e - ter - nal love,

He, whose word can - not be bro - ken, Formed thee for His own a - bode.
Well sup - ply thy sons and daugh-ters, And all fear of want re - move.

On the Rock of A - ges found - ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
Who can faint, while such a riv - er Ev - er · flows their thirst to as - suage,

With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round - ed, Thou may'st smile at · all thy · foes.
Grace which, like the Lord, the giv - er, Nev - er · fails from age to · age?

WE PLOUGH THE FIELDS

Dresden

MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS
Translated

JOHANN A.P. SCHULTZ

Con spirito
mf

1. We plough the fields, and scat - ter The good seed on the land,
2. He on - ly is the Mak - er Of all things near and far;
3. We thank Thee, then, O Fa - ther, For all things bright and good,

But it is fed and wa - tered By God's al - might - y hand;
He paints the way - side flow - er, He lights the eve - ning star;
The seed - time and the har - vest, Our life, our health, our food;

He sends the snow in win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain,
The winds and waves o - bey Him, By Him the birds are fed;
No gifts have we to of - fer, For all Thy love im - parts,

The breez - es and the sun - shine, And soft re - fresh - ing rain.
Much more to us, His chil - dren, He gives our dai - ly bread.
But that which Thou de - sir - est, Our hum - ble, thank - ful hearts.

REFRAIN

All good gifts a - round us Are sent from heav'n a - bove,

Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord For all . . His love.

SC

THERE'S A WIDENESS IN GOD'S MERCY

Rathbun

FREDERICK W. FABER — ITHAMAR CONKEY

Andante
mf

1. There's a wide-ness in · God's mer - cy, Like the wide-ness of · the sea;
2. For the love of God · is broad-er Than the meas-ure of · man's mind;
3. If our love were but · more sim - ple, We should take Him at · His word;

There's a kind - ness in · His jus-tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
And the heart of the · E - ter-nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.
And our lives would be · all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.

PURER YET AND PURER

Mary Magdalene

J.W. VON GOETHE — JOHN B. DYKES

Semplice
mf

1. Pur - er yet and pur - er I would be in mind, Dear - er yet and dear - er
2. High - er yet and high - er Out of clouds and night, Near - er yet and near - er
3. Swift - er yet and swift - er, Ev - er on - ward run, Firm - er yet and firm - er

Ev - 'ry du - ty find; Hop-ing still, and trust-ing God with-out a fear.
Ris-ing to the light, Light se - rene and ho - ly, Where my soul may rest,
Step as I go on. Oft these earn-est long - ings Swell with-in my breast;

Pa - tient - ly be - liev - ing He will make all clear.
Pur - i - fied and low - ly, Sanc - ti - fied and blest.
Yet their in - ner mean - ing Ne'er can be ex - pressed.

ANCIENT OF DAYS

WILLIAM C. DOANE — J. ALBERT JEFFREY

Allegro Moderato

f

1. An - cient of Days, Who sit - test throned in glo - ry,
2. O Ho - ly Fa - ther, who hast led Thy chil - dren
3. O Lord our God, with heart and voice a - dor - ing,

To Thee all knees are - bent, all voic - es pray; Thy love has blest the
In all the a - ges, with the fire and cloud, Through seas dry-shod, through
Praise we the good - ness that doth crown our days; Pray we that Thou wilt

wide world's won - drous sto - ry, With light and life since E - den's dawn - ing day.
wea - ry wastes be - wil - d'ring; To Thee, in rev-'rent love, our hearts are bowed.
hear us, still im - plor - ing Thy love and fa - vor, kept to us al - ways.

O GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST

St. Anne

ISAAC WATTS — WILLIAM CROFT

Ben marcato

mf

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
2. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her frame,
3. A thou - sand a - ges in Thy sight Are like an eve - ning gone;
4. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,

Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast And our e - ter - nal home!
From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end - less years the same.
Short as the watch that ends the night Be - fore the ris - ing sun.
Be Thou our guard while life shall last, And our e - ter - nal home.

GOD, THE LORD, A KING REMAINETH

Regent Square

JOHN KEBLE — HENRY SMART

Con moto

f

1. God, the Lord, a King re-main-eth, Robed in His own glo-rious light;
2. In her ev-er-last-ing sta-tion Earth is poised, to swerve no more;
3. Lord, the words Thy lips are tell-ing Are the per-fect ver-i-ty;

God hath robed Him, and He reign-eth, He hath gird-ed Him with might.
Thou hast laid Thy throne's foun-da-tion, From all time where thought can soar.
Of Thine high e-ter-nal dwell-ing Ho-li-ness shall in-mate be!

Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! God is King in depth and height.
Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Lord, Thou art for-ev-er-more.
Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Pure is all that lives in Thee.

MY GOD, I THANK THEE

Wentworth

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR — FREDERICK C. MAKER

Semplice

mp

1. My God, I thank Thee Who hast made The earth so bright, So full of splen-dor
2. I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made Joy to a-bound; So man-y gen-tle
3. I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept The best in store; We have e-nough, yet

and of joy, Beau-ty and light; So man-y glo-rious things are here, No-ble and right.
thoughts and deeds Cir-cling us round; That in the dark-est spot of earth Some love is found.
not too much to long for more; A yearning for a deep-er peace Not known be-fore.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

Lux Benigna

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN — JOHN B. DYKES

Andante espressivo
mp

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'en-cir-cling gloom, · Lead Thou me · on; The night is
2. I was not ev-er thus, nor prayed that Thou · Shouldst lead me · on; I loved to
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still · Will lead me · on O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home; · Lead Thou me on. · Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now · Lead Thou me on. · I loved the gar-ish
fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till · The night is gone; And with the morn those

do not ask to see · · The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me. ·
day, and, spite of fears, · Pride ruled my · will: re-mem-ber not · past years.
an-gel fa-ces smile, · Which I have loved long since, and lost · a-while.

FATHER, BREATHE AN EVENING BLESSING

JAMES EDMESTON — Evening Prayer — GEORGE C. STEBBINS

Tranquillo
mp

1. Fa-ther, breathe an eve-ning bless-ing, Ere re-pose our spir-its seal; ·
2. Though the night be dark and drear-y, Dark-ness can-not hide from Thee; ·
3. Though de-struc-tion walk a-round us, Though the ar-row past us fly, ·

Sin and want we come con-fess-ing; Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
Thou art He who, nev-er wea-ry, Watch-est where Thy peo-ple be.
An-gel guards from Thee sur-round us, We are safe if Thou art nigh.

EVERY MORNING MERCIES NEW

GREVILLE PHILLIMORE — Kelso — EDWARD J. HOPKINS

Con moto
mp

1. Ev - 'ry morn - ing mer - cies new Fall as fresh as morn - ing dew;
2. Let our prayers each morn pre - vail That these gifts may nev - er fail;

Ev - 'ry morn - ing let us pay Trib - ute - with the ear - ly day;
And as we con - fess the sin And the - tempt - er's pow'r with - in,

For Thy mer - cies, Lord, are sure, Thy com - pas - sion doth en - dure.
Ev - 'ry morn - ing, for the strife, Feed us with the bread of life.

THE SHADOWS OF THE EVENING HOURS

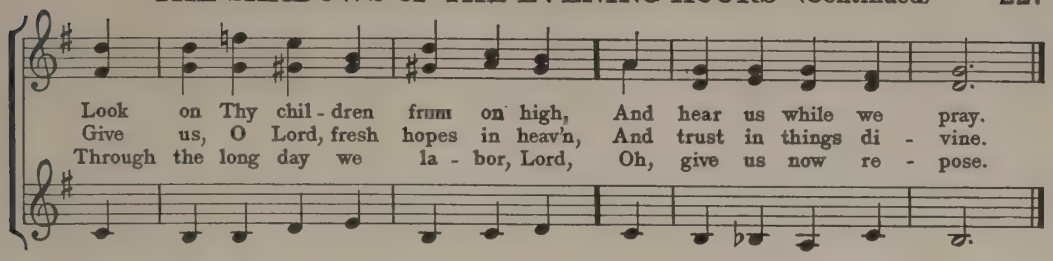
ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR — St. Leonard — HENRY HILES

Tranquillo
p

1. The shad - ows of the eve - ning hours Fall from the dark-'ning sky;
2. Slow - ly the rays of day - light fade; So fade with - in our heart
3. Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God, Up - on our souls de - scend;

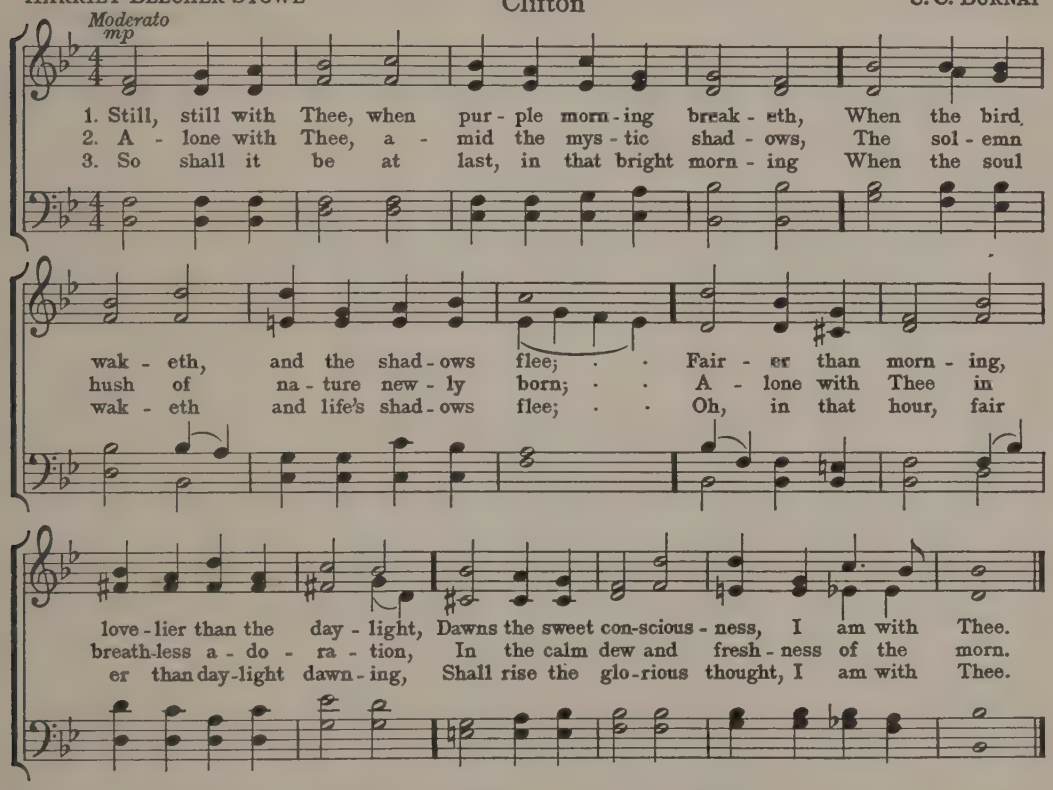
Up - on the fra - grance of the flow'rs The dews of eve - ning lie.
The hopes in earth - ly love and joy, That one by one de - part.
From mid - night fears and per - ils, Thou Our trem-bling hearts de - fend.

Be - fore Thy throne, O Lord of heav'n, We kneel at close of day;
Slow - ly the bright stars, one by one, With - in the heav - ens shine;
Give us a res - pite from our toil; Calm and sub - due our woes;



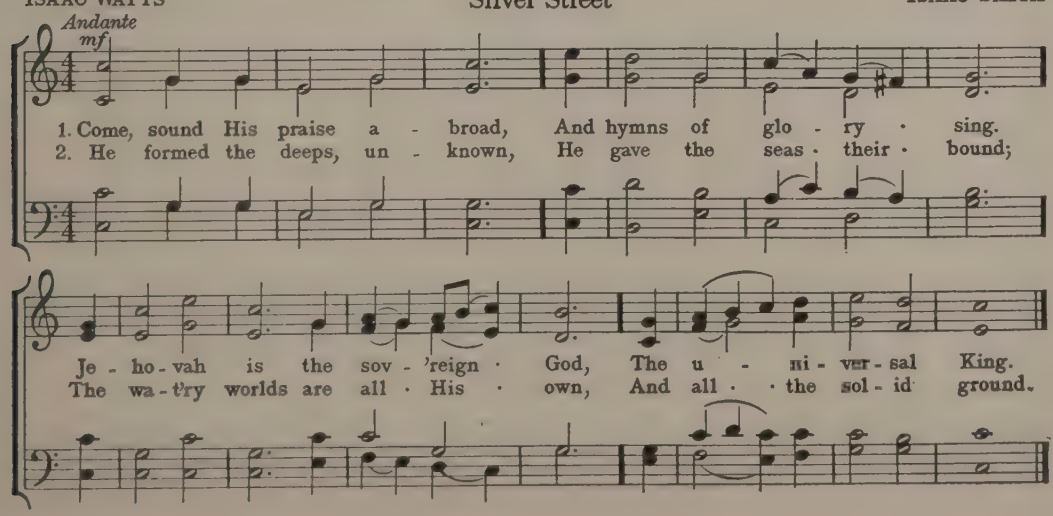
STILL, STILL WITH THEE

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE — Clifton — U. C. BURNAP



COME, SOUND HIS PRAISE

ISAAC WATTS — Silver Street — ISAAC SMITH



UPWARD WHERE THE STARS

HORATIUS BONAR — Bonar — JOHN B. CALKIN

Con moto
mf

1. Up - ward where the stars are burn-ing, Si - lent, si - lent in their turn-ing
2. Round the throne of God are ring-ing Voic - es sweet in wor - ship sing-ing

Round the nev - er - chang-ing pole; Up - ward where the sky is bright-est,
"Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord!" Love and praise in full - est meas - ure,

Up - ward where the blue is light-est, Lift I now my long - ing soul.
Heav'n - ly rich - es, earth - ly treas-ure, Let us bring with one ac - cord.

SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT OF DAY

GEORGE W. DOANE — Seymour — CARL MARIA VON WEBER, Arranged

Dolce
p

1. Soft - ly now the light of · day Fades up - on my sight a - way;
2. Thou, whose all - per - vad - ing · eye Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in,
3. Soon, for me, the light of · day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;

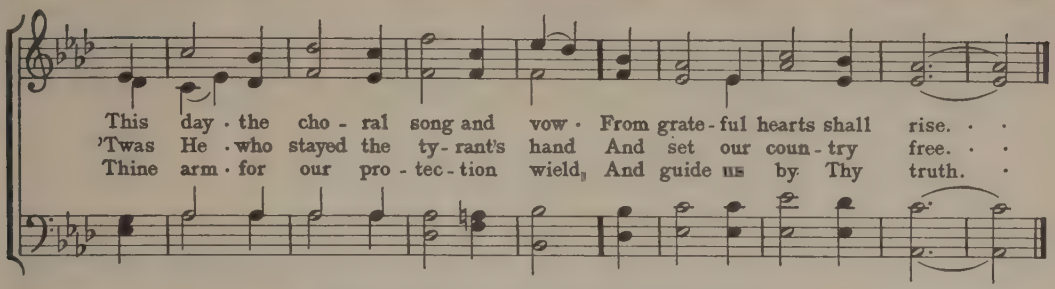
Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com - mune with Thee.
Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault, and se - cret sin.
Then from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to · dwell with Thee.

TO HIM FROM WHOM OUR BLESSINGS FLOW

ANONYMOUS — Manoah — Arranged from ROSSINI

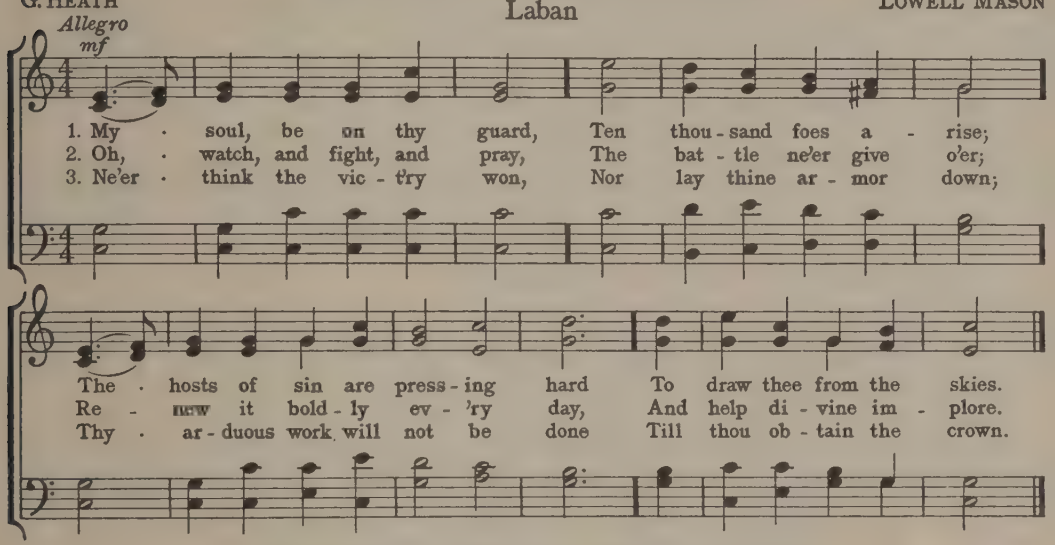
Allegretto
mf

1. To · Him from Whom our bless - ings flow, Who all our wants sup - plies, ·
2. 'Twas He who led the pil - grim band A - cross the storm - y sea; ·
3. Be · Thou our na - tion's strength and shield In · man-hood and in youth; ·



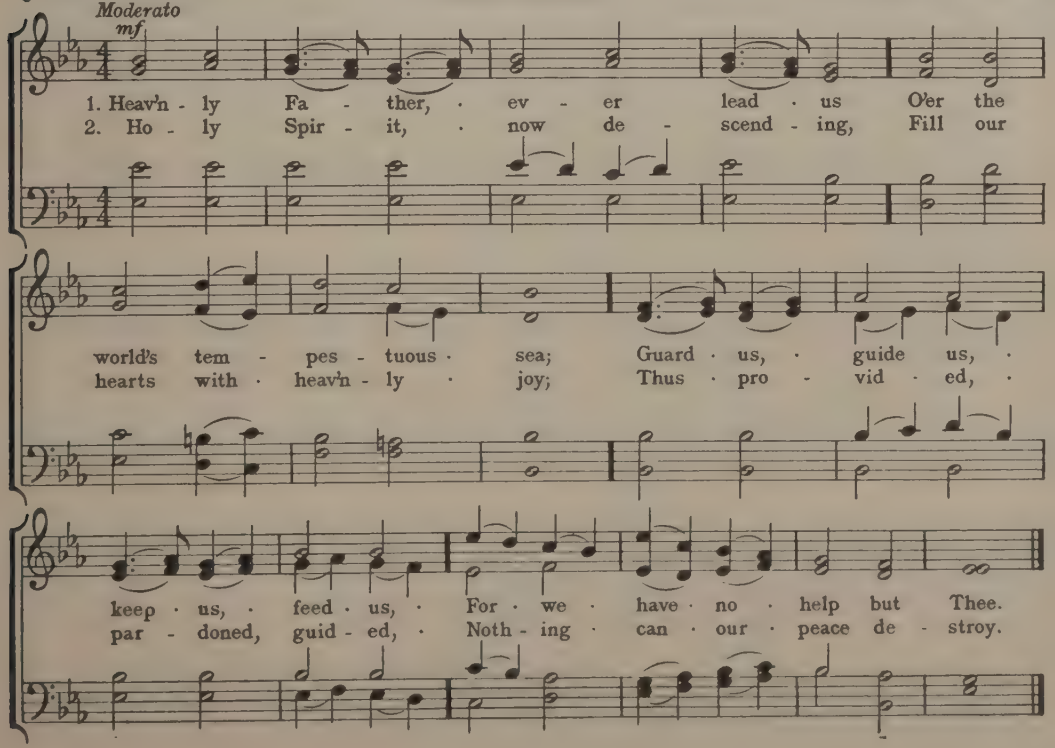
MY SOUL, BE ON THY GUARD

G. HEATH — Laban — LOWELL MASON



HEAVENLY FATHER, EVER LEAD US

JAMES EDMESTON — Sicilian Mariners — SICILIAN MELODY



HOW GENTLE GOD'S COMMANDS

PHILLIP DODDRIDGE — Dennis — HANS G. NÄGELI, Arranged

Semplice *p*

1. How gen - tle God's com - mands! How kind · His pre - cepts are!
2. While Prov - i - dence sup - ports, Let saints se - cure - ly dwell;
3. Why should this anx - ious load Press down your wea - ry mind?

Come, cast · your bur - den on · the Lord, And trust His con - stant care.
That hand, which bears all na - ture up, Shall guard His chil - dren well.
Haste to · your heav'n - ly Fa - ther's throne, And sweet re - fresh - ment find.

DEAR LORD AND FATHER

JOHN G. WHITTIER — Elton — FREDERICK C. MAKER

Espressivo *p*

1. Dear Lord and Fa - ther of man-kind, For - give our fev - 'rish ways! Re-clothe us in our
2. In sim - ple trust like theirs who heard, Be - side the Syr - ian sea, The gra - cious call-ing
3. Drop Thy still dews of qui - et-ness, Till all our strivings cease; Take from our lives the

right - ful mind, In pur - er lives Thy serv-ice find, In deep - er rev - 'rence, praise.
of the Lord, Let us like them, with - out a word, Rise up and fol - low Thee.
strain and stress, And let our or - dered lives con-fess The beau - ty of Thy peace.

FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT

JOHN S. B. MONSELL — Pentecost — WILLIAM BOYD

Religioso *mf*

1. Fight the good fight with all thy might! God is thy strength and God thy right;
2. Run the straight race through God's good grace, Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;

Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly.
Life with its way be - fore us lies, He is the path, and He · the prize.

LORD OF ALL BEING

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES — Louvan — VIRGIL C. TAYLOR

Andante
mf

1. Lord of all be - ing, throned a - far, Thy glo - ry flames from sun and star;
2. Lord of all life, be - low, a - bove, Whose light is truth, Whose warmth is love;
3. Grant us Thy truth to make us free, And kin - dling hearts that burn for Thee,

Cen - ter and soul of ev - 'ry sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near!
Be - fore Thy ev - er - blaz - ing throne We ask no lus - ter of our own.
Till all Thy liv - ing al - tars claim One ho - ly light, one heav'n - ly flame.

HOLY SPIRIT, TRUTH DIVINE

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW — Gottschalk — Arranged from LOUIS M. GOTTSCHALK

Espressivo
mp

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Truth di - vine, Dawn up - on this soul of mine;
2. Ho - ly Spir - it, Love di - vine, Glow with - in this heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Spir - it, Pow'r di - vine, Fill and nerve this will of mine;

Word of God, and in - ward Light, Wake my spir - it, clear my sight.
Kin - dle ev - 'ry high de - sire; Per - ish self in Thy pure fire!
By Thee may I strong - ly live, Brave - ly bear, and no - bly strive.

ALL PRAISE TO THEE, MY GOD, THIS NIGHT

THOMAS KEN — Tallis' Canon — THOMAS TALLIS

Moderato
mf

1. All praise to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bless - ings of the light!
2. O may my soul on Thee re - pose, And with sweet sleep mine eye - lids close,

Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings, Be - neath Thy own al - might - y wings.
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